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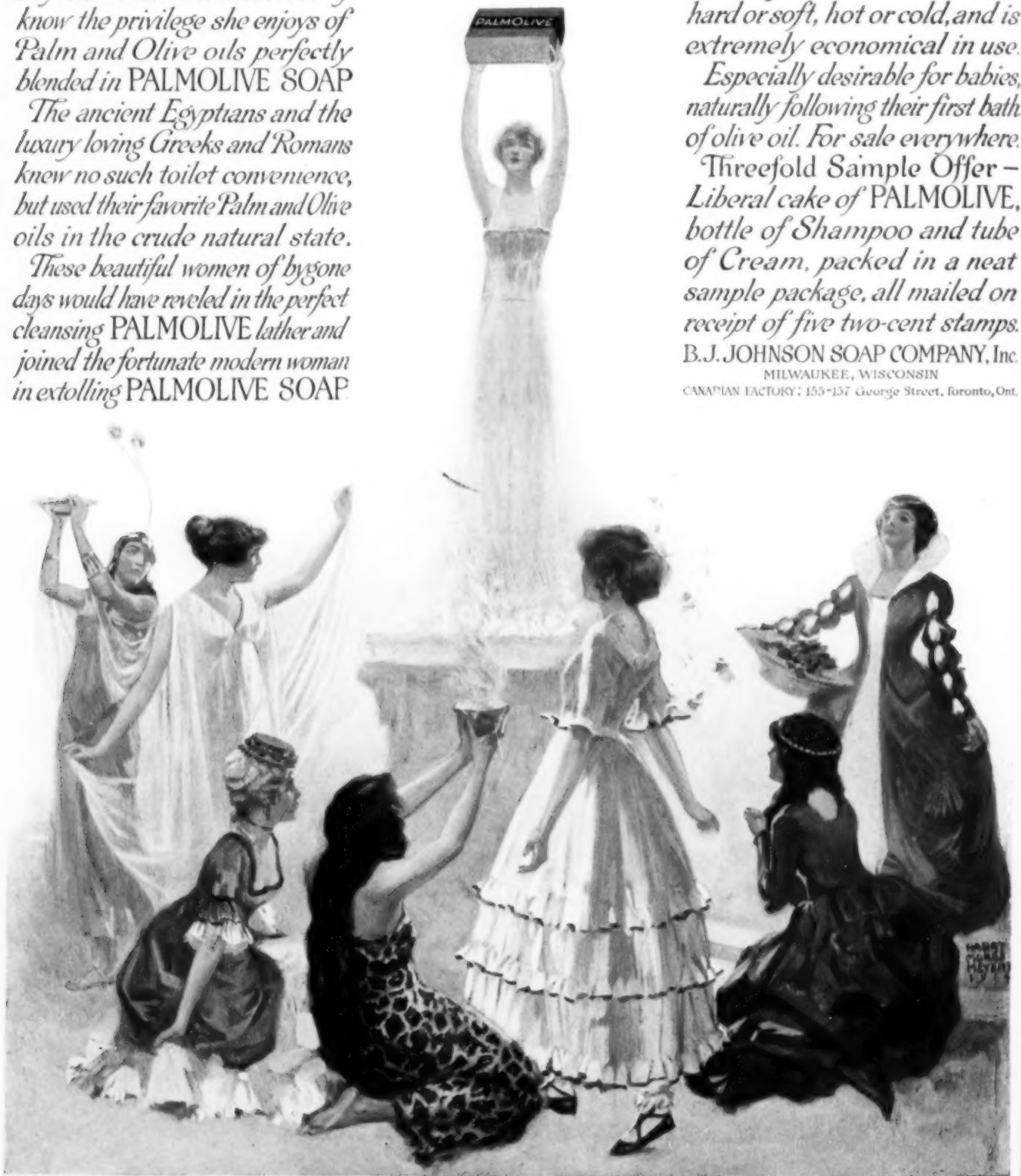
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liable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favor if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

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OUR FORECAST FOR JULY

THE opening instalment of our new serial, *The Wonder Woman*, has made you acquainted with loyal-hearted little Joey, of the misfit clothes; and Mr. David, the fixing-man; and beautiful Haidée, with the atmosphere of mystery clinging about her. But you have yet to meet Wanza Lyttle—Wanza, with her maize-colored hair and her pink, starched dresses trimmed with tatting, and her wishful girlish heart! The July issue will formally introduce you, for you will find her sitting—not in that wonderful peddler's cart of hers—oh, no!—but on the river bank, under the cottonwood trees, with Mr. David. If there is to be a love story tangled up in the meshes of our mystery, perhaps Wanza will have something to say to it!

Cupid, the Intrepid

A CAROLINA swamp may not seem a likely place for the beginning of a love-affair, yet Cupid is an intrepid adventurer. In *My Mosquito Man*, Agnes M. Finn proves the truth of this assertion by introducing her hero and heroine in just such a setting; and from this beginning grows a pretty story for a lazy hour on a hot July afternoon. *A Bird in the Hand*, by Florence Willard, is a piquant little love story, all about a robin who will nest on the wrong side of a garden-wall, a pretty girl who finds that getting down from a tree is harder than getting up, and a personable young man who knows how to turn both these facts to his advantage.

Your Town and the Fourth of July

WHAT to do with the Fourth of July to make of it a real holiday that will satisfy the children, keep the fires of patriotism burning, yet do away with the casualty list of the day after, is a recurring problem to which the entertaining account of *Girtondale's New Fourth*, by Reinette Lovewell, offers a happy solution. Everybody took part in Girtondale's Fourth, from the little first-grade children to the grandfathers and grandmothers, and more fun and variety were packed into its twelve long hours than the town had ever experienced before in all its progressive existence.



If, perchance, you cherish memories of childhood moments made poignant by the fondness of some member of your family for the pastime known as "teasing", you will appreciate *My Facetious Family*, and possibly also realize that with sensitive natures it may be productive of more serious consequences than the painful self-consciousness of a child.

Dedicated to Happiness

TO the dwellers in cities, where people tango at tea, "hesitate" between the soup and entrée, one-step as the salad comes on, and let their ices melt as the orchestra strikes up the fox-trot, it is a relief to view the dance from a less fevered angle. Dancing, to Isadora Duncan, of whom Ellen Terry said: "She is the most wonderful dancer in the world," is a means of making the body a free instrument of expression; of making happiness natural; of developing a race of women beautiful in body and soul. In *Recapturing a Lost Joy*, Helen Christine Bennett tells us how Miss Duncan is training twenty adopted children to carry out this high ideal.

Indoors and Out

IF you are the housewife who likes to pull down the shades to keep out the July sun, and enjoy her own cool quiet home, our *Cool Cooking for July* is planned especially for you; but if you like to lock the door behind you, bundle the family into the motor car, surrey, or trolley, and take a day in the open, our *Automobile and Outing Lunches* will meet your need. The other problems of summer housekeeping are not forgotten, and for the children we print some *Jolly Outdoor Games*, and *An Automobile Cut-Out*.

From Jumpers to Jabots

THE pretty little *Jumper Waists* are still much in vogue, but this month Fashion has another favorite in *The New Jabot Waists* whose pretty, lacy frills the summer girl will welcome with delight. *A Smart One-Sided Collar* is appearing on the summer dresses, *Box-pleated Skirts* are increasing in number, and July offers some charming *Party Frocks for Young Girls*. Our *Dressmaking Lesson* tells how to make *A Set of Garments for a Child* of one to three years.



AT such a time a mere man cannot be expected to lend much more help than happy smiles, proud glances and loving words. But the women who know—the grandmothers-to-be—they provide the practical things, the caps, the socks, the booties, the dresses—even the Ivory Soap!

Yes, even the Ivory Soap, because the woman who has reared a family of her own knows how important it is to start right with the bathing of the baby and the washing of his clothes. She realizes that the tender little body must be bathed properly from the first if irritation of the skin is to be avoided. And that the dainty garments must be kept soft and sweet if baby is to look clean and feel comfortable.

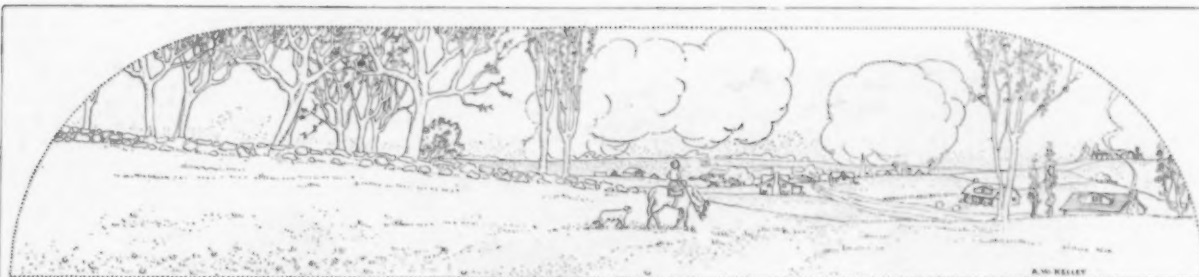
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June

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1915



WITH women's organizations preaching thrift and efficiency in household management, business men employing efficiency experts to analyze the operations of their working force and eliminate all unproductive motion, and the government enacting legislation for the conservation of its forests, the fish in public waters, its wild game, the whole trend of the century is against waste in any direction.

Yet, the biggest waste of all goes on unchecked, even unnoticed, and, for the last eight months, in constantly increasing volume—that of human sympathy, human emotion. Just as in housework, the extra steps which do not accomplish a definite purpose not only are waste motion but a positive drain upon vitality, nerve force, efficiency; so a thought or emotion held constantly or repeatedly without embodiment in action is weakening, debilitating. The ambition we cherish in dreams only is never realized, but becomes a detriment instead of an inspiration, since, through the habit of passivity, our power of initiative and action is weakened. The sympathy which brings tears to our eyes and a pang to tender hearts degenerates in time into sentimentalism unless we consistently seek a practical expression for it. Sympathy is an immense force—without it, few of the hardships and woes of this world would ever find alleviation or adjustment—but if it remains merely passive, it is like an immense boiler without an engine. Of what value is the enormous churning force of steam unless turning wheels or pushing pistons?



WE read our morning papers, and chance upon some tale of suffering, poverty, hardship. Pity, indignation, a desire to better conditions, a warm sense of our common humanity, is stirred within us. That is thought pleading to be embodied in action. If we permit it to remain unused, we have depleted our force. We are letting the steam escape. The next time, emotion will tend to seek the same channel—and

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

evaporate. This is death to resolution, forceful character. If we are to be strong, alert to meet each emergency of life, we must put into immediate action every high emotional prompting. William

James says: "It is not in the moment of their forming, but in the moment of their producing motor effects, that resolves and aspirations communicate the new 'set' to the brain".

When we read of individual cases of almost inconceivable misery in France, Austria, Belgium, Germany, I admit we cannot personally succor these unfortunates, but we can express the essence of feeling in action toward those at hand. Do not let the steam escape—if it cannot turn the wheels of the factory in Australia, let it turn the wheels of the factory at home.



IF we are cherishing ambitions, desires, resolves, the speediest way to bring about their realization is to express them in action. Perhaps the goal to which we wish to apply them is still distant, but we can adapt them to our daily work. This is character-building; this is giving the new set to the brain which is to determine what we make of life and ourselves.

We should never let circumstances or sentiments impress us, without finding for ourselves a corresponding expression. This applies to every general emotion—the stimulation of the heart impulses through a good play or a strong book, the exaltation produced by beautiful music, the quick pulse of heroism stirred by the knowledge of some brave deed. We should grasp it before it eludes us, and before the sun sets give it visible expression, if only through bundle-holding for the worn, hardworking woman clinging to the street-car strap; a friendly visit to the lonely little bride so lately come to town, who, for all her new happiness, is, no doubt, shedding surreptitious tears of longing for the home folks; or the quiet hunting up of a customer or two for the elderly seamstress in her "slack season".

Practise conservation, eliminate waste, and put your sympathies to work!



JOEY STARED AND STARED AT HER UNTIL I THOUGHT HE NEVER WOULD HAVE DONE, AND SHE CONTINUED TO SCRUTINIZE HIM

MARY LANE MILLIGAN.

THE WONDER WOMAN

A SERIAL STORY

By MAE VAN NORMAN LONG

DO you see her now, Mr. David?" I nodded, pointing into the coals. "I see a lion, and an old witch, and a monkey. I don't see any woman."

"There! There!" I cried. "She's just going through the postern gate. Oh, she's gone, lad! Never mind! Next time, you may see her."

This was the customary tenor of my conversation with Joey as we sat before our fire of pine knots of an evening. The lad would point out to me queer kaleidoscopic creatures he saw deep in the heart of the pine fire; but his young eyes never saw the face I beheld there, and so I was obliged to describe my wonder woman to him.

It was not only in the heart of the pine fire that I saw this radiant creature. When I looked from my workshop door at twilight across the shadowy river to the cool purple peaks of the mountains, the nebular mist arising seemed the cloud folds of her garments. And when I lay on my back at noontime, in the cedar grove, gazing upward through the shivering green dome at the sky, I always dreamed of the splendor of her eyes.

I grew to wonder how I would meet her. Some way, I always pictured myself astride my good cayuse, But-

tons, on the river road returning from Roselake village, gay in my holiday clothes, with a freshly shaven face, and a bag of peppermints in my pocket for Joey.

As it fell out, I was in my shop by the river at work on a cedar chest. I was garbed in a dark-blue flannel shirt and blue overalls, and I needed a hair-cut sadly. I heard a sound and looked up.

A young woman stood before me. The face I saw was oval and flawless. The cheeks were a delicate pink. Her lips were vivid, her eyes luminous as stars. Her silky lustrous hair was bound with a broad band of scarlet ribbon. Although her riding skirt was torn, her blouse soiled, although she was dusty and disheveled, with shadows of weariness about her splendid eyes, her manner was that of a young princess as she addressed me.

THIS place is for sale, I understand?"

I had not thought of selling the few acres that remained of the hundred-and-sixty-acre homestead I had taken up eight years before; but I was so taken aback and overcome with awe and confusion, that I stammered forth:

"Why, no—that is, I think not! I shall sell some time, I dare say."

Her face showed a flash of amusement and then grew thoughtful.

"It is a desirable place," she murmured, half to herself.

I knew, then, she had come by the yew path—the path that runs beneath the trailing yews and winds in and out like a purple-brown ribbon along the spring, where the moss is downy and green, and the bracken is high, and the breeze makes a sibilant sound in the rushes. I straightened my shoulders, laid aside my plane, and rolled down my sleeves. Thus far I had not fully appraised my visitor, having fallen a prey to the creeping paralysis of shyness at my first glance, but now, grown bolder, I stole a harder look at her face. I saw the scarlet lips, the brilliant eyes, and the ivory forehead beneath the midnight hair. I saw the rose tint on her cheek, the tan on her tender throat where the rolled-back collar left it bare. I saw—and I breathed: "God help me!" deep in my heart; and there must have crept a warmth that was disquieting into my gaze, for she lowered her eyes swiftly, and slid her hand, in its riding-glove, caressingly along the smooth surface of the cedar chest between us.

"WHAT beautiful wood!" she said softly. "You are a carpenter—a craftsman?" she amended. "How wonderful to work with wood like this!"

"Christ was a carpenter," a voice—a wee voice—announced from behind us. Joey had stolen into the shop through the rear window, as was his custom, and curled up on my work bench among the shavings.

"Who told you, lad?" I queried, being used to Joey's terse and unexpected utterances.

My wonder woman looked at him sharply. Her black brows came together as she surveyed him, and she did not smile. Joey stared and stared at her, until I thought he never would have done, and she continued to scrutinize him. I saw her eyes wander over his attire. Poor lad—his collection of wearing apparel was motley enough—an old hunting coat of mine that almost covered him, a pair of trousers unmistakably cut over, a straw hat that set down so far on his brown head that his ears had perforce to bear the weight; a faded shirt, and scuffed-out shoes. But Joey's scrutiny was more persistent than the one accorded him, and, presently, my wonder woman was tricked into speech.

"Well?" she murmured, her lips relaxing.

Joey gave a great sigh, kicked up his heels like a fractious colt, and rolled over among the shavings. "Gracious Lord!" was his comment, delivered in awed tones.

"Joey!" I gasped, turning. But Joey was slipping, feet first, through the window. I caught him by the trousers and gave him a surreptitious shake, as I lowered him wriggling to the ground. He rolled over, rose to his knees; his brown eyes, big and soft, looked up at me affectionately; his lips parted in a grin of understanding.

"I'll put the potatoes on, Mr. David," he vouchsafed, and vanished.

The beautiful face was questioning when I turned back. "Mr. David?" she repeated. "He is not your boy, then?"

I hesitated. "No," I said slowly. Some way, I was in no mood to tell her Joey's story at that moment.

"Joey has the manners of a young Indian," I apologized. "I hope he did not annoy you."

"Children never annoy me," she replied.

A tiny dimple played at one corner of her perfect mouth, and died suddenly, as the half smile left her face. She bent her riding-whip between her hands, and a look of distress came into her eyes.

"I am wrong, then, about this place being for sale? I saw a sign-board back there on the road. It said 'For Sale' in bold black letters. There was a big hand that pointed this way."

A light broke in on me.

"It must be Russell's old ranch on Hidden Lake," I cried. "To be sure, that is for sale. It's been for sale ever since I can remember."

I saw her eyes brighten.

"There is a place I may buy, then? What is it like—this Hidden Lake?"

"It's a mere pond, hidden in the thickets. It can be reached from the river. If you can find the lead, you can pole in with a canoe. It's a famous place for ducks. The tules almost fill it in summer. There's a good spring on Russell's old place, and I guess the soil is fair. One could raise vegetables and berries—"

"I don't want to raise anything." She flitted her whip impatiently. "Is there a road I can take?"

"I will show you," I replied, and she walked out of the shop as if anxious to be off.

She paused in the cedar thicket beyond, and I joined her. We could see the river shining like silver gauze through the green latticed walls of the grove, and the sky above the steeples of the trees was amethyst and gray. The sun was low in the west, and shadows lay purple along the wood aisles.

It was a magical May day. Hawthorn and service-berry bushes waved snowy arms along the river bank and dropped white petals in the stream, the birch trees dangled long festoons of moss above the water, balm o' Gileads shed their pungent perfume abroad, and the honeysuckle and wild clematis hung from the limbs of the slender young maples.

I held aside the underbrush for my wonder woman that she might pass, and we went through the cedar thicket, threaded our way through aspens and buck brush, and reached the trailing yews that were bending to dip their shining prisms in the spring.

"This is the yew path," I exclaimed, breaking the silence that we had maintained since leaving the shop. "It winds through the meadow and joins a trail that skirts Nigger Head mountain. Follow the trail, and it will take you to Hidden Lake."

The soft neighing of a horse interrupted me. I peered through the buck brush, and glimpsed a bay mare tethered to the meadow bars. My companion gave a soft chirrup and pushed on before me. She had the mare's bridle in her hand, and was stroking the animal's nose when I reached her side.

I said: "Allow me," and offered my hand for her foot. She glanced at my hand, looked into my face, and smiled slowly as if amused. I felt the hot blood mount to my brow, and then her foot pressed my palm, and she was in the saddle, and her mare was wheeling.

"Good Sonia," I heard her murmur, and saw her gauntleted hand steal along the arching neck. She bent to me. The grace of her supple figure, the vital alluring face, her baffling beautiful eyes, her ripe lips with their dimpled corners, were sweet as life to me. For a moment our eyes met. She said gratefully: "Thank you. My ride will be splendid beneath those whispering yews."

OF a sudden my hands grew cold, my tongue stiffened in my throat, and my eyes smarted. She was going. I had no power to deter her, no sophisticated words to cajole her. I stared after her, and saw her ride away through the swaying meadow-grass to the yew path, the sun dappling her blue riding-skirt, and the breeze lifting and swaying her bonny black tresses.

When I went indoors after a retrospective half-hour beside the spring, I found Joey in the grip of intense excitement. The table in the front room was laid for three, there was a roaring fire in the kitchen stove, and Joey's face was crimson as he stood on a stool at the sink turning the boiling water off a kettle of potatoes.

"I've made squatty biscuits like you showed me once," he volunteered, in a loud whisper, "and stewed apples. And, Mr. David—I've hung a clean towel over the wash-bench, and scoured the basin with rushes."

I looked at Joey. Out in the woods I had undergone a savage battle with my old self that had walked out of the shadows and confronted me. I had remembered things—submerged, well-forgotten things; I had exhumed skeletons from their charnel house—skeletons long buried;

I had seen faces I had no wish to see, heard voices, the music of whose tones I could not sustain with equanimity; I had suffered. But as I looked at Joey, the futile little friend who loved me, and saw his pitiful efforts to please, the ice went out of my heart, and the fever out of my brain. I turned aside to the window and stood looking out with tightening throat.

Joey came and hovered near my elbow.

"There are only two pieces of gingerbread, Mr. David. I've put them on, and you can just say you don't believe in giving children sweets."

I laid my arm across the lad's shoulders. I looked down into the honest brown eyes seeking mine for approval. The pressure of the two small rough hands on my arm was comforting.

"You're a splendid provider, Joey," I cried. "But you may eat your gingerbread, my boy. There will be no guest. She has gone on to Hidden Lake."

Joey looked aghast. His jaw dropped, and his eyes grew black with disappointment.

"And I've sweetened the apple sauce with white sugar, and gone and wasted all that butter in those biscuits!"

I strolled into the front room and viewed the preparations. There was a large bunch of lupine in a big blue bowl in the center of the table, and all our best blue china was set forth in brave array. The bread-board I had carved graced one end of the table; at the other, Joey had arranged the two thick slabs of gingerbread on a pressed glass comport, a paper napkin beneath. I was smiling as I stood there, but I had an uncomfortable feeling that all was not well with Joey. A sound from the kitchen attracted me. I went toward it. Joey leaned across the sink, his face buried in the roller towel. His young shoulders were heaving.

"I wanted her—oh, I wanted her to stay!" he blubbered.

CHAPTER II

ONCE, years ago, when I was a lad, in an old volume of poems in my father's library I came across a steel engraving of a beautiful woman. She had a small head with raven black tresses bound smoothly about her brow with a fillet, but twisted back over her ears and ending in ringlets over her shoulders. She had big dark eyes, a tiny mouth, a slim white throat, and infinitesimally small hands and feet. Her name was Haidee. I think her feet fascinated me most; for she wore shoes unlike any I had ever seen, ending in high curving points at the toes. She was a most distracting, elusive personality.

When my wonder woman placed her foot in my palm, and mounted her mare at my meadow bars, to myself I muttered: "Haidee." So, the following morning, in answer to Joey's query: "What's her name, Mr. David?" I answered: "Haidee," and grinned at the lad sheepishly through the smoke that arose from the griddle I was greasing with bacon rind.

Joey, giving the cake batter in the yellow pitcher furtive sly dabs with the iron spoon when he thought me unaware, looked grave.

"It don't sound nice. It sounds like that name you say sometimes—"

"Ssh!"

"When you're mad," Joey finished adroitly.

I shoved the stove lid into place beneath the hot griddle, and motioned to Joey to bring the yellow pitcher. While I poured out the foamy batter, Joey kept silence, watching the sizzling process with fascinated eyes, but when I took the pancake-turner in hand and opened the window to let the smoke escape, he spoke again:

"It's bad for her, ain't it, having a name like that?"

"It isn't her real name, Joey. It's a name I bestowed upon her. It seemed to belong to her, some way. We shall never see her again; so it does not matter."

"We'll see her again, Mr. David, if she buys Russell's old ranch."

I paused midway to the table, the cake-turner heaped with steaming cakes in my hand. I stared at Joey. Somehow, I'd forgotten the possibility of Haidee becoming my neighbor. My wrist trembled, the cakes slipped to the floor. Joey pounced upon them, bore them to the sink and rinsed them under the tap.

"I like cold cakes," he was saying manfully, when I awoke to the situation.

"So does the collie. No, no, lad—we may not be living in affluence, but we don't have to economize on corn cakes!" I laughed boisterously and patted his shoulder. "My cedar chests are selling, and my book on birds is almost completed—why, soon we shall be turning up our noses at flapjacks!"

"At flapjacks!" Joey cried incredulously, making a dash for the yellow pitcher.

WE were half through breakfast before he spoke again, and then he ventured tentatively: "Suppose she'll come to-day?"

"Who, Joey?"

"Her—the woman. The one that made me swear when I saw her in the workshop."

"Oh, I'd forgotten your behavior in the shop, Joey! It was reprehensible—it was rude—"

Joey nodded. "I forgot I was a human bein'."

He put his elbows on the table, sunk his chin in his hands, and regarded me. I raised my coffee up hurriedly, drained the contents, and coughed spasmodically, Joey's eyes widening in concern.

Two days after this conversation with Joey, as I was plowing in a field near the cabin in the cool of the morning, I saw the bent figure of a man approaching along the river-road. He carried a sack of flour on his back, and he walked with his head so far forward that his chin almost touched his knees.

"Good day, Lundquist," I called out to him.

He attempted to straighten up, found the effort of no avail, and nodded. I rested on the bars and he came slowly toward me. His red face was so knotted and twisted that his very eyes seemed warped askew beneath his ugly freckled forehead. His old hands were horny and purple-veined, his legs spindling and bowed. Poor old derelict! Hapless, hard old man! He lived high up on Nigger Head mountain alone with the birds and squirrels. How he subsisted was a mystery. But he always had tobacco to smoke and a corn-cob pipe to smoke it in. This fact comforted me, some way, when I fell to musing on his meager estate.

"It's a fine day, Lundquist," I continued.

He came closer, halted, and peered up at me.

"Ya, it ban."

"Been to town?"

"Ya—I ban to town." He took his old black pipe from his mouth, and crept closer. "Last night," he stuttered, in his rasping broken accent, "last night I saw a light, Mr. Dale—a light—down thar."

He pointed with his pipe-stem over his shoulder.

"A light? Do you mean you saw a light from your cabin?"

"Ya—in the old shack on Hidden Lake." He chuckled. "There ban no light thar fer three year. The wood rats they eat up the furniture ole Russell leave. Place sold—maybe?"

I saw Joey watching me miserably during dinner. I ate like an automaton, and never once did I speak. Afterward, it was no better. I took my pipe and sat on a bench outside the cabin. Joey's voice soaring high above the rattle of the dishes in the sink; a red-shafted flicker hammering noisily on a pine tree before the door, saluting me with his "kee-yeer, kee-yeer"; the whistle of the Georgie Oaks at the draw-bridge, were all heard as in a dream. I was back in the workshop with Haidee, I heard her eager question: "There is a place I may buy, then?" I tried to picture to myself Russell's old cabin metamorphosed

by that radiant presence, and I could only shake my head and sigh lugubriously. It required a daring stretch of the imagination to vision anything so improbable.

The valley, which lies like an emerald green jewel in the very lap of the mountains in this section of Idaho, is watered by innumerable streams which it seems presumptuous to call rivers, and honeycombed with tiny blue lakes, their entrance from the rivers so concealed by tangles of birches and high green thickets and clumps of underbrush that their existence is practically unknown save to the settlers along the adjacent rivers and to a few zealous sportsmen who make portages from lake to lake, dragging their canoes across the intervening marshes and meadow land. The tourist sitting on the deck of the Georgie Oaks likens the shadowy St. Joe and the equally shadowy but more obscure Coeur d'Alene river to the Rhine, and bemoans the absence of storied castles, never dreaming of the chain of jeweled lakes that lies just beyond.

It was on the most cleverly hidden of these lakes that Russell's cabin stood. Years before, I had paddled down the river and contrived to find the lead. But the thickets were still deeper, now, and I doubted my ability to find the narrow aperture. Toward the middle of the afternoon, therefore, I threw the saddle on Buttons, and rode away beneath the fragrant yews, seeking the trail that skirted the mountain.

THE day was fair, the sky a soft azure, and the wheat fields rippled in a sultry breeze; but as I left the trail and descended through a boscage of cedars and scrub pines, following the damp clay path to Hidden Lake, I shivered in spite of the warmth of the day. And when I rode through the rushes that grew as high as a man's head, and emerged on the oozy gray beach, and gazed across the deep blue, unnatural quiet of the water, I was weighted down by a weird depression. I felt suddenly like a puny thing, shaken with the knowledge of my own mutability. A bittern rose up from the tules, flapped its wings and gave its honking note of desolation, a flock of terns on a piece of driftwood emitted raucous cries. Russell's cabin stood before me, weather-beaten, warped, and unsightly; moss on the roof, bricks falling from the chimney, the door steps rotted, the small porch sagging.

I slid off my cayuse and stood contemplating the ravages about me. Not a sound came from the cabin. Presently, I gathered my courage sufficiently to mount the steps and knock with the butt of my whip on the slatternly door that stood ajar. I received no response. I waited. The bittern in the tules gave its pumping call, "pumper-lunk, pumper-lunk," and the hollow rushes droned suddenly in the wind like ghoulis piccolos. I pushed open the door without further ado and looked within.

I saw a small room, dust-covered and cobweb-frescoed. The floor was littered with refuse, the fireplace held a bank of gray ashes, the home-made furniture had fallen a prey to the savage onslaughts of wood rats. A damp and disagreeable odor permeated the air. "Surely she has not been here," I said to myself.

I stepped to a door at the further end of the room, turned the wobbly knob, peered within, and shrank back, confounded at what I saw.

The light was streaming in through a window that had been recently washed and polished until it shone, over a floor freshly scoured. A small white-draped dressing-table with all a woman's

"I'VE MADE SQUATTY BISCUITS LIKE YOU SHOWED ME ONCE," HE VOLUNTEERED, IN A LOUD WHISPER, "AND STEWED APPLES."



MARY LANE MURILLAN.

dainty toilet paraphernalia met my prying eyes; a small cot gleamed fresh and spotless in a corner; and on every chair, and ranged on the floor around the room, were canvases of various sizes with tantalizing impressionistic bits of the outdoor world painted upon them, while streaming from an open trunk and overflowing in sumptuous foamy sensuousness to the crude pine floor was the lingerie of a fastidious woman.

[Continued on page 90]

THE REAL THING

By MARIEL BRADY

Illustrated by ROBERT McCAIG

WHEN you-all done git you' senseses an' you' knowledgeses, Miss Billy, you-all gwine be a fine 'ooman," proclaimed Black Viney, putting her third frying of doughnuts to drain.

"And shall I grow them—like wisdom teeth?" I demanded, sifting sugar thickly on the pile of crisply brown cakes.

Viney rolled her big eyes at me.

"Chile, ole maids git 'em when dey's give up all hope, but you-all'll git 'em when you weds a propah man whut kin mek you mind. Viney knows, chile."

"Miss Billy! Miss Bill-ee!" shrilled Norah's voice from the back stairs. "You're wanted, Miss Billy, this minute. Sure herself says you're to come to her in the lib'ry. The minister's come."

I cast one glance toward the unseen Norah, dumped the last lot of sugared doughnuts into my clean pink apron, and tore out into the deserted, sunshiny garden. Minister or no minister, I was not going to be cheated out of the very first doughnuts I had ever helped to make.

I made straight for my old secret hiding-place, and if there wasn't Dean French, lying flat on his back, and gazing glumly up into the blue sky.

"Here, take these and hide 'em," I said breathlessly, thrusting the apronful of doughnuts at him. "I don't know whether Norah saw me or not. If she did, she'll tell."

Dean sat up and rumbled his hair.

"Billy, you absurd kid," he demanded, grinning, "aren't you ever going to grow up?"

"Grow up?" I flung back indignantly. "Why, I am grown up, and domestically grown up at that. Haven't I been making doughnuts, or helping to make 'em? Don't you see this pink badge of the slave of the kitchen?"

"I see it," Dean admitted, still grinning. "It's vastly becoming, as you are no doubt aware, and that dab of flour on your nose is very piquant. Still, Billy, you know that this domestic business is only one of your whims, just a childish fancy which you will throw aside in a few days for another—a flirtation with the minister, perhaps."

"That's not true!" I said hotly. "I don't flirt, Dean French. As for the minister, haven't I just run away from him? He's in the house, now."

"But you haven't been running away from him for the last month, Billy. And there was young Endicott, and that painter chap in Boston, and—"

"Others," I finished coldly. "Well?"

"I beg your pardon," said Dean stiffly.

A DEADLY silence fell between us. Finally, Dean picked up one of those unlucky doughnuts and sank his even, white teeth into it.

"Pretty fair article," he announced. "By the way, Billy, I suppose the mater has told you that I sail for Europe next week. I suppose I'll be homesick, but after all, a year or so will pass quickly if a fellow has plenty of hard work, and there's plenty of work over there in the hospitals to keep one hustling."

Europe! Two years! I sat right down on the grass and looked at Dean, and I clean forgot that a moment ago we had been quarreling.

"What are you going to do when you come back? Set up for a specialist in the city and charge fabulous prices?"

Dean shook his head, and, all of a sudden, I noticed what nice kind eyes he has.

"You see before you, Miss Dacre, a future G. P., a country doctor who will try to take his father's place in the community, and who will strive hard in foreign lands to acquire a certain skill which many G. P.'s lack, and of which the poor country folk stand in as much need as the rich city folk. His prices will be moderate; possibly he can count on collecting fifty per cent. of his bills; but no grand young lady will ever ride in his ten-thousand-dollar limousine. A humble runabout, repaired by himself, is all he will be able to afford. Dost like the picture, Miss Dacre?"

"And his wife will have to make the doughnuts, won't she?" I added musingly. "Well, there's nothing mean about me. I'll give her my receipt."

Dean made a queer noise in his throat and threw his doughnut over the hedge.

"You know your power, don't you?" he said. "Oh, Billy girl, why won't you grow up? What am I going to find when I come back from the war? Just a naughty, elfin, heartless child, or the girl I—"

"Wilhelmina! Where are you? Wilhelmina!"

GOODNESS! I jumped a foot. There, sailing majestically down the garden-path, was Great-Aunt Mehitabel, her asthmatic old pug-dog puffing at her heels. And, of course, that silly little beast had to spy that doughnut and begin to snort and choke in a mad endeavor to swallow it whole. You see, the poor old thing's teeth are among the missing, and what he eats goes down *en masse* or not at all, and you never saw such a pig as that pampered pug is, anyway.

"Jou-jou!" said Great-Aunt sternly, peering near-sightedly at the doughnut, "let that thing alone! Ugh! A nasty toad! Come away this instant. Jou-jou!"

So poor Jou-jou, his pop eyes bulging, was dragged away from that dirt-encrusted doughnut, and it was a good thing, too, for I should certainly have giggled in another minute. If there is a funny sight on earth, it is the spectacle of a very stout woman leading a wheezy, obese little dog on a chain.

"Poor old Jou-jou!" I whispered, after his disappearing back. "You'll have to take the lecture meant for me. Such is life, Jou-jou. Dean, if you ever even imagine I'm growing a trifle portly, you'll give me an awful dose of something, won't you?"

"Billy," said Dean, not looking at me at all, "do you know that sort of bubbling spirits you seem to have on tap would be a wonderful asset in a country G. P.'s wife? It would, really. When he came home, cold and discouraged from a long ride over the hills, or when he was growing pessimistic because he saw so much of human nature in the raw—and you know, Billykins, a doctor has to see an awful lot of that—why, just to see her flitting about in a fire-lit living-room, waiting for him, and, beyond, a glimpse of a cozy dining-room—"

"Blue cartridge paper and old mahogany!" I interrupted enthusiastically, "and big ferns in the bay window. And not a single rubber plant in the house! Black cats and rubber plants are bad luck, and you needn't say they aren't!"

Dean leaned over and put his long, brown hand on mine.

"Billy! Do you mean by that that you sometimes think of a cozy little home just for us two—or are you playing with me? You know how it is with me. I've waited a long while for you to grow up, Billy girl; waited through your indifference and your friendships

with other men; waited always in the hope that you would turn to me some day and—"

"Can't I have mahogany in a dining-room of my own without a man around?" I snapped, pulling my hand away. "I'm surprised at you, Dean—growing sentimental like this. I thought you were truly my friend."

"I am," Dean retorted quickly, "but I am more than a friend, as well. You've never even guessed it, I suppose. You've never even dreamed of what every one in this place knows, have you? Oh, Billy, why are you so hard? You haven't a grain of real affection for any one, have you?"

YES, I have!" I stormed, in a rage at this accusation. "I've a great many grains of affection for you when you're not nagging at me; but that's not love, is it? I shan't marry any one unless I feel the Real Thing. I shall wait forever, unless I feel like Elinor did when she married Guy. And if people don't stop trying to get me married, I shall take Viney and live in a little house by myself, and keep a pack of hounds and a parrot. So there!"

A moody silence fell between us. Presently Dean sighed and got up. He was awfully white, and his eyes looked tired.

"I'm sorry I nagged, Billy," he said heavily. "I won't offend again."

"Very well," I said graciously. "Honestly, Dean, you know I like you perfect heaps, but that isn't a bit like loving, is it? I don't believe I have a heart, anyway—it's just a large ganglion, as your doctor books call it, pumping away day and night."

Dean smiled—a little, crooked smile.

"Yes, you have, dear; only it's unawakened. That's all, I had hoped—Billy, would it make any difference if I did go in for a big city practise? I know I'm not much of a match for you as things are. Would it make any difference if I went to the city?"

"Would you, Dean?" I asked quickly.

Dean's long fingers clenched themselves into his palm. For a long minute he looked at the grass, then he raised his head and looked straight at me.

"No, I wouldn't!" he said doggedly. "Not even to win you, Billy. My work is here—work my dear old dad gloried in and left to me—How could I—Oh, Billy girl, why do you tempt me?"

I evaded his outstretched hands.

"Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it!" I remarked with asperity. "I hate a shirk. If you'd said yes, I'd never have spoken to you again. I was curious—that's all."

Dean drew a long breath.

"You little scamp! I'd like to shake you. To torture me like that—Billy, Billy, aren't you ever going to grow up?"

I made a hideous face at him, but for some reason the air seemed clearer. The tired look was fading from Dean's eyes.



THERE, SAILING MAJESTICALLY DOWN THE GARDEN-PATH, WAS GREAT-AUNT MEHITABEL

"Grow up? Why, I'm so grown up, I feel top-heavy sometimes. Come in this minute and see me listen to Doctor Blount discourse on esoteric fanaticism, or debate the question was Browning a poet or merely a poetical philosopher. I can stand it without winking, but I don't enjoy it. It's only with you, Dean, that I feel—well, never mind—I just feel."

DEAN looked at me thoughtfully as we sauntered near the house, and stroked his chin.

"I see," he said quietly. "Going to the Endicott's dance to-night, Billy?"

"Of course. I've saved you your three dances. Molly Endicott's cousin will be there—you know, the clever one who gave up a musical career for settlement work. How she'll fit in at anything so frivolous as a dance—"

"Sh! Just peek through that window at Aunt Julia saying good-by to Doctor Blount. We'll escape—"

"Dean, will you look at Aunt Julia simpering at that man! Why on earth are women so crazy about a minister?"

"I wish the feeling included doctors," grumbled Dean, scowling at the departing ministerial back. "Good-by, Billy, until to-night. Got to hump over to Milford before luncheon and get back to the hospital by two sharp."

I found Aunt Julia looking as complacent as the cat who'd just swallowed the canary. She was reading a book Doctor Blount had brought her.

"Wilhelmina," she purred, forgetful of my defection, "dear Doctor Blount has invited me to attend a lecture with him this evening. Of course, such an opportunity to improve one's mind must not be neglected. Do you think, my dear, that my lavender gown will be too—too dressy—for the occasion?"

Aunt Julia runs to clothes, giddy ones, and that lavender gown is no kindness to her complexion, but, of course, I couldn't say so. I've got that much tact, I hope; but Great-Aunt Mehitabel twitched her nose terribly when I told her we should have to go to the Endicotts without Aunt Julia.

"At her age!" she snorted. "Well, there's no fool like an old fool. But I can tell her one thing: her skin looks like mildewed leather in that lavender gown!"

We motored to the Endicotts in rather depressing silence. Great-Aunt was much displeased at what she termed Aunt Julia's giddiness, and I had an uneasy feeling that something was going to happen.

THE Endicotts have a wonderful room that runs the entire depth of the old-fashioned house, and it was there the dancing took place. Great-Aunt settled herself for a game of chess in an adjoining room with some old friends, and as my card had been filled over the 'phone days before, I started right in for the jolliest kind of a time.

Tom Endicott and I had just finished a dance and were resting behind a group of palms in the hall when I heard Dean's voice, such an eager, interested voice.

"So the little beggar made good, eh? Bully for him! Isn't it wonderful what the right sort of encouragement will do? Now, here in Milford, Miss Endicott, is a little chap just like your case—a born degenerate, apparently—and yet he returned a dime I had dropped yesterday. I have hopes of him now. If we could only start a social-service house here, such as you have!"

I looked through the palms, and saw Dean, his eyes alight with interest, leaning towards the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She was simply exquisite, and I knew, in a flash, that she was Claire Endicott, the clever cousin who did settlement work.

"I intend to speak to some of your leading spirits about it," she said in her lovely, low-pitched voice. "Perhaps I can help you to bring it about, Doctor French."

DOCTOR FRENCH! How strange it sounded! Dean, my chum, was Doctor French to other people.

"Tom," I said abruptly, "will you get me an ice, please? I'll stay right here in this corner."

Really and truly, it never occurred to me when Tom hurried away that I was deliberately spying upon those two, so absorbed in each other, but it dawned upon me when Dean suddenly glanced at his card and stood up, tall and distinguished looking in his evening clothes.

"Excuse me just a moment," he begged. "I have this dance with Bi—Miss Dacre. She will be glad to cancel it. I'm rather a duffer about dancing, and she is a very popular girl."

"Oh, please, Doctor French," said Miss Endicott quickly. "Don't lose your dance with that lovely child. She will be disappointed, I know."

A shadow fell upon Dean's face.

"You are wrong, there. These dances are merely an old custom with us. I am powerless to please or disappoint her. I will return in just a moment."

My dance, that I had saved for him! I sat very still until Dean came back, frowning, and sank down beside Miss Endicott.

"Miss Dacre is evidently keeping tryst in the grounds somewhere. I could not find her. But to return to our discussion. Do you think such a plan feasible for so small a place as Milford? I doubt—"

Well, I never heard what he doubted, because I got up and rushed out into the friendly darkness of the garden. My hands were clenched, and with all my soul I was trying not to hate that white-and-gold woman who sat so graciously beside Dean.

Presently down the garden-path came a strolling couple. They passed close to my rustic bench.

"A magnificent pair!" said the man's voice heartily. "Good old Dean seemed mightily impressed, too. I hope it amounts to something. A woman like that to be buried alive in settlement work!"

[Continued on page 70]



"HOW MANY YEARS MUST I GO ON TELLING YOU THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY GIRL?"

HERE COME NEIGHBORS

THE FRIENDLY TALE OF ONE LITTLE COMMUNITY

By REINETTE LOVEWELL

S-SH-ISH! It's going to begin!"

A little boy in the front seat wiggled excitedly. Farther back, a girl at the giggly age giggled. Grandma Somebody adjusted her spectacles. Grandpa Somebody Else hitched forward in his chair.

Sure enough the green curtain moved—jerkily, as if reluctant to reveal that which it hid from the watching eyes. Something that looked like a man's thumb showed where it was shoved along the cord; a generously proportioned foot stuck out from the floor of the "wings". But the cloth screen moved surely, even if a little yankily, until the stage was shown to an eager audience—and it mattered not at all that two unselfish men persons were wound up in the stuffy lengths, waiting for the close of the first act.

Behind the scenes were sounds of scurrying, of repressed laughter, of somebody stumbling over a chair, all sorts of delicious doings that stimulated curiosity to an almost uncontrollable point.

For half an hour previously there had been a steady procession of people coming down the dark country roadways without. Most of them carried reliable lanterns to guide their footsteps; the women were burdened with baskets and bundles, napkin-covered and savory smelling; the children skipped along in excited anticipation of a good time ahead.

Word had been given out that there was going to be a play Saturday night at the Neighborhood House. The title was *Gossip*—that which the dictionary defines as "idle tales about others". Everybody was interested.

The cast turned out to be entirely feminine—it being politely assumed that men never gossip about anything. The actresses appeared in sunbonnets and aprons, regulation morning attire in a community where negligees and boudoir caps have not yet come into fashion; the stage setting in each scene was a village kitchen.

An innocent, surmising sort of a story was started over a dish-pan about a family that had moved into a vacant house during the night, and all through the five scenes the story grew and grew until it involved in serious complications all the women who passed on the news—plus.

By the time the last scene was reached, each individual in the audience was weak with laughter; and when the curtain hitched along and hid the stage, thunderous applause recalled the cast. Good-naturedly they appeared, grouped themselves, bowed, and smiled their thanks.

Everybody laughed and dug whoever was beside them in the ribs and laughed some more.

"Wasn't Mrs. Brown's hat the funniest thing! That trimming—!"

"I can't get over the red stockings on Miss Davis—she of all persons!"

"And the way Ann Andrews was rigged out—she looked so comical!"

So the spectators commented with contagious chuckles of enjoyment.

AFTER the final curtain came refreshments. The good housekeepers present got up and hustled right out into the kitchen with the commanding air of born executives. An aroma of coffee quickly followed their exit. With an eye to what was coming, the young people cleared the floor and ranged the chairs around the sides of the room. Pretty soon every man fixed his knees for the plate and paper napkin which boys and girls were bringing in tall piles. Followed other waiters—nice, little girls who seemed to know the very best way to "pass things". On the plates they carried were triangles of bread and butter with delectable things between; crispy doughnuts, destined to be consumed, hole and all; cakes sandwiched high with chocolate fillings—cakes that were spongy and golden; round white angel cakes; marble cakes; fruit cakes; devil cakes—just about every kind of cake that is. Came more waiters with mugs for coffee, and the golden-brown liquid was poured by others from white, napkin-bound pitchers.

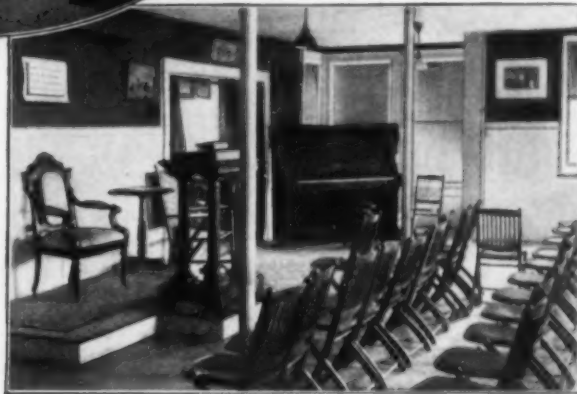
Laughing makes people hungry as well as healthy, and the way that good food disappeared was a caution. There were playful quarrels over the last piece of chocolate cake on the dish, and now and then, some one was caught with a second slice of the same kind hidden away from envious eyes. When a fat man put his plate down for a moment, he returned to find it had disappeared. All



NICE
LITTLE
GIRLS PASS THINGS AROUND



THE COMFORTABLE PARLORS OF THE COMMUNITY HOUSE



WHERE TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE CAN BE ENTERTAINED

these criminal acts were pardoned in the end, after much good-natured raillery.

Circulating everywhere about the room was a man with dark twinkly eyes, and a hearty voice. He had a word with everyone present; little girls with pink bows in their hair clung to his hand; shy small boys, lacking a front tooth or two, edged closer if he sat in a chair beside them. Women with gray hair joked gaily when he came their way; men talked long with him.

After a while, dancing began. Old men and little girls danced together, uncles and sisters, the postmaster and the groceryman's wife, a proud mother and her big son. Everybody was frisky; folks at the piano shifted, and now and then they let the young man who played the violin off, and he found a girl somewhere and whirled her onto the floor. There were good old-fashioned dances with a big-voiced man booming out, "Change partners", and "All promenade". The new steps were in evidence, too. The contagion of the merriment quickly spread until there was hardly a person who was not keeping time to the music.

These hilarious goings on took place in Weatogue, Connecticut, a little place where there is a post-office, and a railroad-station, a store, and a market—and not so very



THE YOUNGER MEMBERS ADD TO THE PROGRAM

place—remodeled to meet the needs of the less than a hundred people who want "some place to go" which is near at hand—some place where they may have real old-fashioned "sociables" and a Sunday-night Sing.

Almost ten years ago, Mrs. Charles P. Croft gave to the community her birthplace to be used for "all the people of Weatogue". It was the house her mother and father had received as a wedding-gift and where, as a child, she had lived and played. When she grew up

and married, she went far from Weatogue. Long afterward she returned with Mr. Croft to stay permanently in Connecticut, but they made their home in a house a little distance away, and the Mather house stood empty. Mrs. Croft did not like to think of renting it, and so, in going over in her mind a way to make her property useful, she thought of giving it to her neighbors to use for social purposes.

It was a roomy place, and the removal of partitions between parlors and hall gave an audience-room which will seat two hundred; chairs were bought to fill this space, and the young men of the community got together and presented a speaker's desk, so that whoever is talking may find support for an elbow or hand. The original dining-room with its fireplace was left intact for banquets; the kitchen and pantry were adapted to catering for a good many people, for it was anticipated that there would be eatings aplenty. One of the old-time parlors has been kept much as it was in the early days and space has been found for a cloak-room. From whatever angle the House is viewed, it is homelike. Without, there are rose bushes, a piazza, and a bay window; within, when the folding chairs are stacked away, there is nothing of the institutional look about it. Good pictures hang on the walls; white curtains float back from the parlor windows. It

is all comfortable and homelike.

The man with the dark twinkly eyes, whom every one seeks out when anything is going on, is Mr. Croft. He comes alone now. A few years ago Mrs. Croft went away from Weatogue, to return only in the spirit of her good deeds—in the constant memories of her friendly presence in this house which was hers, and which she so generously and lovingly gave to her neighbors.

Her husband is foremost in all the activities; to him are referred all questions which arise from time to time; on Sunday nights he leads a little song service in the audience-room. The old familiar hymns are sung and he makes announcement then of any events scheduled for the week to come. Almost always there is some one to talk for a little while. All kinds of speakers come at his invitation. Their subjects are as diversified as present-day life.

"Whatever interests you, interests us," he tells them. "We want to know what



THE STORY STARTS

much else—except some comfortable-looking dwelling-houses, and the friendliest, most fun-loving people in the world.

In the shadow of a mountain it lies, properly part of the ancient town of Simsbury, but three miles distant from a church, a hall, or any sort of audience room where people can meet together.

So it has come about that a Neighborhood House has been thrown open to the public—a fine old colonial dwelling—



AND GROWS



AND KEEPS ON GROWING

is going on in the world. Let us hear something about what you are doing."

A guest book is kept, and many notable names appear upon its pages. Almost daily letters are received asking about the enterprise and how to start a similar movement elsewhere.

The Weatogue Neighborhood House has never had any organization—it was given out and passed on by word of mouth that it was open for everybody. It has, as Mr. Croft says, "no organization, no formulas, no ritualism". There are no distinctions of race or creed; for nowadays, into this valley where hostile Indian tribes once roamed, there have come many European settlers. These are made cordially welcome at the old white house. As a sign of hospitality, there was once arranged an entertainment where singing was carried on in seven different languages; speechmaking in several. French, English, Scotch, Irish, Italian, and German flags floated from the walls; recruits were marshalled from far and near, and everybody enjoyed the cosmopolitan crowd.

NO "strings" of any sort are upon attendance. No one is urged to come; there are no politics, for no offices exist, and there can be no rivalry; when committees are needed for special entertainment they are quickly organized and disbanded when the affair is over. Voluntary contributions take care of the running expenses—heat, light, and janitor service.

The Neighborhood House is offered to the folks around for large family celebrations, when somebody whose house is not very large wants to entertain two or three generations of relatives upon some anniversary. Then there are many weddings—it is just the place for them, plenty of room, ideal catering facilities, and a splendid spirit of good-will to give the bridal pair a send-off, for the neighbors turn out like one family to decorate the rooms and serve refreshments.

Every year the Grand Army veterans have a dinner. Christmas sees a most joyous celebration, with a tree, and singing and "pieces" spoken by the children. Children's Day is an event, too. Whenever there is anything to be celebrated, it is celebrated good and proper at the Neighborhood House. In the summer there are strawberry festivals and ice-cream carnivals; apron and quilt sales prevail in winter.

Twice a month, regardless of other affairs, there is a midweek entertainment. All the musical talent in the



THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE

community comes to the front at these times. Tableaux are posed, and nobody minds a bit if some of the red fire gets set off behind the scenes and casts a ruddy glow—and choking smoke—over the whole audience, as well as the motionless white group on the stage.

It has been said that the people of rural New England have a starved dramatic instinct, but in Weatogue this instinct receives ample nourishment. Comedy after comedy has been produced, and the fame of these performances has extended far and near.

For side-splitting lines and costumes the Neighborhood House "shows" cannot be equaled. The people up there seem to take to acting like ducks to water. The stage effects are all the funnier because they seem to use what is nearest at hand.

"We can't give all our old clothes to the Belgians, even



AND THE TWO WHO STARTED IT DECLARE THEY NEVER SAID ANY SUCH THING

if they would take them," one of the popular actresses declared. "It would never do ten years from now not to have old duds stored away in attics to use when we give a play."

Every once in a while the men folks get started and appear on the stage with a first-class performance. At all the festivities there are just as many men as women. No lines of sex and age are drawn. The three- and four-year-olds are put to bed for afternoon naps when anything is going on, and

LARGER AND LARGER



LARGER AND LARGER

brought out as fresh as daisies; so neither father nor mother has to stay at home on their account. The eighty-year olds are there, too, happy as clams at high tide—nobody is too old or too young to be welcome.

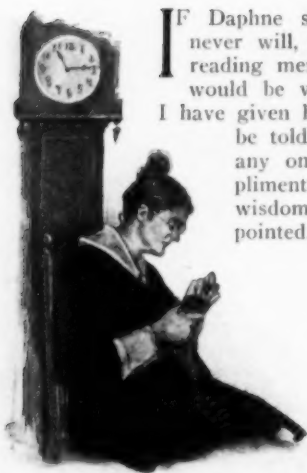
In the House is a library of eight hundred volumes where any one that lives in the community can go and

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DO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN LOVE?

By THE HUSBAND OF A BUTTERFLY

Illustrated by RUTH EASTMAN



AUNT JANE LOVED US, BUT SHE DID NOT ASK US TO LOVE HER

IF Daphne should read this—but she never will, because Daphne considers reading merely a waste of time—she would be vastly pleased by the title I have given her. For Daphne loves to be told that she is beautiful. If any one should chance to compliment her on her goodness or wisdom, she would be disappointed. In my fancy, even now, I can see her purse her red lips in a pretty pout and fling back coquettishly—I expect Daphne to attempt coquetting with Saint Peter—"What do you know about that? Why, you don't even know me! You don't even know what color my eyes are."

When I first saw Daphne, I thought that she was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen; I think so yet, and, more than that, I hope she will ever be so, for Daphne's beauty is her life. Sometimes I close my eyes and try to imagine her growing gray and stout, but, somehow, I cannot. If Daphne ever decides to age, she will do so gracefully.

An aunt, my father's sister, brought me up along with her own family of six boys. People invariably sigh when I tell them this; and now her responsibility weighs on me far more than it did then on her. She was regarded by the neighbors, her relatives, and even the parson, as an unusually capable woman, but no one realized it more than we boys did. Aunt Jane was always employed, always practical, and always economical. But never—no, not in the most extreme cases of illness—did any hint of actual affection ever come from Aunt Jane. Just once, when I was leaving home forever, we thought, did she kiss me; and that was a mere perfunctory kiss. Aunt Jane loved us, but she did not ask us to love her.

We have an old photograph of her, which I often study with an ache in my throat, for to-day I realize how very much she cared for me. Out on the street, sometimes, my eyes will blur, when I see ahead of me a plain, motherly woman with plain, substantial, drab clothing. I quicken my steps; but before I can quite overtake her, I realize that it is not Aunt Jane, after all, and that on the next street I may see another woman just like this one, for the domestic woman is everywhere.

THE lure of the great lumber camps took me to the far north when I was eighteen; it held me until I was almost thirty; and, then, the advice of the company, of whose camp I was the overseer, and the hunger for life—the surging, the struggling, the all-important life,

as it was pictured in the magazines and novels I had read—called me back to my own home country.

But the memory of God's great outdoors and of the men who tried to conventionalize that country has never for a moment really left my life. At night, as I walk the streets, the electric lights grow smaller and smaller, fainter and more faint, until they are blazing, smoking torches; the hot, heavy, sickening odors become fresh and filled with the incense of the pine and cedar; and the harsh rattle of the cars becomes more dense and mighty until it is a mad foaming river. The men are all happy workmen, and the women—somehow, I can't exactly place them, for up in that land of great outdoors, there were no women. Perhaps that is the reason I cannot understand my wife—my Daphne; I am sure it is the cause of my loving her the way I do.

DURING my first winter in the city I met Daphne at a dinner given by the chief stockholder of our plant. I had hesitated a long time about accepting that invitation, lest I should be confused by the knives, forks, and other table appurtenances; for our service at the lumbercamp had been very simple. Yet, after I saw Daphne across the table, I never gave even one thought to dinner, service, or the other people. If there were too many forks, I did not know it; what I ate did not so much as interest me. I sat and worshiped Daphne's beauty.

The next spring I asked her to marry me; to my great astonishment she consented immediately. Afterward, she told me that she supposed dozens of men before me had asked her to marry them, but she had waited because she had thought none of them loved her quite enough. I did, and she knew it.

During our betrothal and honeymoon, she was very beautiful, very bewitching and shy. Never once did she say that she really loved me; always she asked, in reply to my inquiries: "Do you love me?"

She was very happy and elusive when I told her how much I cared, but how eager and hungry I was for the day when she would come to me, and voluntarily putting her arms around my neck, tell me that she loved me.

She never has!

One day, after we had been married for almost two years, she came into our living-room, resplendent and beaming in a beautiful creation of blue. It did not seem possible that she, so beautiful, so enchanting, and so radiantly happy, could be all mine. But there she was, waiting for my admiration. After I had told her how very beautiful she was, I hungrily held out my arms, and, smiling, for I had been very lavish in my language, she came into them. "But you mustn't muss me!" she chided.

"Do you realize, sweetheart," I began, "how many hundreds and hundreds of times I have told you that I loved you? I don't believe you have ever once told me voluntarily that you love me, and"—rather hesitatingly—"I wish you would."

She twisted around so that she could see my face. At the same time I saw hers—it was quite empty of any expression



DAPHNE'S BEAUTY IS HER LIFE

of love. She even smiled at the hurt look in my own eyes. "But you were to love me, and to tell me, too," she protested. "And you don't tell me, now, as often as you used to. Don't you love me, now?" "Don't you want to love me?" I insisted.

"I don't know," she drawled rather lazily. "Do I look pretty to-day? I want to hear you say I do."

HER beauty and childish insistence again enslaved me. I told her, again and again, how wonderful she was, and how much I loved her. When she fluttered out of the room a few minutes later, still glowing and still happy because her beauty had appealed to me, she was as untouched by any emotion as a great, beautiful winged butterfly. Almost strangled by the surge of feeling that had swept over me, I watched her join a party of waiting friends as light-heartedly and as heartlessly as if she had just emerged from her dressing-room. I turned back to my desk.

"She doesn't care," I panted. "She doesn't care for me, because she can't. She cares only for herself."

And her last words mocked me, "I just have to be happy all the time."

"And she doesn't care at all," I almost moaned.

After a long time, when the room had grown very dark and the logs in the grate blazed dully, I again thought of God's great outdoors and, somehow, comfort came. "She doesn't care for me," I reasoned, "because she simply doesn't know how to care; and she never will, because she does not care to learn. But there's one consolation"—and again the bitterness in my heart surged near my throat—"she never will care for any one else. I'm sure of that. She simply cannot see or care for any one beyond herself."

So I stopped expecting Daphne to care for me and contented myself with loving her. It was really trying to content myself with caring for a beautiful inanimate statue. At times I grew almost uncontrollable in my desire to have some one care for me, and I really believe I would have gone down that road much traveled by disappointed husbands had it not been for those long years in God's great outdoors, when I learned that loneliness begets an acquaintance with one's self and that, then, self-respect is the most satisfactory and desirable of all honors.

Soon after we were married, the knowledge that Daphne's beauty was very expensive was forced upon me. At the first of the second month I came home to find my desk piled high with bills from all sorts of stores. Wonderingly, I looked at Daphne. "What are they, dear?" I asked.

"Oh, just a few bills for some little things I had to have," she explained carelessly. "They're quite small, I assure you, for you know how much Father spent on my wedding finery. Don't stop to look at them, now, David. Do let's go to dinner. I am expecting guests."

Completely reassured, I followed her toward our dining-room, stopping just a moment in the shelter of an alcove to kiss her. Even now I remember how beautiful she was on that night, all in white. Women's costumes always bewilder me; colors and tints I can not distinguish, but white is my great color. And that night Daphne was all in white.

After dinner Daphne's guests—several of her girl friends—arrived, and after talking a short time, I ex-



WAS THIS ONE ONLY A CREATION OF GOD'S GREAT OUTDOORS? WAS SHE ONLY A FANTOM WHOSE KIND HAS NEVER EXISTED, OR IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT BEAUTIFUL WOMEN CAN LOVE?

cused myself and went to the library. I opened my desk. There lay the bills—Daphne's bills—my wife's bills. Like a young lover handling his first love letter, I timidly touched those envelopes. Inside were bills for my wife's clothes. My wife! It was almost incredible. Yes, she was my wife. And now I was caring for her. Those envelopes seemed almost holy.

At last I opened one, then another and another, until all of them lay before me on the desk. Little bills for mere finery they had been dubbed, but in all they amounted to one hundred and eleven dollars. My monthly salary, as my wife knew, was two hundred and fifty dollars. Yet, almost half of this month's would be taken to pay these bills, which Daphne had said were trifles. What would they be when it came to absolute necessities?

I FOUND out; but it was not until several months later that I had the courage to speak to Daphne. Some people will say that I was foolish to wait so long, but they did not know Daphne. I did.

"The bills are so large this month, Daphne," I remonstrated, after I had looked through them. "It takes much more than my salary to keep us, and my surplus in the bank is almost gone. So if we keep up this way we will soon be in debt."

"We have the house," she smiled brightly, "and it is worth a great deal."

Four months before I would have gasped at such a suggestion as she now hinted, but that was before I knew Daphne. "And we will keep it," I said firmly. "Can't you economize a little? You have bought three expensive scarfs this winter."

[Continued on page 20]

SICK-ABED SERVICE

THE COMMUNITY NURSE,

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

THE doctor left me a long list of things to do for the baby that I do not understand very well," said the young mother; "but, no matter, the nurse will soon be here."

Her city visitor turned to her in surprise.

"The nurse?" she echoed. "Do you have nurses out here?"

"We're not so very far out," retorted the young mother, "and, anyhow, they have nurses even on the farms, these days. The town a mile away has a nurse who will be out this morning. There she is, now." The city visitor looked out of the window. She saw a young woman get out of a buggy, tie her horse, take up a black bag, and hasten to the house. She waited in another room while the young woman accompanied her hostess to the baby's bed. She listened curiously to the noises that followed.

"Sounds like housecleaning," she murmured. At the end of a half-hour the nurse left, and the mother tiptoed in.

"Look what she did," she said, extending a beckoning arm. The city visitor looked. The baby's room, usually dainty and pretty with frills and ruffles, had been transformed. The baby, clean and quiet, was peacefully sleeping in a plain gown on a plain pillow covered with a plain white blanket. Curtains, shams, ruffled pillow-covers, embroidered robes had vanished. The windows had been opened, the shades partly drawn. A couch had been drawn into the room and made up as a bed.

"She says sick babies don't like furbelows," explained the young mother. "I am to sleep on the couch until the baby is well. And she will come again to bathe and spray her to-morrow."

"Why, you are almost as well off," said her city visitor, "as we are. How do you pay her?"

"I'm better off than you are, you city person!" retorted her hostess. "That baby isn't sick enough for a twenty-five-dollar-a-week nurse, but she does need a half-hour a day of expert-service. I get it for fifty cents a visit, the regular charge. If you did such a thing, you would have the stigma of charity attached to it, but in the town the nurse is employed by rich and poor; she is all we have, unless we import one. For once, we are ahead of the city."

The young mother was right. The city visiting-nurse, almost without exception, is something in the nature of a philanthropy; but the nurse in the small town or in country districts, known as the district nurse, or the rural nurse, or the community nurse, which is the best title as it embraces all others, ranks as do public parks and public libraries, as a public institution to be used by all the people. She is something of a new institution, but so rapidly is she increasing that it seems as if local nursing com-

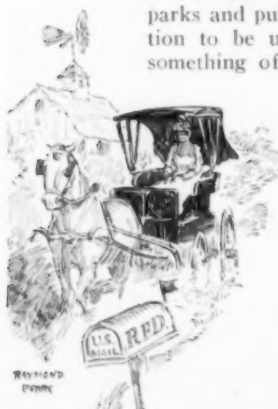
addition to this, there are a number of towns that have formed independent organizations which support a community nurse.

Usually, she has to demonstrate her value. People in small towns and on farms sicken and die even as people in cities, but there is a general idea that the "country is healthy", and so people continue to live in the country and to abuse every health rule.

For two years past, the Ohio Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis has been sending out nurses to the various counties for one month's demonstration of what a nurse can do for a community. Usually, the counties and small towns resent her coming.

"We don't need a nurse," argued the mayor of one town of about five thousand inhabitants. "We have very little tuberculosis. We haven't any slums, like a city; none of our people are desperately poor. I don't see where she could do any good."

"Will you permit us to send her for a month?" persisted the agent for the society. The mayor yielded ungraciously, and the nurse came. One of her first findings was a man dying of the dread disease, who was using a cuspidor which was daily emptied in the back yard. The contents, permitted to dry, with all their load of infection, entered into the street dust. The wife was innocent of their menace, and readily agreed to a bonfire over



mittees sprang into existence over night; and no one is prepared at present to give the extent of territory over which she is working. The American National Red Cross maintains a Town and County Nursing Service, but, in

the yard and to proper care of her patient thereafter. In a second house she found a woman, desperately ill with tuberculosis, waited upon by her two little girls, seven and nine years old, one of whom was already infected. In a third was a boy who, through family ignorance, was going blind. In a fourth the sanitary conditions were so bad that the family moved at once. In the public schools conditions were even worse. At the end of her month

ON THE RURAL ROUTE

A PUBLIC INSTITUTION

Illustrated by RAYMOND PERRY



her report included twenty-two cases of tuberculosis, sixteen cases of defective eyesight, and fifty cases of minor diseases. The people who "had not needed a nurse" were shocked and alarmed beyond measure. Yet, this town was a fairly "healthy" town; the death-rate was no higher than that of others, nor was there more recognized illness. The

people had yet to learn how much less there could be with proper precaution.

For the ultimate mission of the community nurse is to keep that community well. To do this, she must first find those who are ill and set them on the road to health. She is open to a call from any family in her district. Usually she is supplied with a horse and buggy, so that she can respond promptly. In a day she can visit a dozen patients and instruct their families as to their proper care, giving the expert advice that only a nurse can give, such as to the dressing of wounds, whenever needed.

BUT this is only a minor part of her real work. More important than any single person is the condition of the community at large, and as she rides she is quick to note the general sanitary conditions. As a part of her work she investigates the water supply, the meat supply, or the milk supply, the conditions of the streets, the manner of disposing of house refuse, the methods of treating infectious diseases. Usually, she visits the public schools regularly, attends to minor illnesses, excludes children who are suffering from infectious ailments, and afterwards visits them in their homes. In odd times she addresses meetings of citizens, of school-teachers, of parents, to inform them of the changes needed in their town and to talk on general personal hygiene. She is the guardian of the health of the community.

Sometimes, like other public institutions, she is an endowed gift to the public; but more often she is supported by the community in which she works, partly by

public, partly by private funds. In Kentucky, less than a year and a half ago, the state created a Commission on Tuberculosis. It at once employed three nurses, three nurses of unusual ability and tact, who were to go into communities to demonstrate the value of a nurse. The Commission shrewdly decided not to force them into districts where they would meet with opposition, and so offered to send them to places where some local organization, usually a Woman's Club, would guarantee to pay the local expense.



IN sixteen months, as a result of the demonstration visit, eight communities have established a permanent nurse. The communities vary in population from eighteen hundred to nine thousand persons, and in all of them the population is fairly well scattered. Their expenses have been met by appropriations from county and city, and by money raised by the people interested. Mason County, a pioneer in the work for good health, secured three hundred dollars from the Mason Fiscal Court and three hundred dollars from the town of Maysville. This, with the money earned by calls, went a long way toward meeting the expense incurred.

In Chilton County, Alabama, the county board appropriated five hundred dollars, the school-board five hundred dollars, and private individuals five hundred dollars toward maintaining a nurse for one year. They bought a horse and buggy and engaged a nurse. Under the title of assistant county superintendent of schools, she is now visiting every rural school in the county, talking to mothers and teachers, surveying the sanitary conditions of her future field, and attending to patients as she goes along.

For the encouragement of the small town which is composed of folk who are comparatively poor and who may be afraid they cannot afford the luxury of a nurse, I want to tell the story of a town in Massachusetts. I think the town should be nameless because the details are so intimate; but it is a real town, and the tale is true. Over a year ago the Woman's Guild of this town decided to try to get a community nurse. They had a population which was divided upon matters of religious belief; so that nothing could be done through the churches. The town's two main industries are fishing and attending to the wants of summer boarders, who are middle-class folk. There are about four thousand, six hundred townspeople. The Woman's Guild gave a supper at which a collection was taken for a "sick fund". The women did not know just how the money would be used. One wanted a hospital, others a nurse. The collection was six dollars and a promise of five dollars a year from one of the women.

With this as a beginning, the women went to a local printer and had prepared some small envelopes, each containing a printed slip which asked for contributions for a "sick benefit fund" which was some day to provide a nurse. The two local papers gave the idea some prominence and the envelopes were distributed to every house in the town. The women let them stay at the houses for some time. During that time they talked district nurse to everyone who would listen. When the envelopes

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BELATED BLOOM

By EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

Illustrated by DAVID ROBINSON

IT was at a dance which she gave at the Country Club that Miss Dexter first realized that the affair with Hugh Bristol was getting out of hand. She herself never danced, but had no lack of partners to sit out with her. This evening, however, Hugh had maintained his place beside her so persistently as to keep others away and cause, as she guessed, some laughing comment. The situation disturbed her a little; for it was one thing to be privately aware that he had, in the short time of their acquaintance, so surprisingly and unsuitably lost his heart to her, and quite another thing to have him make himself and her ridiculous. The situation, which had its amusing side so long as she could dominate it, now began to trouble her. She had already, with no effect, reminded him of his duty as a dancing man.

"But you positively must go and dance," she repeated, with more decision than had been in her tone before.

"Why should I go when I would so much rather stay?" he asked. "Are you tired of me?"

She laughed. "What would you do if I said yes?"

"I should go away and give you a rest. But I should come back—and keep on coming back. I don't see how you are really going to get rid of me."

He spoke lightly, but something in his glance as it met hers made her heart flutter absurdly. It was only by an effort that she kept her lids from drooping. However, she managed to answer without a change of tone:

"What a masterful man you are. Do you always do exactly as you like?"

"In the end, yes. If I really make up my mind."

He had ceased to look at her so disturbingly and she studied for a moment the face which she already knew well. It was a dark, thin, purposeful face, in which one might read concentration, force, enthusiasm, but not humor. Once more his eyes, piercing and ardent, met hers, and this time she turned away.

"I really do want you to go," she said. "I have other guests whom I mustn't neglect."

He rose and bowed. "Since you ask it," he said, and left her.

SHE watched him for a moment as he made his way down the room, and then, with an involuntary lift of her head and straightening of her shoulders, dismissed him from her mind and addressed herself to the duties of a hostess. But when she drove home a couple of hours later, she was thinking of him and smiling to herself. How absurd it all was! To have lived to the age of forty-five without the slightest experience of love and then to find herself with a young lover on her hands. "God is good," she had said when she found that she had, at this late day, come into her kingdom, but now it seemed that she must walk warily. She decided that it would be best to see Hugh Bristol less often in future. About him she did not feel greatly concerned, for she couldn't after all, take the affair very seriously and had much confidence in the ultimate recovery of any disappointed lover. One doesn't get to be forty-five without a touch of cynicism. But, of course, she did not want him to get beyond a certain point, while as for herself, she had no mind to be a fool, thank you. Thrills and palpitations were all very well when everything was suitable, but this was distinctly ridiculous. She proposed to keep in mind the fact that she was ten years older than he—even if she did feel younger than she had ever felt in her life. How upside down things were when you had your youth at the wrong season!

As she brushed out her wonderful hair before the glass, she said again, as she had so often said before: "It's a miracle!" For, until a year ago, when Nature had quite suddenly repaired an earlier blunder and set the color scheme right by turning that hair from dull drab to snowy white, Philippa had indeed been but a neutral woman, neutral in person, in manners and, to all outward appearance, in mind. "I suppose I was the same woman," she said to herself, "but, certainly, a great deal of me was smothered until good looks gave me confidence. And now, forsooth, I am by way of being a belle, and they tell me I have 'charm'!" For now, from being a mere person of good means and position, a good temper and a cheerful temperament, she had become a personage, admired and sought for, and, out of all the friends who offered themselves, choosing those who had youth. For to youth she felt herself allied, she who had been middle-aged in her teens. "Heavens, how bored I was most of my life and never even knew it!" she exclaimed, as she put out her light and got into bed, where she slept the sleep of a good digestion and a clear conscience, all unknowing that the morrow was to be a day of fate.

IF she had thought, in her innocence, that a woman has matters all in her own hands, she was destined to be undeceived. She could no more have avoided the scene with Hugh the next evening than she could have avoided a tornado in whose path she stood. He made his opportunity and he used it. Philippa's first thought when she realized the crisis was: "Oh, if only I were a dozen years younger! If only it were possible!" For this was wooing indeed, masterful and impassioned and hard to deny. This it was to be a woman and to be loved. Deny him she did, firmly, as she thought, but some subtle perception of a weakness at her heart lent him persistence and she was so overborne that she was finally reduced to pleading: "Don't—don't ask me. Indeed, it is impossible."

"But I ask you why?" he demanded, standing up in front of her.

"Need you ask? I'm ten years older than you. It would be a mad thing for both of us."

"You are as ageless as a goddess. Tell me, is that the only reason?"

It was impossible for her at that moment to deceive him. "It is reason enough," she said. "I shall be old while you are still in your prime."

"You talk as if it were for my sake that you refuse me! Am I a boy? Do you doubt that I know my own mind? Do you doubt my constancy?"

She was silent, but she did not, then or thereafter, doubt either his certainty or his constancy.

He went on passionately. "What are these little things called years, that they shall come between us? I swear I will not have it so."

She could not answer. She could not meet his eyes. "Philippa!" he said.

His voice was imperative. It drew her eyes to meet his and then it seemed as if a great wave swept her to her feet and into his arms. Surely it was not of her own volition that she yielded.

Later, in her own room, gazing at herself in the glass, she said: "I am a fool—but, oh, how glorious to be a fool!"

The dawn was in the sky before she fell asleep, and she awoke with a feeling that she must have dreamed the wonderful experience of the evening. It could not



IT WAS THE FIRST TIME THEY HAD DINED TOGETHER, TÊTE-À-TÊTE, AND PHILIPPA WAS FILLED WITH DEEP SATISFACTION AT SEEING HIM OPPOSITE HER, SHARING IN THE ORDERED, NORMAL LIFE OF THE HOUSE

be real. The note and flowers which greeted her, while convincing, gave an added effect of topsy-turvydom to her world. "Can this be I?" she said to herself. "Let me lie here for a while and play I'm sweet-and-twenty, with this first love-letter of mine."

HOLDING the letter in her hand, she musingly reviewed their short acquaintance. She recalled the moment when a friend had asked to present to her the young architect of the new State Capitol, just come to live in the town, and how carelessly she had acquiesced, and how, from the first, he had set himself to please her, to win her, to—well, perhaps to conquer her. And he had succeeded—oh, yes, he had succeeded. People might say it was absurd. What did she care? It seemed just then as if what Hugh had said were true, and as if she were really ageless, so young she felt, so full of the spirit of life.

She got up presently. Hugh had written that he could get a few minutes off, about eleven o'clock, after his visit of supervision at the Capitol, and he was coming over just to make sure she was still there—and his. The hair-dresser was coming at eleven, but Philippa had her maid telephone and put her off. The first glimpse of her white hair in the mirror sobered her a little. "It is the livery of age, after all," she sighed. She dressed herself, seeking at first for the most becoming effects and then saying—"No, he must just see me at the usual level. If I'm really going to marry him, I must take it all simply, just as he does. After all, heaven knows I always do the best I can." So she did her best.

When he came, the world readjusted itself. He was so happy, so adoring, and, withal, so normal. Philippa

still thrilled to the high emotion of the night before, but this daylight mood suggested the sweetness and sanity of every-day living.

He had to be off in fifteen minutes. "You'll go out with me in the car at four?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she replied. "I shall have to go to a card-party this afternoon. It is an old engagement."

"Oh, cut out the card-party," he said impatiently.

"I wish I could, but I don't see how I can leave Alida Thorne in the lurch. You'll come to dinner, won't you?"

"Of course, I'll come to dinner—but please do get a substitute for this afternoon. I'm sure you can."

She managed, with difficulty, to get the substitute, and went driving with him. After all, it was foolish to get into a rut with one's engagements. Also, she never meant to be a slave to afternoon tea. It interfered so with other things. She got home just in time to dress for dinner. Hugh came in on the stroke of the clock.

"I've announced our engagement," he said cheerfully.

"Hugh!" she exclaimed. "Announced it—to whom?"

OH, not to the newspapers—but to Mrs. Keith. She will pass it along. Surely you didn't suppose I shouldn't tell it? I'm so proud to have got you that I feel like stopping strangers in the street and telling them."

Who could find fault with him? Yet she did say, "I thought you would have consulted me."

"Oh, my dearest, I'm afraid I'm not strong on consultation. I just go ahead."

"Indeed you do," said Philippa. Then she laughed. After all, what did it matter?

"And we're going to be married at once, you know," he continued.

"I'm afraid you'll have to consult me there."

"But why not at once?"

They went in to dinner then and talked of such things as servants might be allowed to hear. It was the first time they had dined together, tête-à-tête, and Philippa was filled with deep satisfaction at seeing him opposite her, sharing in the ordered, normal life of the house. She regained the poise which had been shaken by the excitements of the last twenty-four hours. Later, when he reopened the subject of an immediate marriage, she said smilingly:

"Twenty-four hours ago I never meant to marry you at all. You swept me off my feet. You must give me time now to feel that they are on the earth again."

"Why should they be on the earth?" he asked, but agreed to drop the subject for the moment.

It was renewed when he was taking his leave. "I can get off for ten minutes to-morrow," he said. "About eleven."

"But I shall not be at home," said Philippa. "I'm so sorry. There is a meeting of the hospital board."

"Need you go to it?"

"Yes, I must. I'm president, you know, and, besides, there is something coming up in which I am very much interested. I've positively got to be there."

"I'll have to give you up, I suppose," he said unwillingly. "Then you'll be ready at four for a drive—or a walk, if you like it better?"

She hated to plead another engagement, but only a few days before, she had invited some out-of-town friends to take tea with her. She told him so, reluctantly enough. He put his arm around her and drew her to him.

"See here, Philippa," he said seriously, "we've got to be married, right away. I can't share you with all the world."

"These are old engagements," she replied. "They antedate the—"

"The beginning of the world," he finished for her. "The new heavens and the new earth. But you won't make any more engagements?"

"I'll be careful what I make. But Hugh, there will always be things to do. I don't expect to keep you in my pocket and you won't want me in yours."

"I'll want you at my right hand. You'll be mine—and nobody else will have part or lot in you. And you'll fix the day at once, won't you, dearest?"

YOU masterful man!" she laughed. "I wonder you allow me that privilege."

"I give you the first chance," he returned. And on that they parted.

He came the next evening, eager to tell his news. "Guess what I have done!" he said. "I've bought a lot—two lots. Those two up on Livingston Avenue at the corner of Spring Street."

"You must have had to pay a good price for them," she said, "but they are a good investment."

"An investment in happiness. Don't you know what I mean? I am going to build a house on them—your house—our house."

She stared at him in astonishment. "But I—we have a house. This house is yours and mine, Hugh."

"My wife must live in my house, not I in hers."

"There shouldn't be any question of mine and thine between us, Hugh."

"There needn't be, dearest. But I want to build a house for you. This house—" He looked around the large, lofty room, with its massive mahogany doors, its high windows, and its furniture, also massive and not altogether beautiful, but grown harmonious from long habitude—"This house has a dignity of its own, I'll admit—but wait till you see the one I shall build for you."

Philippa, too, looked about the room and her tone showed emotion as she answered: "It is a sense of per-

manence that this house gives one, I think—and tradition. My grandfather built it and brought my grandmother here as a bride and all their children were born here. When my mother was married, my father came here and lived, and I was born here, too. I've lived in this house all my life, and although I've lived here alone for these last years, yet I have not seemed to be alone. It is so full—so cheerfully full of associations. Of course, we could do things to improve it—anything that would not destroy its identity."

"But I want to take you away—I don't want you to have associations that are alien to me," he said vehemently. Then he added more gently: "For us it is the beginning. Can't you see, Philippa, that I want to create a place for you to live? Don't you suppose that your grandfather liked making this one for his wife? And how much more it is to me, for it isn't as if I had to put it into some one else's hands to design for me. Into every bit of it something of myself will go. It will not be a mere house—my offering to my wife. Tell me you will love it, dearest. And see, I will come here and live in yours until mine is ready." He took both her hands in his. "Won't you love it, since it will be the expression of my love for you?"

"How could I fail to love it?" she replied, but she looked around her old drawing-room with a sigh.

THE fortnight that followed was a breathless time. Between the friends, old and young, who flocked about her with felicitations in which amazement and curiosity were mingled with good will, the lover who was aggrieved if she was not at liberty to see him at his own times, the entertainments which were given in their honor, and the necessary practical matters which demanded attention, Philippa had no moment of leisure. Interruptions, she reflected philosophically, were good for a woman. They prevented her from getting into a rut and kept her adaptable; yet she found herself longing for a season of quiet, and an opportunity to collect her thoughts. More than all, she wished that Hugh would be less insistent in his requirements.

"Do you realize," she said to him half-playfully, one day, "that it is always I who change and rearrange and yield—I, who have had my own way more than most people? You are a man of iron."

"But I cannot help it," he replied, in a somewhat injured tone. "My affairs cannot be rearranged. And you know, when I can see you, I must see you."

Philippa laughed. He was utterly unreasonable, and altogether winning. She told herself that, naturally, there would be more quiet and leisure after she was married, and she wondered why she did not yield to Hugh's entreaties for an immediate marriage. It would be a simple matter, since they were agreed that it was to be done quietly and without giving notice to any one, and no preparations were needed. Yet, still she hesitated and would not fix the day.

"Some day," said Hugh, "I shall take you out in my car and we shall stop at a parson's, and you'll find I've got a license all ready, and you will be married before you know it. I give you fair warning."

"I believe you are capable of it," she said.

He had come to take leave of her before starting on a business journey which would keep him away for a week. "Promise me," he said, "to make all your arrangements while I am gone. I'm going to marry you the day after I get back."

"Need there be such haste?"

"Need there be any delay? Now, need there?"

His arm was around her and his face was close to hers. How dear he was! "No, Hugh, we needn't wait," she said.

She thought it must be relief at having definitely settled the matter which made her feel so cheerful and at ease after she had said good-by to him. She went to

[Continued on page 80]



The Completed Cut-Out



DIRECTIONS.—Cut out each of the three pieces, leaving letters attached until cut-out is complete; then, with a sharp knife, cut out the three slits marked X on figure. Bring section on skirt marked "Paste" around to other side of skirt and paste under. This forms a stand for the figure. Fold veil on dotted line, AA; paste outer edges of two sections marked E to two sections marked D, leaving enough space so that the head of figure can be easily inserted. Slightly crease the two dotted lines, BB, on veil enough to give it a flare and make the train. Fit cap of veil over head of figure, then insert the two tabs, C, on each side of veil, into slits, X, on each side of skirt. Turn small separate tab upside down, and paste, as far as dotted line, to back of the bouquet about one-half inch from its top. The unpasted half of tab will fit into slit, X, on the waist of the June bride.



PASTE TO BACK OF BOUQUET

OUR JUNE BRIDE

A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN

Designed by JEREMIAH CROWLEY

OUR FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE MAIL-BOX

OPEN LETTER NO. 2

To the Woman Who Says That Home Is the Only Place for Children, Evenings

By ZONA GALE

YOU say that home is the only place for children, in the evening. And so I want to ask you a question which you should be able to answer: "Whose home?"

Suppose that thirty women are called together of an afternoon by another woman who believes that she has a message for them. And suppose that the message which she delivers is something like this:

"My friends, I know a good deal about the school children in this town, and I want to talk over with you what I have observed, and see if you, too, have not observed the same thing:

"I have seen, for example, three motion-picture theaters in your town, all of them commercial. No child can get in without paying five cents, and often ten cents. And though many of the films are excellent, some are worthless and a few are objectionable. These performances occupy an hour. Though I have tried, I can find nothing excepting these which will give your children the normal, healthful recreation and companionship which, for certain evenings in the week, at least, they certainly should have.

"I need not talk to you, I am sure, about the value of this play, and this wholesome companionship. You have no playground—but that is on the way. No town can now long be without a playground. But this is for the day. What are you going to do with all of the evenings of your children—children, say, of from ten to fourteen? Those are four precious years. Are you going to waste the opportunity which a proportion of those fourteen hundred evenings give to children, for the right kind of recreation? Are they to have so little as they have now—and that little commercialized, excepting for an occasional school festival? What are we going to do about it?"

When she has finished, and the thirty women are about to discuss this, will you be the one to say—what one of the thirty is pretty sure to say?

"Well, in my opinion, the place for children in the evenings is home and in bed."

OR will you merely be one to join in the gloved applause which follows this remark—as it surely will follow, wherever it is made among adults—and will you believe that you have settled the matter?

Or perhaps you will say it more compactly:

"Home is the place for children."

To which somebody at that meeting ought to ask, as I have just asked you: "Whose home?"

If you mean your home—snug, warm, light, with dinner and music and happy voices and books as part of it—I agree with you—up to a certain point. But, even so, I am insistent that the children of even such a household should have some place where they can get together and play in the early evening more than once a week.

But "home" does not mean to the majority of children what it means to your children. Think of that—to the majority of children. What about the rest of them?

Are you going to be like the mothers who, when it was proposed to introduce domestic science into the public schools, commented:



"Entirely unnecessary. The place for our daughters to learn domestic science is in the home."

Again—"Whose home?" And if your home is the place to teach anything, what of those other homes which cannot teach it, because they do not know how?

And like those other mothers who, when medical inspection of school children was introduced, indignantly declaimed that their children were given medical attendance at home, and that that was the place for it.

Again—"Whose home?" And what of the homes where proper care is not given? And, considering these, how can any one possibly object to democratic supervision of these things for the benefit of all the children?

But, with recreation, there is another point. For there is no home so perfect that its children do not need to meet other children for two or three happy hours of music, together-singing, games, free motion-pictures, story-telling, and all the non-descript delight which children find in one another and which is their right. More than this, there is something in such evenings properly managed and directed—and it is a part of your business, is it not, to see that these evenings are so directed?—which no home can give alone.

FOR it is not only the poor homes; it is sometimes the very "good" homes which are not properly equipped to teach children the things which this sort of recreational time can teach.

What are you to do about it?

Open your schoolhouses—the kind of schoolhouses with a gymnasium, or with an assembly-room having movable seats—to the whole neighborhood, for music and motion-pictures, and an hour of games and dancing afterward.

If you cannot do that, because the schoolhouse is not yet properly built for this one of its own functions, then engage a hall. If there is in your town an armory, ask the National Guard to give it to the children for one night a week or more—surely, an armory could be put to no better purpose. And invite the children to come, taking turns with the grades, as many as can be managed each night.

Then, if you were to go there yourself, and with you the mothers of children from the varying homes represented in the public-schools, you would see something that could not fail to delight you:

Somebody's father teaching a delighted group to play indoor hockey;

Somebody else's father teaching another group new dumb-bell and Indian-club practise;

Somebody's brother running an impromptu basket-ball game;

Somebody's mother telling a story to one group;

Somebody else's mother playing games in a corner with a dozen delighted little folk;

The motion-picture machine ready to begin; or an orchestra tuning up, to give its services for an evening—or, later, an orchestra or band made up of the children themselves;

[Concluded on page 75]

FOR THE WEDDING RECEPTION

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE BRIDE'S SPECIAL DAY

By BETTY LYLE WILSON, the Cake-Lady

Illustrated by S. T. CHAPMAN



IT is with special interest and a joyous feeling that I always set about the making of a wedding-cake, and it is part of my creed that this one cake should combine all that is possible of beauty and luscious goodness. The receipt I give here is for a cake of three layers, each one about fifteen inches square. The following ingredients go into its making: four and three-quarter cupfuls of flour, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of butter, the whites of fourteen eggs, two rounded teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and one-half teaspoonful each of orange, vanilla, and lemon extract.

Sift the flour once, and measure. Add the baking-powder, then sift again five times. Cream the butter, add the sugar, and beat until very light. When this mixture is of the lightest possible consistency, add alternately eggs, beaten to a dry stiffness, milk, and flour in small quantities till all are used. Add the flavoring last, and blend well. Put together with marshmallow filling, made by adding chopped mallows to plain boiled icing. It is delicious and has the value of giving the filling more body and thus holding the cake layers fluffily apart. The cake is now ready for the outside icing which must be put on smooth and even, spreading carefully in place with knife. Ice top first, then sides, and if carefully done the result is a satiny, well-shaped cake of handsome proportions.

Decoration is the next question, the first thing to decide being the colors. Green and white is immensely popular. An occasional bride chooses yellow and white, but to my mind the most fitting of them all is rose color. It is such a happy color—a symbol of bright future days, breathing joy. Rose color for the bride always is my decision; and so it was that I fashioned recently a wedding table whose central ornament was a big square cake made by the receipt given above. The ornamentation used was simple in the extreme, yet lovely, the unusual note being struck by using natural flowers. Pink and white carnations were made into a round flat plaque by cutting tough, light-weight cardboard into a circular shape of the desired size. With a big needle, each

blossom was held in place by a single stitch, darning cotton being used, as this is soft and will not bruise the stems. Maidenhair-fern filled in chance crevices, and when the flowers were in place, leaving an inch or so of icing to show above them, the effect was strikingly pretty.

This cake contained the traditional trinkets to be kept as souvenirs by the lucky drawers, but they were arranged in an entirely original way. A thimble for the old maid, a button for the bachelor, the dime for riches, the wishbone for good luck, and a ring for the next bride, were all there, but most cunningly concealed. A short length of thread wire was fastened to each article and at the other end of the wire was tied a many-looped bow of narrow pink ribbon. There should be as many of these bows as there are guests seated at the table, but only five of them must have souvenirs attached. The possibility of drawing one of these increases merriment and emphasizes the good fortune of the winners, and the bows add a touch of rosy beauty. They should be put in place while the icing is soft and easy to penetrate. Be sure each trinket is stuck into the cake itself; this keeps each one firmly in place with no danger of dropping out and so spoiling the completeness of this prettily unique bride's cake. This arrangement has the advantage, which is not possible if the souvenirs are baked in the cake, of leaving the cake unmarred when the souvenirs are drawn so that it can be sliced and served with the ice course or boxed for the guests to carry home with them. Make the cutting of the bride's cake strike a happy note at the wedding, for you must remember that:

The bride will be happy, fortunate, and rich,
If the cutting of her wedding-cake goes off without a hitch.

"Dream" boxes will never lose a certain charm, and in this instance can be beautifully utilized. White boxes about two and one-half inches square are correct, each one having a rosette of narrow pink ribbon fastened on top. Arrange them on a tray and pass to the guests while the ice is eaten, so that each one may place a bit of cake in her own box. Herein lies the magic. Every man or maid who would "dream true", must, with their own fingers, place within the box a bit of the selfsame piece of cake from which he or she has eaten. Allow no other hand to touch the cake during the ceremony of placing the cake and closing the box. When

this is finished, all the guests must rise at one time, each with box in hand, to make two wishes: one is made silently for the fulfilment of the heart's desire, the other must be a good wish for the newly-married pair,

[Continued on page 86]



"THE BRIDE WILL BE HAPPY, FORTUNATE, AND RICH,
IF THE CUTTING OF HER WEDDING-CAKE GOES OFF WITHOUT A HITCH."

MAKING YOUR OWN TRIMMINGS

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY—NUMBER XXIX

By EVELYN TOBEY

THE lesson in the May issue of the magazine dealt with the methods of sewing straw braids on frames. Emphasis was placed on the easy way of sewing the braid in straight strips over the top of the crown or of covering it with a piece of satin or other fabric. This lesson shows the crowns covered in the most difficult way—with circular rows of the braid to the very middle of the top (Figs. 1, 2, and 3).

To do this, begin sewing the braid at the base of the crown frame near the back. After you have sewed the first row, make the transition from the first to the second row very gradual and with a slowly curving line so that the eye may not see an abrupt change. Lap the second row over the first to make the width of the braid exactly like the width of the rows already sewed on the brim. Continue to sew the rows, keeping them of uniform width until the last small circular row in the middle of the top is ready to sew.

Make a slit with the scissors in the frame at the very tip point and draw the end of the braid through this hole to the inside of the crown frame. Pin the last row so that it will lie flat and sew it. If there are draw or shirr threads woven in the braid, pull them as you go to make the braid curve smoothly, then pull these through more from the inside of the frame after you have brought the end of braid through.

USE thread the color of the braid and take the stitches through the straw so that they may be hidden by the overlapping of the fibers that are braided. Don't pull the thread so tight that the stitches make dents in the braid. The stitches on the inside of the frame may

be one-half to three-quarter inch long. Most braids will allow pressing. However, it is never well to use an iron that is very hot, and it is safer always to place a cloth between the braid and the iron. Many braids are manufactured with glue or are finished

with shellac so that a very hot iron will melt this preparation and cause it to "cake" in spots on the braid.

Fruits are very popular as trimmings this season, and fortu-

nately these can all be made by the home milliner if she will go exploring among her stray pieces of satin and velvet. The berry clusters that look so hard to make

(Figs. 1 and 2), are really extremely simple. Cut a small circle of velvet or other material about two and one-half inches across, for the large ones, gather around the edge of the circle with a strong thread (Fig. 6)—do not draw the thread tight, nor fasten it until after you have prepared the stuffing (Fig. 4). To do this, wind the end of a short piece of stem wire around some cotton batting and bend the short end back against the cotton so that when the gathering stitches are fastened this short end will be enclosed in the covering and will not show below. Then place the filling inside the circle, draw up the thread, and fasten securely (Fig. 7).

IF you use velvet, make the gathering stitches a little way from the raw edge, and do not turn the edge as it would make it clumsy. There is no necessity for turning, anyway, as velvet does not fray. If you use satin or silk, turn the edge of the circle once and take the gathering stitches exactly on the folded edge. These

berries ought to be stuffed hard so that there will be no wrinkles in the covering when the gathering thread is pulled tight. If you have not attached enough cotton to the end of the wire, stuff more inside the cover before you draw the thread tight. Use your scissors for packing in this extra amount of cotton.

In the grape clusters, the grapes should be in two sizes, six large and six small ones to each cluster. The circles for these are one and three-quarter and one and one-half inches across. After you have the grapes for one cluster made, assemble them, be-

ginning with the smaller ones at the pointed end of the bunch. Wind the stems with winding wire and do not let the stems be more than one inch long. Arrange them so that they are flat on the side which will rest against the hat. They should be in graduated rows. You can make tendrils (the corkscrew vines that grow on grape stems) by winding some of the stem wire around a lead pencil (Fig. 5).

[Con. on p. 69]



FIG. 1—
GRAPES
MAKE AN
EFFECTIVE
TRIMMING



FIG. 2—ANYTHING
FROM A CHERRY TO
AN APPLE IS CHIC
THIS SEASON



FIG. 3—
SIMPLE
BUT RE-
COMING TO
ALMOST
ANY FACE



FIG. 4—THE
FOUNDATION
OF THE POP-
ULAR FRUITS



FIG. 5—
CORKSCREW
GRAPE TEN-
DRIL



FIG. 6—
THE VEL-
VET CIRCLE
WHICH IS
TO MAKE
A GRAPE

NEW STYLES FROM PARISIAN ATELIERS

Gowns Specially Designed by Felix

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

MA CHÉRIE:—

Gowns, gowns, gowns, tailored, afternoon, and décolleté, each charming and beautiful in its own particular sphere, are to be seen in the ateliers if one is not too immersed in hospital and relief duties to give clothes a thought. It is a peculiar fact that women may be swamped with other interests, yet a flicker of vanity will spring forth and suddenly there will be time taken for a new frock. Thus it is, here, except for those who have donned mourning and others who no longer have the money to spend on clothes.

A soft gray blue called *bleu soldat* is the latest of the military colors. It is popular for all kinds of costumes, but especially for the zouave jacket suits which are the rage. Almost every conceivable material is used for this newest expression of the *mode militaire*.

The tailored suits continue to show full short skirts, and trim, indeed, do they look on women who stride down the Champs Elysées with high Russian boots on their feet and carrying short canes in their hands.

With the tailored suits the sheerest of blouses are donned, made with peplums, which are worn outside the skirt, and with wide ribbon cravats. These cravats much resemble those worn by our grandfathers in the thirties and forties of the last century, except—there is always a difference, even when an old style is closely followed—that a V of bare neck will show below the bow fastening.

Afternoon dresses are made with pointed bodices of colored taffeta which top black taffeta skirts. These taffeta skirts are full, some made with a series of ruffles, one attached to the lower edge of the other, the full length of the skirt. Others are perfectly plain, but the lower edge is fulled ever so slightly on a cord, which draws the skirt in a trifle at the feet.

I AM enclosing two original sketches of Felix gowns which I have obtained, *ma chérie*, exclusively for you. One is of soft cherry-colored taffeta, having a bodice of white taffeta embroidered with little green



and blue flowers. This same figured taffeta is also used for the underskirt which peeps a few inches below the lower flounce. The chic little bows and buckles, as well as the trimming around the bottom of the bodice and the flounces of the skirt, are of black *moiré* ribbon.

The hat designed especially to go with this frock is of leghorn lined with cherry-colored chiffon, fulled next to the crown. The brim is short in front and wide in the back, where it flares up, seemingly lifted by a single rose nestling softly against the hair and the under brim. On top in front, a little to the side, a similar rose is placed, while around the crown is a band of black *moiré* ribbon ending in long streamers in the back.

IN the other sketch can be seen the Parisian expression of the Bolero. Soft red silk is used for the

dress, which is trimmed with red, black-and-white grosgrain silk. Notice the chic way the jacket and the sleeves are turned back, showing the lining of the striped silk. Jet buttons give tone to the frock. The soft little blouse, which is made to flare so charmingly at the neck and the hand, is fashioned from that daintiest of sheer materials, *mousseline de soie*.

Evening gowns are—oh, what shall I say?—less sophisticated than those of seasons past. Many are fashioned on the girlish lines of the first Empire. Of apple green taffeta is a fascinating gown made with the short bodice shirred several times around the Victorian cut neck-line. The skirt has several shirrings at the waist, then falls in soft gathers to the hem.

In writing, I have almost forgotten the woes of a nation at war; but now I must turn my mind toward that which is occupying the minds of all Frenchwomen—the care of the wounded and sick.

Votre dévouée,

Camille D.



6575-6321

6541-6321

6543 Fichu and Apron Tunic

6589-6471

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

Her Wedding Gown in Princess Style and Her Bridesmaids with Coatee and Apron Dresses

For other views and descriptions see page 33



THE LITTLE FOLKS IN SUMMER

By THE FASHION EDITOR

MOTHER is beginning to consider the summer needs of her family. There are Jack, Elizabeth, Dick, and little Susie, all needing clothes.

Jack is to spend his vacation in a camp, so mother eliminates him from her mind, knowing that khaki trousers and blouses are about all he will need or want to take care of.

But ten-year-old Elizabeth is a different proposition. She is going on a trip with Aunt Sally, to be gone all summer. So Mother puts on her thinking-cap, for she wants Elizabeth's wardrobe to be suitable for the trip and yet fill the home needs as well.

First and foremost is a suit for traveling of navy-blue serge with pleated skirt and semi-Norfolk jacket. To wear with this suit four shirt waists are chosen, two white and two of buckskin-colored linen. As blue and brown combine very effectively, the suit is completed with a hat of blue straw trimmed with brown grosgrain ribbon, brown shoes, stockings, and cape-skin gloves.

Mother believes in the simplest of materials and styles for her little girl. She says, "Style depends upon the cut and the fit of a garment". So Elizabeth's dresses are of the simplest. Three Japanese crêpe dresses for service, one blue, one buff, and one green. This crêpe is rather heavy, washes very well, needs no ironing, and costs twenty-five cents a yard. Two of the little dresses are made to hang straight from the shoulders and are belted with a patent-leather belt. Bloomers of the same material are worn with these dresses instead of petticoats.

THE green crêpe is made with a high waistline, having a broad belt and suspenders of the same material going over the shoulders. A simple little blouse of white lawn is worn with this.

Three simple and dainty lawns, not costing more than fifteen cents a yard and simply trimmed with lace edging or embroidery insertion, were included in this wardrobe. A batiste dress for Elizabeth to wear for her "best bib and tucker" is trimmed with filet lace and has a sash of blue ribbon which ends in the back with a large up-and-down bow.

To wear over one-piece frocks, a plain loose coat of rose-colored golf-cord—a light-weight corduroy, costing about sixty cents a yard—is selected. This is trimmed with collar and cuffs of white, stitched with bands of black patent-leather.

Now, for the accessories which Mother considered necessary. The brown shoes and stockings which go with the suit are also worn for every-day. There are

white shoes and stockings for her batiste dress and perhaps her lawns. Brown hair ribbons to match the shoes are worn with the suit, and ribbons which either blend or are a pleasing contrast are chosen for the other dresses. The batiste dress, of course, demands a ribbon to match the sash.

Black silk bloomers take the place of a petticoat with the suit. Light-weight crêpe, costing twelve and a half cents a yard, is used for the every-day underwear, and the batiste dress has its special suit of nainsook underwear.

At last Elizabeth's things are ready and waiting for the important day when she shall start on the anticipated trip, and Mother turns to the planning and making of clothes for Susie and Dick.

DICK is four, going on five, and beginning to think himself quite a man. So, for every-day Mother makes him little Dutch suits with trousers coming high up and having suspenders over the shoulders of the same material. These are worn over blouses of chambray which match the khaki in color. Sturdy and strong materials are these, that Dick may grub in the garden, climb trees, and do anything else his superabundance of energy may suggest, without Mother having to call out, "Dick, oh, Dick! be careful of your clothes!"

To these are added three little suits consisting of trousers—one pair of blue, one of brown, and one of rose-colored linen, and white linen or lawn blouses, each having collars and cuffs to match the trousers in color. The trousers of these suits are fastened on to the blouse with large pearl buttons.

With these suits Master Dick wears white socks, brown low shoes, and a white Milan hat.

Two-year-old Susie has her first colored rompers of serviceable and fadeless kindergarten cloth at twenty-five cents a yard. The wee girl's afternoon dresses are all of white. Two are in peasant style, with body and sleeves in one, unbelted. Others are made with the full Empire waist or hang straight from the shoulders with tucks at the neck in yoke shape.

Susie wears Gertrude petticoats; the every-day ones are made with hems only, and the others are trimmed with ruffles of embroidery or lace-edged lawn. Her panties are made without a crotch seam and trimmed with narrow frills.

Last of all, Mother makes her small girl two little white piqué hats which can be laundered. They are trimmed with ribbon bows of whatever color Susie may be wearing in her frock.



THREE FROCKS FROM A SMART TROUSSEAU

Costumes in Gabardine, Grosgrain, and Voile. That Prove the Beauty of the Vogue of Cotton

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

PLANNING THE WARDROBE OF THE BRIDE-TO-BE

From the Wedding Gown to the Plainest Frock, McCall Patterns
Simplify the Making and Guarantee the Style

NO. 6575, LADIES' COLONIAL WAIST WITH LINING (15 cents).—Shown in the "Harry Collins' Cowboy Costume" on page 30. The pattern cuts in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. For measurements, see pattern envelope.

No. 6321, LADIES' CIRCULAR SKIRT (15 cents).—Five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. First costume, page 30, medium size, three and five-eighth yards white and three and one-eighth yards blue thirty-six-inch taffeta; second costume, four and one-half yards forty-inch silk; two yards forty-five-inch organdy. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards.



6575

No. 6589, LADIES' SIX- OR SEVEN-GORED PRINCESS DRESS OR OVERDRESS (15 cents).—In six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires four and three-quarter yards forty-inch material with one and one-half yards lace for cascade. Width at bottom, three and one-eighth yards in instep length.

No. 6471, LADIES' AND MISSES' FOUNDATION SKIRT OR PETTICOAT (15 cents).—The pattern may be had in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Size twenty-six takes one and one-half yards thirty-six-inch material for the upper section, and two and one-half yards sixteen and one-half-inch flouncing.

[For small views and descriptions of No. 6541, see page 34; and for No. 6543, see page 48]



6571-6591



6321

No. 6571, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Daily the bolero gains in popularity and now appears in cotton gabardine as a waist. The pattern comes in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. Size thirty-six takes, made as shown, one and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods with seven-eighths of a yard of lace eighteen inches wide for the front.

No. 6591, LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—With patch pockets, a new skirt is pictured in cotton gabardine. Pattern in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. As illustrated, costume requires, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt, four and one-quarter yards forty-two-inch material, one yard thirty-six-inch trimming, and seven-eighth yard eighteen-inch lace. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards.



6569-6583

No. 6569, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Grosgrain cotton and allover embroidery combine in a model on page 32 showing the new pleated collar and gauntlet cuff. Pattern in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, one and five-eighth embroidery, one and one-half yards material thirty inches wide.

No. 6583, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. As illustrated, costume requires for medium size, with thirty-eight-inch skirt, three and three-quarter yards forty-five-inch material, one and one-eighth yards forty-inch embroidery and one-quarter yard forty-five-inch organdy. Skirt's width, three and three-eighth yards.



6589

No. 6567, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The beauty of sheer organdy fichu and cuffs is well brought out in waist of the voile frock. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires two and seven-eighth yards of thirty-inch material and seven-eighth yard of forty-five-inch fabric for collar and cuffs.

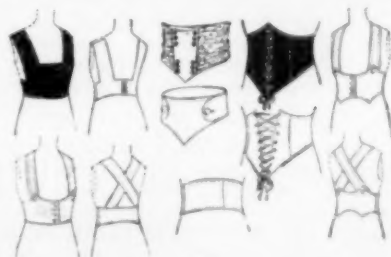
No. 6427, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern comes in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. As illustrated, costume requires, medium size, with thirty-eight-inch skirt, six and seven-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material, seven-eighth yard forty-five-inch organdy. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards.



6567-6427



6471



6580

No. 6580, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUSPENDER BELTS, GIRDLES AND JUMPER (10 cents).—In three sizes; small, suitable for twenty-two and twenty-four; medium, twenty-six and twenty-eight; and large, thirty and thirty-two waist. Medium size of belt pictured on page 32 requires three-eighth yard of thirty-six-inch material. For other measurements, see pattern envelope.

SILKS AS SEEN IN SUMMER DRESSES

Taffeta, Foulard and Faille Lead in Popular Favor



6587

NO. 6587, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, skirt in thirty-eight-inch length, six and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material and five-eighth yard forty-inch fabric for collar, cuffs and girdle. Width of skirt at lower edge, three and one-eighth yards.

No. 6547, LADIES' WAIST WITH SUSPENDERS (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. Thirty-six requires two and one-eighth yards for waist, and for suspenders, five-eighth yard of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6559, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern is obtainable in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist measure. The costume, as illustrated, with the skirt in thirty-eight-inch length, requires four yards and three-quarters forty-two-inch fabric for skirt and suspenders, and one and seven-eighth yards forty-inch-material for waist.

No. 6557, LADIES' BOLERO WITH GUIMPE (15 cents).—Pattern in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires, for bolero with collar and sleeves, one and five-eighth yards; guimpe, one and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6561, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Cuts in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Costume illustrated, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt, three and one-eighth yards plain taffeta, two and one-quarter yards striped taffeta, and seven-eighth yard rose taffeta, each thirty-six inches wide and three-fourth yard eighteen-inch allover lace. Width of skirt, three yards.

No. 6541, LADIES' WAIST OR GUIMPE (15 cents).—In seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires, with plain sleeve, one and five-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material, with puffed sleeves two yards same width fabric, and with gathered sleeve, one and seven-eighth yards.

No. 6540, LADIES' JUMPERS (10 cents).—The smart jumper here illustrated comes in three styles, and the pattern is obtainable in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. The jumper opening in front with belt, as illustrated, requires one and one-fourth yards, the tucked jumper, three-fourth yard, the back opening jumper with belt, one and one-eighth yards, and the jumper opening in front without belt, one and one-fourth yards, each of material thirty-six inches in width if made in the thirty-six size. Braiding shown on the opposite page is an adaptation of the Transfer Design No. 352, which costs 10 cents.

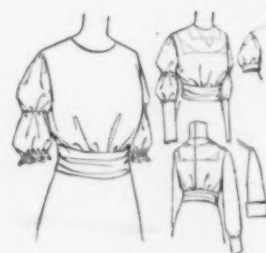
No. 6537, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The skirt with inset sections is new and smart. The pattern is obtainable in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two yards and five-eighths of forty-five-inch material for skirt in thirty-eight-inch length. The costume, as illustrated, medium size, requires, for guimpe, one and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch fabric and four and one-half yards twenty-seven-inch fabric for skirt and jumper.



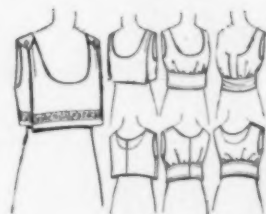
6547-6559



6557-6561



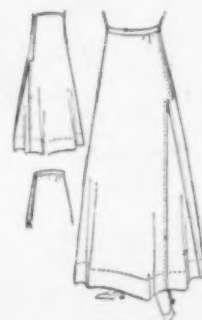
6541



6540



6587



6537



6547-6559



6557-6561



6541-6540-6537
Adaptation of Transfer Design No. 352

McCALL PATTERNS

FOR CHURCH, CALLING, AND STREET WEAR
Suspender, Bolero, and Empire Bodice Diversify the Style of the Dainty Silk Dresses

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

DISTINCTIVE STYLES FOR GRADUATION

Lace, Lawn, and Embroidered Frocks
Cut in the Empire and
Crinoline Fashion

McCALL PATTERNS



6566



6538



6562

6546

For other views and descriptions see page 38

YOUTHFUL MODELS OF THE MODE
Frocks That Fashion Sanctions



6542



6574-6576



6318-6576

6556

For other views and descriptions see page 38

SIMPLICITY IN SUMMER FASHIONS

1915 Styles Display the Charm of the Baby Waist, Bodice and Full Skirt, Easily Made with McCall Patterns



6566



6562



6546



6538



6542

CRINOLINE and Empire fashions ruling the prevailing mode, bring many charming effects for the young girl. Graduation dresses are especially pretty as they appear with baby waists, bodices and fichus in net combined with lawn or lace, batiste trimmed with Valenciennes edging or embroidered flouncing and batiste. Nor does variety stop here; voiles, dimities, and taffetas are used in white for graduation and in figures for dance and afternoon frocks. Taffeta rivals faille in one-piece dresses, and linen is knowing a renewed vogue along with cotton gabardine for every-day wear. The tailored suit completes the wardrobe. Woolens are favored, dark blue serge or gabardine, Callot or Palm Beach checks, tan covert cloth or a mixed tweed or homespun being most popular.

No. 6566, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Net, lace and lawn combine in the development. The pattern comes in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen, two and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch fabric, one and one-quarter yards forty-five-inch net, and two and one-quarter yards fourteen-inch flouncing. Skirt's width, two and seven-eighth yards.

No. 6562, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern comes in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen takes seven and one-eighth yards twenty-inch flouncing, one and one-half yards forty-five-inch batiste and seven-eighth yard ribbon for girdle. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards.

No. 6546, MISSES' DRESS WITH GUIMPE (15 cents).—For the frock of taffeta and net, pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen, two and three-eighth yards seventy-two-inch net and two and one-half yards thirty-six-inch silk. Skirt's width, two and one-half yards.

No. 6538, MISSES' BOLERO DRESS WITH GUIMPE (15 cents).—The pattern may be had in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen, two and five-eighth yards forty-four-inch, seven-eighth yard fifteen-inch flouncing, five-eighth yard material and three-eighth yard embroidery thirty-six inches wide. Skirt's width, two and one-half yards.

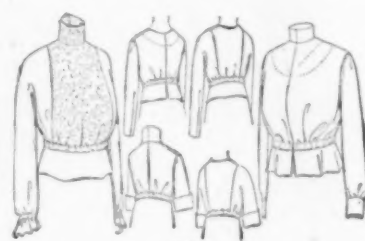
No. 6542, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Sporting a blouse in Norfolk style, a linen dress is shown. The pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires four and one-quarter yards forty-five-inch linen and three-eighth yard same width contrasting for trimming. Width, three- or four-gored skirt, two and three-quarter yards.

No. 6318, LADIES' AND MISSES' GUIMPE (15 cents).—With high collar and long sleeves, the new guimpe appears in batiste under the smart basque dress. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes two and one-quarter yards of material thirty inches in width.

No. 6576, MISSES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT AND JUMPER (15 cents).—Two views are shown on page 37, one a taffeta dress, the other the skirt of the woolen suit. The pattern may be had in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires, for jumper and skirt, four yards of thirty-six-inch material. Skirt's width, three yards.

No. 6556, MISSES' JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE (15 cents).—Displaying the beauty of the new jumper and tucked skirt, a model is pictured in challie. The pattern comes in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen, six and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods with three-quarter yard thirty-six-inch lace. One-piece skirt's width, two and one-half yards.

No. 6574, MISSES' COAT (15 cents).—One of the new checked woolens develops this design with the soft rolling collar of silk. The pattern is in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. It requires, for suit including skirt and coat, for size sixteen, six and one-eighth yards checked and three-eighth yard plain thirty-six-inch goods.



6318



6574



6576



6556



6495-6549-6580 Belt

6555-6551

6545-6535
Transfer Design No. 356

FROCKS CONSERVATIVE DESPITE THEIR SMARTNESS
Contrasting Colors Give Spice to the Style of the One-Piece Dresses for Warm Summer Weather

For other views and descriptions see page 40

ALL SIGNS POINT TO A BOLERO SEASON

Studied Simplicity in Prevailing Styles Finds Expression in Smart Boleros

NOT alone does the style of a garment depend on its cut. This season you are known by the color you wear. All shades of tan are fashionable and unusually attractive combined with white or as piping on blue or black. Indeed, the color is so popular that ties show tops of tan to match the dress.

[For other views and descriptions of No. 6580, see page 33]

No. 6495, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—Pattern in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six requires two and one-quarter yards white and five-eighth yard tan material twenty-seven inches wide.

No. 6549, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Costume illustrated, medium size, four and five-eighth yards white and one-half yard tan forty-five-inch linen with skirt thirty-eight inches long. Skirt's width, three and seven-eighth yards.

No. 6545, LADIES' WAIST IN BOLERO EFFECT (15 cents).—Pattern in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, one and three-eighth yards tan and same amount white material thirty-six inches wide. Transfer Design No. 356 used for the sprays embroidered in satin stitch shown on page 39; price, 10 cents.

No. 6535, LADIES' SIX-PIECE SKIRT IN APRON EFFECT (15 cents).—Five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Costume illustrated, medium size, five and one-quarter yards tan forty-two-inch and three-quarter yard white forty-inch fabric with skirt thirty-eight inches long. Skirt's width, two and seven-eighth yards.

No. 6555, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST WITH YOKE GUIMPE (15 cents).—Taffeta develops this design. Pattern in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. Size thirty-six, jumper and sleeves, one and five-eighth yards, guimpe and collar, one and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch fabric. Made as the small views show.

No. 6551, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Pattern in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Costume illustrated, medium size, skirt thirty-eight inches long, four and three-quarter yards thirty-six-inch material and one and one-half yards forty-inch lace. Skirt's width, three and one-quarter yards.

No. 6581, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Pictured in the popular combination of plain and striped gingham, the dress shows the new bolero. Pattern in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six takes four and one-half yards striped and two and one-quarter yards plain, thirty-six-inch fabric with thirty-eight-inch length skirt. Skirt's width, three and five-eighth yards measuring around the lower edge.



6581



6581



6495-6549



6545-6535



6555-6551



6553-6577-6050 Belt



6553-6577



6409



6563-6413



6563-6413

CORRECT CLOTHES FOR MORNING AND AFTERNOON

The Shirt Waist and Separate Skirt, Tailored Frock and Lingerie Dress Made in the New Mode

For other views and descriptions see page 42

JABOTS AND FRILLS AN INNOVATION

NO. 6553, LADIES' BOX-PLEATED WAIST (15 cents).—Pattern cuts in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. Size thirty-six, two and three-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6577, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern comes in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six, in thirty-eight-inch length, requires three and three-eighth yards forty-four-inch material. Width at bottom, two and seven-eighth yards.

No. 6050, LADIES' AND MISSES' GIRLIE BELTS (10 cents).—The pattern comes in three sizes; small, suitable for twenty-two and twenty-four; medium, twenty-six and twenty-eight; and large, thirty and thirty-two waist. Narrow belt requires, medium size, one-half yard thirty-six-inch goods.

No. 6409, LADIES' DRESS WITH CHEMISETTE (15 cents).—In six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires, with thirty-eight-inch skirt, four and one-quarter yards forty-inch material and one-quarter yard thirty-six-inch for trimming. Skirt's width, three and one-quarter yards.

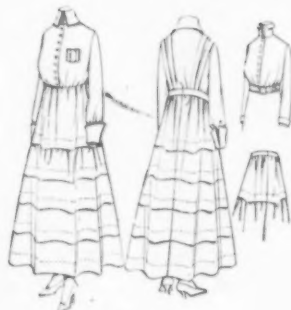
No. 6563, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—In the lingerie frock a new waist is pictured in flouncing. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six takes two and one-quarter yards eighteen-inch flouncing, one yard forty-five-inch net, and five-eighth yard thirty-six-inch plain material.

No. 6413, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. As illustrated, costume including waist and skirt, requires, for medium size, nine and three-eighth yards nineteen-inch flouncing, one yard forty-five-inch net, and five-eighth yard plain material. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards.

No. 6593, LADIES' JABOT WAIST (15 cents).—Made with the frills now so fashionable, a waist is featured in batiste. In the small views a crêpe de Chine development is pictured. The pattern may be had in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches in width.



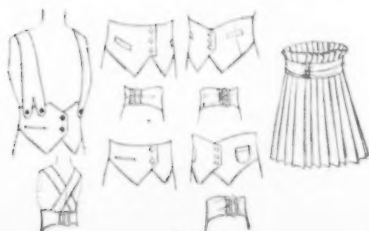
6593



6579-6573



6593



6050



6584



6585



6592

No. 6592, LADIES' ETON COAT (15 cents).—A new Eton is pictured in linen. Pattern in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six, one and three-quarter yards forty-four-inch fabric and three-quarter yard thirty-six-inch silk.

No. 6585, LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—Pattern in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, three and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch fabric. Suit illustrated, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt, four and three-eighth yards white and three-eighth yard tan, forty-five-inch linen. Skirt's width, three and one-quarter yards.

No. 6579, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—An adjustable collar of odd design lends diversity to the crêpe de Chine blouse on the opposite page. Linen and Georgette crêpe are also effective in this mode. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes two and one-quarter yards of material thirty-six inches in width.

No. 6573, LADIES' STRAIGHT TUCKED SKIRT (15 cents).—Flaunting gay suspenders, the new tucked skirt is shown in taffeta—an unusually attractive odd skirt for the warm summer weather. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty waist. For the twenty-six size, six yards of material thirty-six inches wide are needed. Around the lower edge, the skirt measures two and five-eighth yards.

No. 6584, LADIES' EMPIRE COAT (15 cents).—Influenced by the new mode, coats now show a high waistline. This trend is well brought out in a model on the opposite page. Taffeta silk is used in the development. Further possibilities are shown in the small views. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. In the thirty-six size, the coat requires, with the circular lower section, four and one-eighth yards of material which is forty inches wide.



6409



WARM WEATHER FASHIONS IN OUTDOOR APPAREL
 Tailored Lines Again in Favor Bring Trim Coats and Suits for the Summer Season
 For other views and descriptions see opposite page



CHOOSING THE VACATION CLOTHES

To Save Material and Assure a Fit in the Summer
McCall Pattern, Which Furnishes

SO practical are the styles now shown for children that it is a pleasure to plan their clothes for the summer vacation. Little Sister may have three or four suspender skirts of linen, chambray, or gingham to wear with white guimpes, and a dainty dress for best with the new normal waistline in dimity or batiste, organdy, or crêpe. Mother can easily make the boys' suits, too. A middy style of linen or piqué is attractive for the Sunday suit.

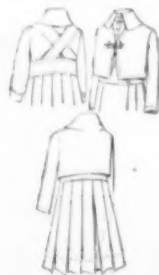
No. 6548, GIRL'S DRESS WITH YOKE GUIMPE (15 cents).—Making trimming in themselves, tucks and shoulder straps are cleverly applied to the challie frock on this page. The pattern may be had in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size ten requires four yards of thirty-inch material with five-eighth yard thirty-six-inch fabric for guimpe.

No. 6568, GIRL'S THREE-PIECE SUIT (15 cents).—Showing the new short coat and pleated skirt with or without suspenders a trig style is offered. Pattern in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight requires three and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material for the jacket and the skirt, or two yards same width for skirt and suspenders, and one yard forty-inch for waist.

No. 6572, CHILD'S DRESS (15 cents).—Since normal waistlines are again in favor, fancy belts appear as pictured above. Pattern in four sizes, two to eight years. Size six requires two and three-quarter yards of twenty-seven-inch plaid goods.



6548



6568



6572



6564



FOR STYLE, COMFORT, AND ECONOMY

Suits and Dresses, Follow the Lines of a Well-Cut
Explicit Directions for Making

No. 6554, BOY'S BOX-PLEATED MIDDY SUIT (15 cents).—Middies long popular now show smart pleats as in the piqué model above. The pattern cuts in four sizes, two to eight years. Size six, of one material, three and five-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide.

No. 6582, CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS (15 cents).—In keeping with the lithe lines of the childish figure, the suspender earns its popularity. Many new and novel effects are shown, foremost the design on this page with an odd pointed belt to diversify the style. The model is made with the skirt and trimming of inexpensive chambray in the new Belgian blue, a shade darker than the blue called China. Completing the costume, a plain but smart blouse of white linen is hemstitched for a finish and has a plaid tie in white and blue to match the skirt. The pattern comes in five sizes, two to ten years. Size eight, two and seven-eighths yards thirty-six-inch goods for skirt, girdle, and suspenders, and one yard forty-inch goods for waist.

No. 6544, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size ten takes three and one-eighth yards twenty-seven-inch linen and one and one-quarter yards thirty-six-inch embroidery.

No. 6564, GIRL'S DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT VEST (15 cents).—In five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size ten, of one material, four and three-eighths yards thirty-six inches wide. Other views below and on the opposite page.





AS THE YOUNGER GENERATION DRESSES

A Smart Wash Suit for a Small Boy and the Jumper, Bolero, and Fichu That Girls Now Wear

For other views and descriptions, see opposite page

A FEW NEW RULES FOR CLOTHING CHILDREN

WHILE children's clothes should always be simple in design and youthful in effect, the season brings changes which we must not overlook. For instance, the waistline of many dresses now appears high in Empire effect or in its normal position for junior styles. The fabrics are different than heretofore. Challie, organdy, and dimity, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, rival batiste and flouncing in light dresses, while gingham in Scotch plaids stand side by side with linen and grosgrain cotton in frocks for everyday. Even the boy must follow the fashions, for wash suits are now his lot; smart, little models of linen and cotton.

No. 6552, GIRL'S DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT BOLERO (15 cents).—Boleros which have found favor in adult fashions become a smart feature in the junior girl's dress. The model is pictured on the opposite page made of batiste and flouncing with the collar edged with Valenciennes lace. Any of the light-weight fabrics such as lawn, dimity, Swiss or crêpe are also effective in the design, using a silk sash for a touch of color. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from six to fourteen years. For size eight, it requires seven-eighth yard thirty-six-inch material, five and five-eighths yards fifteen-inch flouncing and three-eighths yard 18-inch allover.

No. 6588, BOY'S SUIT WITH ETON JACKET OR SUSPENDERS (15 cents).—Now that wash suits are approved for small boys, many new designs appear, one of the most attractive being pictured on page 46. Linen is used in the development. The suit can be made either with short jacket or with suspenders, as the small views on this page show, and chambray or grosgrain cotton are other seasonable fabrics practical for this type of garment. The pattern is obtainable in four sizes, two to eight years. Size six requires one and one-half yards for trousers and jacket, and one and three-eighths yards for blouse of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5580, CHILD'S SACQUE APRON (10 cents).—Made with sleeves, this apron can be worn in place of a dress and will save washing and ironing in warm weather. Opposite on the page short sleeves and Dutch neck are shown in the same design. The pattern cuts in eight sizes, six months to twelve years. Size four requires two and five-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 6570, CHILD'S DRESS (10 cents).—A pointed yoke diversifies the dainty frock standing above on this page in nainsook with beading inserted in the seams to simulate hemstitching. The pattern cuts in four sizes, six months to three years. For size two, one and one-half yards of forty-five-inch material are needed. The hat shown is cut and embroidered after Transfer Design No. 674, 10 cents.

No. 6578, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Cut in the new jumper style, a frock is pictured on page 46 in plaid gingham with a linen guimpe. Grosgrain cotton is another of the new fabrics effective in this mode, using white for the guimpe and a rose or blue for the dress. Further possibilities of the design are pictured on this page. Here, any of the medium-weight wash or woolen materials will make an attractive development. The pattern comes in five sizes, six to fourteen years. It will require, for size eight, two and three-quarter yards of plaid and one and three-eighths yards of plain material, thirty-six inches wide.

No. 6586, CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS WITH GUIMPE (15 cents).—The grace of the new Empire style is well defined in the frock of batiste, allover embroidery and flouncing on the opposite page—a summery model for Sunday wear. Dimity or Swiss are equally desirable fabrics and only need Valenciennes lace for trimming. In the small views on this page, another development is shown with pleated skirt, suitable for linen, chambray or gingham. The pattern may be had in five sizes, two to ten years. Size six requires one and five-eighths yards of eighteen-inch flouncing, five-eighths yard of forty-inch material and seven-eighths yard of thirty-six-inch embroidery.

No. 6558, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—For vacation days in town or country, a dainty challie dress is pictured, made in the new Empire style with the only trimming a quaint fichu and cuffs of organdy edged with Valenciennes lace. Figured organdy, dotted Swiss and dimity so popular this season are pretty in this design, or linen, chambray or grosgrain cotton can be used for the dress as pictured in the small views. The pattern comes in five sizes, six to fourteen years. For the eight-year size, two and three-quarter yards of figured goods and one and one-eighth yards of plain material thirty-six inches wide are needed.



6570



5580



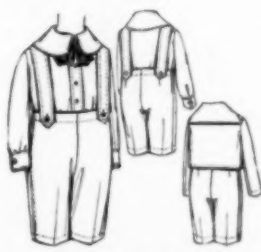
5580



6570



6558



6588



6578



6586



6550-6355



6536



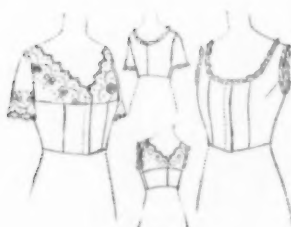
6539



6373-6543



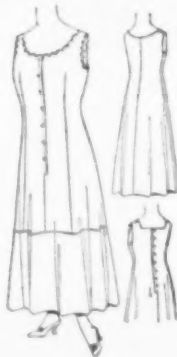
6355



6550



6543



6539

Transfer Design No. 323



6536

Transfer Design No. 323



6373

ACCESSORIES, UNDERWEAR, AND

NO. 6550, LADIES' BRASSIERE (10 cents).—The pattern is obtainable in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six requires two and one-quarter yards of twelve-inch flouncing and five-eighth yard thirty-inch material.

NO. 6355, LADIES' THREE-PIECE PETTICOAT (15 cents).—Pattern in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. Size twenty-six, three and three-eighth yards thirty-six-inch goods and five yards of flouncing. Width at bottom, three yards.

NO. 6543, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS ACCESSORIES (15 cents).—Pattern in one size. Pleated tunic, one and one-eighth yards forty-inch, plain fichu, three-quarter yard thirty-inch fabric. For other measurements, see pattern envelope.

NO. 6373, LADIES' DRESS WITH CHEMISSETTE (15 cents).—Eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six, four and five-eighth yards forty-four-inch goods for dress with thirty-eight-inch skirt. Skirt's width, three and seven-eighth yards.

NO. 6539, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED PRINCESS SLIP (15 cents).—In eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six, two and seven-eighth yards thirty-inch fabric; three and one-eighth yards eighteen-inch flouncing. Transfer 323, 10 cents.

NO. 6536, MISSES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED PRINCESS SLIP (15 cents).—Four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen, two yards forty-inch material and two and seven-eighth yards seventeen-inch flouncing. Transfer No. 323, 10 cents.



6565



6507



6362



6565

NEW DESIGNS FOR HOUSE DRESSES

No. 6565, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—Pattern in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six requires, with thirty-eight-inch skirt, five and one-quarter yards thirty-six-inch material. Skirt's width, two and seven-eighth yards.

No. 6507, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—Pattern in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six, with thirty-eight-inch skirt, five and three-quarter yards thirty-six-inch goods. Skirt's width, three and one-quarter yards.

No. 6362, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six requires, with thirty-eight-inch skirt, five and three-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material. Skirt's width, three yards.

No. 6590, LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLAR AND CUFF SET (10 cents).—The pattern cuts in three sizes; small, twelve and one-half; medium, thirteen and one-half, and large, fourteen and one-half inches neck measure. For measurements, see pattern envelope.

No. 6560, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS SLEEVES (10 cents).—Many an old frock can be made up-to-date with new sleeves. Seven styles are offered in this pattern, which comes in three sizes; small, corresponding to eleven and twelve; medium, to thirteen and fourteen, and large, fifteen and sixteen inches arm measure around the largest part of the arm. Medium sizes requires, for dart sleeve, three-quarter yard, gathered one yard; gauntlet, one and one-quarter yards; pleated, seven-eighth yard; elbow, short puff or bell one and one-eighth yards thirty-inch material.



6507



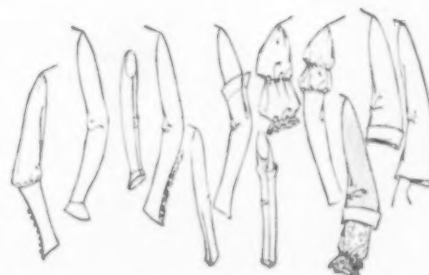
6362



6590



6565



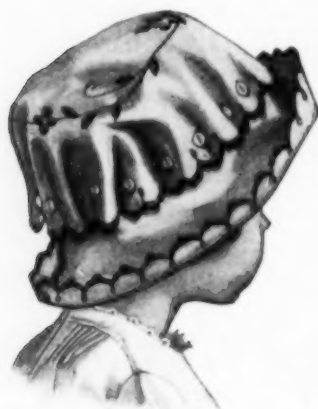
6560

SOME EASILY APPLIED DESIGNS

PLEASANT WORK FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS

By HELEN THOMAS

674—Design for Child's Hat. This is suitable for a child from two to four years. Can be turned up all around or is very becoming down in back or on one side. Can be unbuttoned and laid out flat for washing. Scallops should be padded and buttonholed, and floral design worked in satin- and outline-stitch. Made up either in linen or piqué, the hat looks well in all white or in white embroidered with pink or blue.



674—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

673—Design for Neck Edge. This neck edge is one of five in a set, one round, one square, and one V-shaped for lady, and two smaller round ones, one suitable for the baby and the other for the small girl. It takes little time to embroider the simple scalloped edge in buttonhole stitch, and the finish is most attractive on any gown, whether of elaborate or simple design.



673—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS



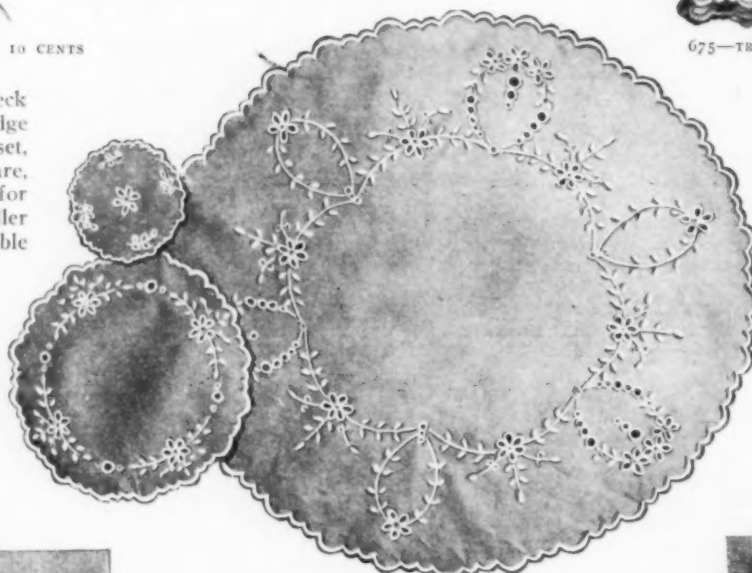
677—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS
PATTERN FOR LADIES' WAIST, NO. 6563, 15 CENTS

677—Design for Waist. Unusually pretty for embroidering front, collar, and cuffs of a back- or front-closing waist. Developed on Ladies' Waist No. 6563, pattern 15 cents. The whole design is quickly done in lazy-daisy stitch, but on sheer material it is more effective to work flowers and dots in eyelet-, leaves in satin-, and stems and butterflies in outline-stitch.

675—Design for Lunch Napkins. In eyelet- and satin-stitch, these make a pleasing combination with Design No. 676 for Centerpiece and Doilies. Six transfers in pattern, each 15 inches square.



675—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS



676—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

676—Design for Centerpiece and Doilies. Pattern includes one centerpiece, 22½ inches; 6 doilies, 10 inches, and 6 doilies, 4½ inches, in diameter. Flowers and dots in eyelet- and leaves in satin-stitch.

Editor's Note.—Any McCall Kaumagraph Transfer pattern at McCall pattern agencies, or postpaid from The McCall Company, 10 cents. Stamped material not supplied. Miss Thomas will gladly answer embroidery questions. McCall's Book of Embroidery gives designs, and lessons on stitches. Price in U. S., with 1 free transfer pattern, 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

672—Old English Initials. Easily embroidered and very handsome for household linen. Each pattern provides 12 transfers of any one letter of alphabet or *Mc* in 4-inch size. Outline and pad letters in running-stitch, the heaviest padding in center to give rounded surface, and then work over the design in a close satin-stitch.



672—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

PRETTY THINGS TO EMBROIDER

DESIGNS THAT ARE SIMPLE AS WELL AS EFFECTIVE

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

10481—Corset Cover in Pretty Rose Design. Cut in one piece, without seams. Worked in satin-stitch and French knots. Stamped on nainsook, including embroidery cotton for working, 35 cents. Four and one-fourth yards lace for trimming, 25 cents extra. Cutting outline included with design, but in ordering state size desired.

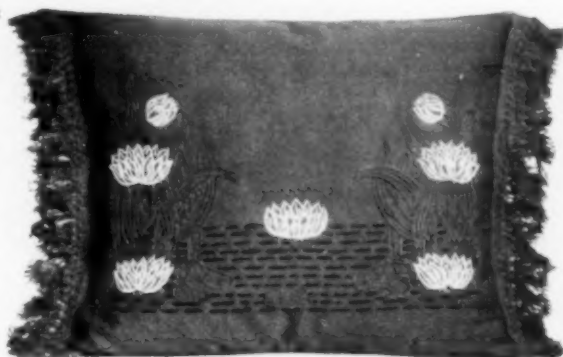
10484—Bag in Solid- and Chain-Stitch. On white, cream, or écreu linen, with match-



10481—CORSET COVER IN ONE PIECE

ing, or blue working cotton, and white or écreu cord, 25 cents; with silk, 40 cents. See embroidery lesson, page 53.

10485—Pillow-Top with design of green leaves and yellow water-lilies done in outline-stitch, and dark-green background in darning-stitch. Stamped on light-brown mercerized corded poplin or Aberdeen crash, including back of same material, and 3-inch fringe for both ends, 45 cents; 7 skeins colored mercerized cotton, 25 cents extra; or all free for three 50-cent subscriptions. Twelve skeins colored silk rope, 50 cents extra.



10485—PILLOW IN WATER-LILY DESIGN

10482—Combination Hood and Cape for Baby. Design worked in plain white, with leaves and flowers in satin-stitch and centers in French knots. Both hood and cape edged with Valenciennes lace.

Stamped on fine nainsook, with embroidery cotton for working, 35 cents; on white mercerized poplin or fine Irish linen, including embroidery cotton, 45 cents. Valenciennes lace, 20 cents extra; with stamped material and cotton, free for two 50-cent subscriptions.

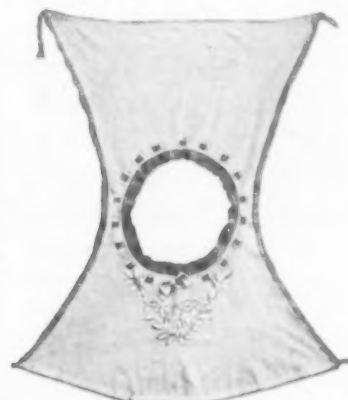


10484—LINEN HAND BAG



10486—COLLAR AND VEST FOR LADIES' WAIST

10486—Ladies' Collar and Vest cut in new and modish lines. Delicate vine design with single leaves worked in satin-stitch and the centers in French knots. Scalloped edges to collar. Stamped on organdy, mercerized poplin, or piqué, with white embroidery cotton for working, 45 cents. It is shown on Ladies' Waist No. 6453, which can be had in any size desired, price 15 cents. The two and one-fourth yards of 36-inch lawn necessary for the waist, 55 cents extra. Collar, vest, and ma-



ANOTHER VIEW OF CORSET COVER (10481)

terial for waist free for four 50-cent subscriptions. Twelve skeins white or blue embroidery silk for working, 50 cents extra.

10483—Dainty Bib worked in a simple but effective design with leaves in satin-stitch and French knots. Done all in plain white. Design stamped on huckaback, including embroidery cotton for working, and the narrow lace for edging, 15 cents; stamped on fine linen, including the cotton and lace, 25 cents.

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern, including stamping directions and preparation, 10 cents, from The McCall Company, New York City. Not carried by Agencies. Stamped material furnished. Miss Sterling will be glad to answer any embroidery questions if a stamped envelope is enclosed with inquiry. *Fancy-Work Book with lessons on forty-eight Embroidery Stitches, free for a two-cent stamp.*



10483—BIB FOR THE BABY



10482—BABY'S HOOD AND CAPE



My hero

"In stirring deeds
My hero leads,
And grandly serves
the nation.
Its force and vim
Are due to him
Who serves this
fighting
ration."

And that's a good name for
Campbell's Tomato Soup—

The "fighting ration." It helps you to win the everyday fight of work and business and study and play.

It does this because it is a nourishing food and at the same time a wholesome stimulant.

Arthur Brisbane, the famous editor, expressed it exactly when he said "Soups properly prepared are the most valuable and important factors in digestion. And your digestion makes you what you are."

Whether you serve it as a plain tomato bouillon or a rich cream of tomato or in any other of the many tempting ways in which it is so easily prepared, you find this favorite Campbell "kind" at once delightful and sustaining.

Buy it by the dozen and keep it always handy. That is the simplest way.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds 10c a can



Campbell's
SOUPS
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE CHAIN-STITCH

SIMPLE LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY—NO. 19

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

FOR our lesson this month, let us consider the chain-stitch, with a few of its variations. It will prove a good beginning for that sampler we ought to start, to furnish us constant reminders of the stitches we have learned. Hem all around one-quarter of a yard of white cotton or linen. Then, as you learn or recall a stitch, work an inch or two of it on your sampler.

For a practical application of the chain-stitch, let us take a summer bag, which we will find a very useful adjunct, particularly if white, as then it is suitable for light costumes, and can always be kept clean and fresh.

First, outline the ribbon part of the design in chain-stitch (1). To work, bring your needle out at the top of the line; hold the thread down on the left with the thumb, insert your needle to the right of the point where the thread comes out of the material, bringing the point of the needle out one-eighth of an inch further along on the line, inside of the loop of thread held down. This forms the first link, and succeeding stitches taken in the same way form the chain.

After the ribbon has been embroidered, work a border around the bag in a variation of the chain-stitch called the twist, or rope-stitch (2). This may be worked in two or three different ways, but we will take the easiest. Bring your needle out at the top of the border line. Hold the thread down on the left with your thumb. Then, insert your needle to the left of the stamped line, slightly below the point where the thread comes through the material. Bring the point of the needle out a sixteenth of an inch down on the stamped line inside of the loop of thread held down. The succeeding steps are taken in the same manner.

To work the horizontal lines connecting the bows of ribbon, we can use a beautiful variety of the stitch called open, ladder, or square chain-stitch (5).

This stitch is effective for borders, and looks best worked with heavy thread or several strands of fine floss threaded in the needle at one time. To work the ladder-stitch, turn your bag so that the lines will be running vertically. Bring needle out at top of left line, hold thread down on left with thumb, and insert needle exactly opposite on right line, bringing point out one-eighth of an inch down on left line, inside loop of thread held down. Pull thread through just enough to leave a slack loop, so that line will be straight across when succeeding link is made.

The flowers may now be embroidered, either in raised satin-stitch or in chain-stitch. In using chain-stitch as a filling stitch, it is the rule to work from outside edges in toward the center to secure a good outline.

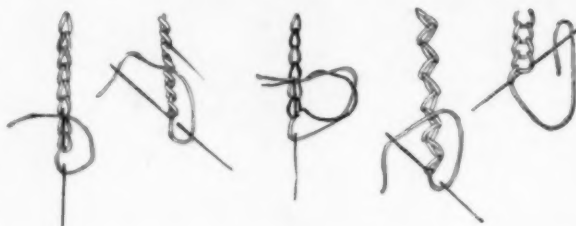
The cross line below the draw-string eyelets may be worked in slanting chain-stitch (4). To work, turn design so the parallel lines run vertically; and work the chain-stitch from side to side at an angle of forty-five degrees. Catch down with the needle the end of each stitch as you commence the next link.

An ingenious variation of the ordinary chain-stitch is called the chequered-stitch (3) and is nothing more than the chain-stitch worked with two different-colored threads in the needle together. Commence stitch in usual way. But instead of holding down the two threads on left with your thumb, hold only one, so point of needle will come out over just one (red) thread held down. Pull the second thread (blue) through material, out of sight. The next link in chain is formed of second (blue) thread, worked exactly as first link, so a link of red and of blue will alternate.

Editor's Note.—Any question in regard to the Chain-Stitch, or the embroidering of any of the articles illustrated on page 51, will be answered by Miss Sterling if a stamped envelope is enclosed.



A WHITE LINEN BAG EMBROIDERED IN SEVERAL VARIETIES OF CHAIN-STITCH



1. SIMPLE CHAIN-STITCH 2. ROPE-STITCH 3. CHEQUERED-STITCH
4. SLANTING CHAIN-STITCH 5. LADDER CHAIN-STITCH

CROCHETED DRESDEN BASKETS

By ALICE F. HUBBARD

ARE you wondering what you can take to that shower for the bride-to-be?

You doubtless know what several others are making, and you want something different. Why not a set of crocheted Dresden baskets, which Milady Dainty can use for centerpieces and at the individual covers for serving the nuts or bonbons at the pretty luncheons which will mark the first few months of her married life? These little baskets are very easily made according to the directions given below.


TERMS USED IN DIRECTIONS.—Stitch (st). Chain (ch). Slip Stitch (sl st): insert hook in stitch, draw thread through both stitches at same time. Single crochet (s): insert hook, draw thread through, thread over needle, and draw through two stitches on hook. Double crochet (d): thread over, insert hook, draw thread through, thread over, draw through two loops, thread over, and draw through remaining two loops. Picot (p): chain of five caught back into

DIRECTIONS FOR SMALL BASKETS.—Ch 6, join. 1st row: Ch 3, 12 d over 6 ch. 2nd row: Ch 3, 2 d into every d, joining last d to first d with sl st. 3rd row: Ch 3, 1 d into every d of preceding row, with 1 ch between each two d, joining last st (which should be one chain) to first d with sl st. 4th row: Ch 3, 1 d in next st, 1 ch, skip 1 st, 1 d in each of next 2 d, 1 ch, skip 1 st and so on until end of row, joining last ch to first d. 5th row: Ch 3, 1 d in next st, 1 ch, 1 d in each d of preceding row, joining last ch to first d. 6th row: Ch 3, 1 d in every st of preceding row, join last d to first d with sl st. 7th row: Ch 3, 1 d in next st, 1 ch, skip 1 st, 1 d in each of next 2 st, 1 ch, skip 1

st, and so on until end of row. There should be 23 clusters in this row, even though there is not always one stitch between clusters, joining last ch to first d with sl st. 8th row: Ch 3, 1 d in first d, 1 ch, 1 d in each of next two d, 1 ch and so on to end of row, joining last ch with sl st to first d. 9th row: Re-

peat 8th row. 10th row: Same as 8th row, except there are 2 ch between clusters. 11th, 12th, and 13th rows: Same as 8th row, except there are 3 ch between clusters. 14th row: 5 ch, 1 d in first cluster, 5 ch, 2 d over ch 3, 5 ch, two d in cluster until the end of the joining with sl st. 15th row: 1 d in first cluster, ch 5, 1 next cluster, ch 5, picot, 1 d same cluster, ch 5, 2 d in next r, ch 5, 1 d in next cluster, picot, 1 d in same cluster; repeat to end of row, completing basket.

TO MAKE
THE HANDLE.



A LARGE DRESDEN BASKET
BEST OF CENTERPIECES

—C h 12,
turn, 1 d in
5th stitch
from needle,
2 d in next 2
st, 5 ch, 3 d
in last 3 st
of ch, ch 4
turn, 1 d in
each of 2 d,
ch 5, 1 d in
each of 3 d, ch 4, turn, 1 d in
each of 2 d, ch 3, sl st in 3rd st
of ch, ch 2, 1 d in each d, ch 4,
turn, 1 d in each d, ch 3, sl st in
sl st, ch 2, 1 d in each d, ch 4,
turn, 1 d in each d, ch 5, 1 d in
each d, ch 4, turn, 1 d in
each d, ch 5, 1 d in each d,
ch 4, turn, 1 d in each d. Re-
peat from star until there are
9 clusters and 11 ch of 5 st.
Sew handle firmly to inside
of basket on last row; and, on
outside of basket where han-
dle is joined, sew roses.

BE
ED

To MAKE ROSE.—Ch 5; join. 2nd row: Ch 4, 1 d in ring, 2 ch, 1 d in ring until there are 5 spaces; join. 3rd row: Ch 4, fill spaces with 1 sl st, 4 d. 4th row: 1 sl back of first petal, 4 ch, fasten back of next petal with s until each of the five petals have a ch of 4. 5th row: 1 sl st and 6 d over the ch of 4 just made.

[Concluded on page 63]



JUST THE THING FOR SALTED
ALMONDS



FILLED WITH FLOWERS, A LARGE DRESDEN BASKET MAKES THE DAINTIEST OF CENTERPIECES



RIBBON CANDIES MAY BE
TEMPTINGLY DISPLAYED
IN THIS



Youth's Springtime

—can be maintained well beyond the forties if one preserves the elasticity and bounce of health by proper living.

The secret is simple—food plays a big part.

Without question the condition of early "old age"—indicated by lack of physical and mental vigor—is often caused by a deficiency of some of the vital elements in the daily food—usually the mineral elements.

These elements—potassium, iron, calcium phosphorus, etc.,—abound plentifully in nature's food grains, but modern cookery denies them both as to quantity and right proportions for building and maintaining well-balanced bodies and brains.

Recognizing the need for "complete" nourishment, an expert, some eighteen years ago, perfected a food containing all the rich nutriment of wheat and barley, including full-quantity, well-balanced mineral values, in true organic form.

That food is

Grape-Nuts

—sold by grocers everywhere.

This famous ready-to-eat food has won remarkable favor, and its success is based wholly upon long-continued use by thousands of thinking people.

One can ward off premature old age and retain youthfulness by right living.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts



For a Healthy, Happy, Big Baby

YOUR baby's business is to eat and sleep. And he can't sleep if his food is not just right. So follow these rules—

For the first six months give your own breast milk, if you can, and if it begins to fail, add one or two feedings of Nestlé's Food, because that is so close to mother's milk the baby won't feel the difference—a little cool water between feedings.

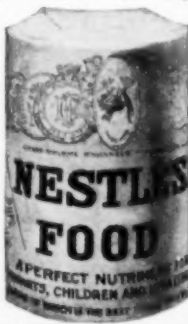
After six months if you are nursing your baby, wean him gradually on Nestlé's. Give him a spoonful of orange juice once a day, an hour before feeding—a spoonful of fresh beef juice at eight months—and when his teeth come, a bit of hard cracker to exercise them on after his feeding.

Don't give him anything more. Don't give him cow's milk. If you could milk the cow yourself and cover the milk up and carry it to your baby, and you could know that the cow was healthy, it might be safe to give your baby cow's milk. Even then, it would be hard to digest, and you would have to modify it. Don't experiment. Be safe—take the best modification known to science.

Nestlé's Food

Five times as many mothers use it today as seven years ago. Nestlé's, as it comes to you in its air-tight can, needs only water to make it ready for your baby. Made from the clean milk of healthy cows in sanitary dairies—modified by a cereal that makes the curds as soft and fleecy as in mother's milk, and the things your baby needs, a d d d Nestlé's is safe for the most delicate baby.

Send Coupon for sample can of Nestlé's—enough for twelve times. Send for the Book about babies and their care by Specialists.



NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY,
231 Broadway, New York.

Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

Name

Address

A PONGEE SHOWER

By ESTELLE LAMBERT MATTESON

AFTER many and novel suggestions for different showers, none seemed to be just the thing for the bride-to-be as we knew her; but we decided, at last, that we would supply the frills for her bedroom, or, perhaps, guest-room, if she chose. Then, consultations were in order as to material and color. We first talked of rose-sprinkled chintz, then Japanese blue, and all white; but none seemed "different" or rich enough; yet we could not invest much money.

At last, we hit upon the happy idea of pongee in its natural color, with lace for trimming. We planned different articles, estimated the cost, and eleven of us divided the expense equally among ourselves.

We found a good grade about thirty inches wide at ninety-nine cents a yard, and lace in an Oriental shop at fifteen cents a yard, taking it in the piece.

We made the following articles: Bedspread, pillowspread, sash curtain for two windows, bureau cover, table-runner, pincushion cover, lampshade, corset bag.

The bedspread was two and a half yards long, made by joining three strips of the pongee together with lace insertion, and with lace around the edge. The pillowspread was two yards long, was edged with lace, and had a large Old English initial embroidered in silk in the center.

THE bureau cover and runner had lace on each end, and an embroidered letter the same as on the pillowspread, except smaller. The pincushion had a pongee center bearing the initial, and was ruffled with lace. The corset bag was a long slip of pongee with an initial, and a ribbon hanger. Sash curtains were made with a strip of insertion all around, and a narrow silk gimpe on the edge, ready to hang. An attractive lampshade had a wire frame covered with the pongee embellished by an initial, and a fringe of amber-colored beads ornamented it around the bottom.

All these articles would launder well and wear indefinitely. The materials used for each were as follows:

	Pongee	Lace
Bedspread	7½ yds.	15½ yds.
Pillowspread	2½ yds.	10 yds.
Four sash curtains.....	4 yds.	7 yds.
Bureau cover	1½ yds.	1¼ yds.
Table-runner	1½ yds.	1¼ yds.
Pincushion	¼ yd.	1¼ yds.
Lampshade	1 yd.
Bag	½ yd.
	18¾ yds.	36¾ yds.

THE silk for embroidering the initials cost twenty-three cents, the bead fringe forty cents. The total cost was approximately \$24.07, which made the individual contribution about \$2.18; but had each one paid \$2.18 for a present, she could not have

given anything that was as handsome, rich and unique as the pongee shower, and the prospective bride was delighted with the gifts.

Before the wedding, her set was added to by several of her friends who had not known what to give her until the news of the pongee



WE ALL STOOD AROUND AND ADMIRE THE PONGEE BEDSPREAD

shower traveled about town.

The additional pieces were: a negligee of the pongee made very full with laced-edged, hemstitched ruffles; a dainty, yet practical, morning cap constructed of a circle of pongee ruffled with lace; and a set of dresser drawer-pads.

The pads were made of cotton wadding, scented with a delicate violet sachet, and enclosed in pongee cases held together by tailored pongee buttons. Knots of violet baby ribbon were fastened around the cap, and on the negligee, broad violet ribbon was used for the pleated belt.

This bedroom shower—except, perhaps, for the articles to wear—could be carried out in linen and linen lace, in the natural shade of linen, at less expense.

Editor's Note.—Miss Otis, Entertainment Editor, will gladly offer suggestions by mail for any entertainment, if a stamped envelope accompanies request.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

LESSON 52—A GRADUATION DRESS

By MARGARET WHITNEY

WHEN I think of the many, many girls planning their graduation dresses, it makes me want to gather them around me and tell of the charm of the quaint bodice, rippling peplum, and full skirt which are claiming attention in the fashion world. The girlish simplicity of the style is apparent in the design, No. 6546, one of the new models, which I shall talk about this month.

Four sizes are provided in the pattern, fourteen to twenty years, and it may be obtained for fifteen cents in any of these sizes. If you wish to make the dress as pictured, size sixteen will require two and three-eighth yards of seventy-two-inch net, two and three-eighth yards thirty-six-inch taffeta, one and three-eighth yards same width lining, three-quarters of a yard of belting, and incidentals, which will bring the cost within five dollars, the limit set by many schools. Even a three-dollar development is attractive in this design, omitting peplum, and making dress of Swiss with guimpe of net.

Read directions on pattern envelope, and remove pieces. Fold net crosswise partly double as shown in diagrams, Figs. 4 and 5; place pattern according to diagrams and envelope, and cut, using longer length of skirt, which is ample for hem, snipping edges for notches and marking perforations. Fold taffeta lengthwise, partly double, and lay pieces according to diagram, Fig. 3, and envelope, cutting as before. For skirt trimming, fold silk diagonally, bringing an end over to selvedge, and cutting eight yards of one-and-one-half-inch bias strips. Cut lining the same as bodice.

Baste shoulder and under-arm seams of guimpe, try on, and, if it is loose or tight, alter under-arm seam. Clean machine, and try tension, stitching a scrap of net. If it draws and puckers, use paper under net, tearing it away afterward. With front and backs wrong sides together, stitch shoulder and under-arm seams one-eighth of an inch from edge,

turn waist wrong side out, and stitch one-quarter of an inch from edge, thus making French seams.

Turn seam and hem on right back onto wrong side, and stitch. For left side, cut straight facing two inches wide. Lay facing right side to right side of waist, stitch a seam's width back, turn onto wrong side, fold under edge and stitch. Hem neck edge of guimpe, turn under top of tucker, and run a shirr thread one-half-inch from fold. Arrange on guimpe, turning under back of tucker and letting heading extend above guimpe, the greater part of the fulness front and back. From wrong side of guimpe, blind-stitch tucker to position, snip lower edge, turn under, and stitch. At bottom of guimpe turn seam and hem, stitch, and insert elastic, fastening edge, then finishing closing with hooks and eyes.

If under-arm seams were changed, alter sleeve seam same amount. Just above center of sleeve, marked in pattern with perforation, crease net, run a shirr thread one-sixteenth of an inch from fold, make another shirring one-quarter of an inch below, and run shirr threads at top and bottom of sleeve. French-seam the band to sleeve and close sleeves with French seams. Cut edging once and a half longer than band, join with

French seams, gather, turn sleeve wrong side out, roll edge of band, and whip on lace.

Pin or baste sleeve to armhole, with sleeve extending on wrong side of guimpe. Arrange gathers, ease sleeve to armhole at sides and under-arm, and stitch, making French seam.

Piece skirt, and close back below notch with French seams. For placket, cut straight facing one and one-half inches wide, and twice the depth of closing. Lay this along edge, and stitch a seam's width back, down one side and up the other. Turn under free edge, fold in center, and stitch over raw edges on wrong side of skirt, letting it extend beyond skirt on

[Concluded on page 56]



FIG. 1—MISSER'S DRESS NO. 6546

10% More for Your Money

The 25-cent package of Quaker Oats is nearly three times larger than the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers more for your money.



To Folks Who Like Oat-Fed Boys

Our appeal is to mothers who like active boys and girls.

And to folks of all ages who wish to foster vitality.

We make oats, the great vim-food, into a delicacy. We make them into fragrant, luscious flakes.

We use only the queen grains, plump and richly flavored. We discard all but ten pounds per bushel. Then our process enhances that flavor.

The result is a food so rare, so winning, that oat lovers in a hundred nations send here for Quaker Oats.

You who want folks to "feel their oats" should make the oats inviting. And this is the way to do it.

Quaker Oats

The Vim-Food Dainty

That flavor, that aroma in the oat was meant to be inviting. It is Nature's way of winning folks to this vim-producing food.

Then why not enhance these attractions? Why not serve oats in this tempting Quaker form?

No extra price, no extra trouble. Simply remember to specify this brand.

Then you will get what millions regard as the finest thing known in an oat food. And you'll agree with them.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

Quaker Cooker

Each package of Quaker Oats contains an offer on a perfect double cooker, made of pure aluminum. It is made to cook Quaker in the ideal way.

(872)

For
Thorough
Sanitation

Refrigerators
Need



THE HOME DRESSMAKER

[Continued from page 55]

left side, and turning it back on right. Run a shirr thread in top of the skirt.

Make alteration in bodice and lining the same as in guimpe. Stitch seams, and press them open. Snip armhole and neck, and turn under armhole, neck, left-back, and bottom of bodice three-eighths of an inch, fronts one and one-quarter inches, and right-back on hem line. Turn under edges of lining, pin to position, fell, and run shirr thread in bottom of bodice. For lacing, cut three-quarter-inch bias strips of taffeta, join end to end, fold lengthwise in center, stitch one-eighth of an inch from edge, and turn right side out. Tack to position, and finish with buttons.

Cut a belt from three-inch belting, stitch darts, turn back edges, and sew on hooks and eyes. Try on belt and waist, arranging fullness, and pinning waist to top of belt. Remove and stitch together. Lay peplum and lining right sides together, stitch

cing on right side, and sew on hooks and eyes or patent ball and socket snaps.

For skirt trimming, sew strips end to end, press seams open, fold through center, run a thread one-quarter of an inch from fold, insert cord, and gather silk on it. Stretch the edges until silk frays. Arrange as illustrated. For bows, cut

silk, and sew it the same as for lacings. Make loops triangular, running silk diagonally upward one inch, lapping it over upon itself, bringing straight down one and one-quarter inches, lapping it upon itself again, and continuing it to starting point. Tack corners that lap, use velvet for ends, letting it hang from center, and covering joining with velvet wrapped around and tacked.

Turn under edges of girdle, catch them down, crush as pictured, and tack on dress, letting the girdle extend beyond the edge of the right back and finishing with buttons.



FIG. 2—FURTHER POSSIBILITIES OF DESIGN NO. 6546

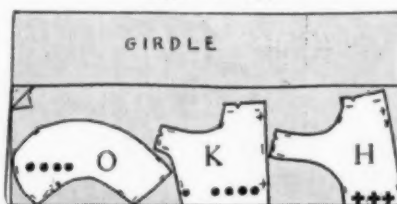


FIG. 3—DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW TO CUT GIRDLE, AND LAY PATTERN ON THIRTY-SIX-INCH TAFFETA FOLDED LENGTHWISE, PARTLY DOUBLE: H, FRONT OF BODICE; K, BACK; AND O, PEPLUM

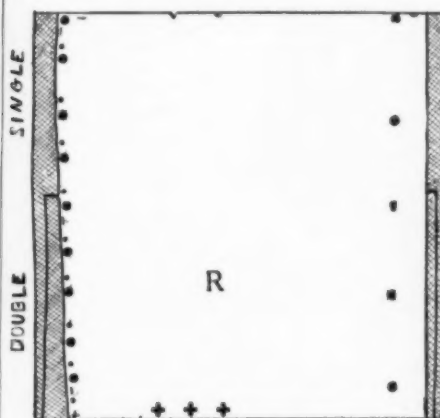


FIG. 4—DIAGRAM OF SEVENTY-TWO-INCH NET FOLDED CROSSWISE, PARTLY DOUBLE, WITH SKIRT PATTERN, PIECE R, LAID ON. NOTE THAT ONE SIDE OF SKIRT REQUIRES PIECING

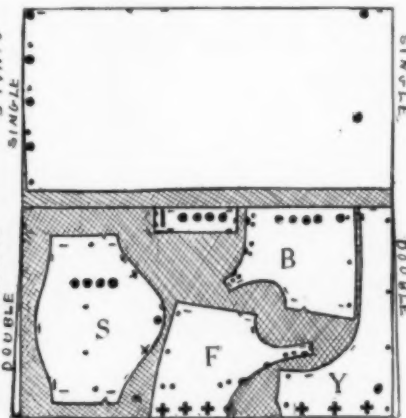


FIG. 5—DIAGRAM OF REMAINING NET FOLDED CROSSWISE, PARTLY DOUBLE: R, REST OF SKIRT; F, FRONT OF GUIMPE; B, BACK; Y, TUCKER; S, SLEEVE; AND I, SLEEVE-BAND

a seam's width from edges, leaving top free. Snip edges, turn right side out, turn under top, and fell lining over silk. Try on bodice and skirt, arranging greater part of fullness in skirt at sides and back. Turn bottom of skirt even, and pin peplum in place. Remove, stitch hem and top of skirt, leaving it free across fa-

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you with suggestions in making any garment, or in planning the trimming, the materials, and color combinations. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

THE JAM-POT UP-TO-DATE

By MAE MCGUIRE TELFORD

IT was the custom of a former generation of housewives to use all grades of fruit for canning. The large and the small, the underripe and the overripe—all were regarded as proper material for the preserving jars. Modern science, however, teaches that a considerable part of the fermentation formerly so prevalent was due to the use of overripe fruit. Experts are unanimous in advising the housewife to use only perfectly sound, slightly underripe fruit for canning purposes. For butters, jams, preserves, and marmalades, it makes little difference if the fruit is very small and well ripened, if perfectly sound. The surplus sound fruit that for one reason or another cannot be canned, works up well into these products, which afford such a pleasing variety in the menu.

Butters, jams, preserves, and marmalades are very much alike as far as the process of making is concerned, but the flavors of the finished products are very different. Preserved fruit, if first class, always retains its shape and much of its natural flavor. Marmalades are usually made from the pulp and juice of the small fruits. Jams are also made from the small fruits; but in addition to the pulp and juice they contain at least part of the seeds. Butters are made from the pulp and juice, they contain at least part fruits; they must be boiled down to a greater degree than marmalades, and, in addition, spices are often added. However, spices are not essential, and many people prefer the delicate natural fruit flavor.

IN making butters, there are two problems—to prevent scorching and to secure smoothness. Usually, constant stirring in the later stages is employed to obtain both. In the early part of butter-making, the sticking that leads to burning can be prevented by rapid boiling. Later, however, constant stirring becomes necessary, and it proves to be one of the most tiresome tasks of fruit preserving. It is never easy to stand over a hot stove for long periods of time; and when there is added the danger of burning the hands and arms from the spattering of the boiling butter, the task becomes doubly disagreeable.

There are two ways out of this difficulty: one is to make a large quantity of butter at a time in the old-fashioned brass kettle out of doors. With a long-handled paddle in which holes are bored, the person stirring may sit, part of the time, to relieve the strain of standing,

and there is no danger of burning the hands. The other method is to cook the butter, in the later stage, in a stone crock in a slow oven, instead of boiling it on the top of the stove. In this case, it need be stirred only every fifteen minutes instead of constantly.

The process of making butters is best shown by apple butter. Use only well-ripened fruit; imperfect apples will serve,

but any decayed spots must be carefully removed, and the apples washed, peeled and cored. Cut them into quarters, and place them in the brass kettle or a granite preserving-kettle, with enough boiled-down cider to cover them. Boil rapidly until they become mushy; after this point is reached, they must be cooked more slowly, and stirred constantly to prevent scorching (unless the cooking takes place in the oven). If the butter has the right consistency before it is perfectly smooth, a little more cider should be added, and the boiling and stirring continued. The finished butter may be stored in earthen jars, or sealed in glass ones; preferably the latter.

IN making preserves, the one thing to avoid is the strong flavor due to too much spice and the excess of sugar formerly thought necessary to prevent spoiling. Our grandmothers commonly used equal amounts of fruit and sugar. We now know, however, that the flavor is vastly improved if only half as much sugar is used, and that with moderate care preservation is certain. Many housewives also prefer to omit all, or nearly all, spices, as no spice is so good as the natural flavor of the fruit. The shape of the fruit is retained by stirring it as little as possible while it is cooking. Our grandmothers were often needlessly careless in this respect.

If the preserves are to have a mild flavor, it is also essential that as little heat as possible be applied. The method of making cherry preserves shows how the application of heat may be reduced to a minimum. Put two quarts of cherries into a wide-bottomed granite pan; pour over them three pints of sugar, and set the pan over a slow fire. Do not stir the cherries, but shake the pan frequently as if popping corn. As the sugar dissolves, a liquid will cover the cherries. After about thirty minutes, or as soon as the liquid forms, increase the heat enough to cause simmering. Continue the simmering slowly, without stirring, for twenty minutes. Then seal the preserves in jars.

[Concluded on page 58]



Wash Day Don't's and Wash Day Do's



Don't boil or scald clothes; don't hard-rub them. Boiling and rough rubbing wear out fabrics much faster than actual use.



Don't waste fuel, time, strength, health, by doing your washing the old-fashioned way. There is an easier, quicker, better way—the Fels-Naptha way.



Do this the next time you wash: Get Fels-Naptha Soap, soak the clothes in cool or lukewarm water for about thirty minutes after breakfast. Rub lightly, rinse, wring and hang out.



All the afternoon is left—you can sew, read or go visiting—you'll not be too tired even to iron.

Changes a whole day's hard drudgery into a half day's easy work—because Fels-Naptha does the hard part of the washing for you

Fels-Naptha Soap is just as wonderful for all soap and water housework as it is for washing clothes.



Fels & Co., Philadelphia



Even the last thin wafer end is not wasted—it adheres quickly and firmly to the fresh cake

"The BEST is the CHEAPEST"

There is true economy in PEARS, because it is all pure soap—absolutely without waste—and particularly low in price.

Pears' Soap

for many generations the world's standard for quality—the finest soap possible to produce at any price, is also the very cheapest soap that you can use. It is made from the finest ingredients obtainable, blended with extreme care and refined to the very highest degree—not almost pure but **ABSOLUTELY** pure.

PEARS thoroughly cleanses the pores and leaves the skin in a natural, soft, healthy condition—it is far more beneficial than any cosmetic could possibly be.

Each cake of Pears' Soap goes through a drying process for a full year before leaving the works, which removes every particle of water. A cake of Pears is all soap and only soap; that is why it lasts so much longer than ordinary kinds.

The quality of Pears' Soap is not approached—its durability greater than any other; yet you can buy the unscented anywhere at not over 15c a cake. There surely is no need to use ordinary soap when you can get "the best" at so low a price.

Try PEARS now at our expense and bring the charm of this delightful soap into your daily life.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high-grade toilet soaps in the world.

For a generous trial cake of Pears' Unscented Soap, send your address, and 4c in stamps to cover mailing cost, to Walter Janvier, United States Agent, 419 Canal St., New York City.

THE JAM-POT UP-TO-DATE

[Continued from page 57]

Cherries preserved thus have a bright-red color and a very mild flavor. The same method can be used with other fruits. It is not successful unless a large-bottomed kettle is used; nor can scorching be prevented unless the fire is carefully regulated, and the kettle shaken frequently. The excellent preserves that result, however, when care is used, are more than enough to repay the housewife for her trouble.

IN making marmalades, the fruit must always be run through a colander or fruit-press to remove the seeds; even for jams, part of the seeds are generally taken out. It is important that a granite colander be used, for the acid of the fruit attacks tin and other metals, and produces a compound that has a peculiarly biting and disagreeable taste. It is now customary to use less sugar than fruit, as this makes it easier to get the desired thickening.

The making of blackberry marmalade illustrates the process well. Select fresh ripe blackberries, wash them well, heat them thoroughly, and run them through a granite colander to remove the seeds. Add three-fourths as much sugar as there is pulp, and **boil** the mixture until it is thick enough to harden on a spoon which has been dipped into it. While the marmalade is boiling, it must be stirred constantly to prevent scorching, though cooking in an oven eliminates the troublesome stirring. Pour the marmalade into glasses, and cover with melted paraffin.

Red raspberry jam serves as a good type of this product. Wash and drain the berries, crush them thoroughly, place them in a wide-bottomed granite pan, and quickly bring them to a boil. Run the mass through a colander to remove the seeds; then add a fourth of the seeds to the pulp. Measure the pulp and seeds, and place the mixture in a clean granite pan with three-fourths as much sugar. Bring the mixture to a boil, and then allow it to simmer for ten minutes. Pour the jam into jelly glasses, and cover with melted paraffin.

Butters, jams, and marmalades may, if desired, be sealed in glass jars; this effectively prevents the entrance of dirt and mold. However, a covering of paraffin is sufficient to shut out dirt, and insure preservation.

When the paraffin cools, it sometimes leaves a crack around the edge by shrinking; therefore, it is wise to pour on a little additional melted paraffin to fill any cracks after the first coat has cooled. Either glasses or jars of these products

should be stored in a cool, dry, though not necessarily dark place, for safe keeping.

Great economy is often possible by combining two or more fruits, and, in addition, delightful flavors are often produced. Combinations are particularly useful in seasons when some favorite fruit happens to be expensive. Rhubarb, which is mild in flavor and bulky, is nearly always plentiful and cheap; so it makes a good basis. Pineapple, on the other hand, is usually expensive; but one pineapple will give its characteristic flavor to a large quantity of rhubarb. In the same manner, rhubarb takes on the flavor of gooseberries when combined with only a comparatively small quantity of the latter. A marmalade made from one pint of gooseberries and five pints of rhubarb tastes almost like straight gooseberry marmalade. Other good combinations are as follows: peach butter made from peach pulp and orange-juice; red raspberry and red currant marmalade; cherry and pineapple marmalade; cherry and currant marmalade; apple butter combined with strawberry marmalade; marmalade made from crab-apple pulp and pineapple-juice.

TO-DAY, as in ye olden time, the jam-pot recommends itself to the busy housewife and mother. It offers nutritious as well as delectable dainties, ever ready and at hand during the short winter days when there may be little time for planning the daily dessert and contriving a tempting and wholesome sweet for the school lunch-basket. Jams and marmalades are delicious with the toasted muffin for breakfast or tea, especially desirable as fillings for the layer cakes, tarts, and French pastry so welcome on the luncheon or dinner menu, and as an addition to winter pies, are unexcelled.

Preserves of almost any kind, served with or without plain or whipped cream, give the finishing touch at the end of a simple and perhaps necessarily hasty meal that would otherwise be incomplete for the unexpected guest. Such sweets may be used attractively also in home-made candies; and as the flavoring and fruit part of any number of cream desserts—a more economical way, of course, to

serve them. These, and the jams, marmalades, and butters, are favorites with the chil-



dren for the school sandwich, duplicates of which do not go abegging at Mother's afternoon tea-table; so that the jam-pot up-to-date shows no decrease in popularity since our grandmother's day, but improvement in the flavor of its contents.

POSSIBILITIES OF ASPARAGUS

By EDWINA B. PARKER

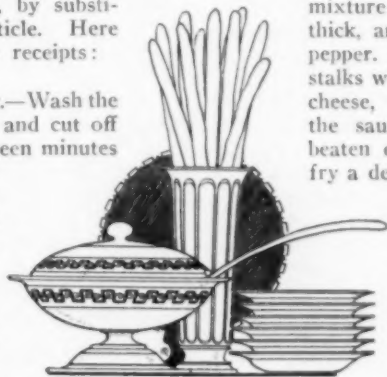
THOUGH the asparagus season seems short when compared with that for many other vegetables, a variety of new and delicious ways of preparing it will be welcomed by the discriminating housewife, who may make use of them even after fresh asparagus is no longer in the market, by substituting the canned article. Here are a dozen or more receipts:

ASPARAGUS OMELET.—Wash the asparagus thoroughly, and cut off the tips. Soak for fifteen minutes a quarter-cupful of stale bread-crumbs in a quarter-cupful of milk. Add a teacupful of chopped asparagus tips, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth-teaspoonful of pepper, and the yolks of four eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored, and a quarter-teaspoonful of baking-powder. Fold in the whites of four eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Cook the same as a plain omelet, fold, turn on a hot platter, and pour around it tomato sauce made as follows: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour; pour in gradually, while stirring, one cupful of milk. As soon as boiling-point is reached, add a cupful of stewed strained tomatoes and a high seasoning of salt and pepper.

ASPARAGUS SOUFFLÉ.—Boil one quart of chopped asparagus until it is tender. Cook one teacupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch until the mixture is thick and smooth; then, add the yolks of three eggs, one at a time, beating well; stir in the asparagus, season with one tablespoonful of salt and a quarter-teaspoonful of white pepper. Beat to a froth the whites of four eggs, fold lightly into mixture, and turn it into a buttered baking-dish. Cook in a quick oven until a delicate brown.

ASPARAGUS SANDWICHES.—Put one teacupful of asparagus tips in a double boiler with half a teacupful of cream, boil for twenty minutes, and rub through a sieve; also rub the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs through the sieve, and mix with asparagus, season with half a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a saltspoonful of white pepper, and a dash of cayenne pepper; add one tablespoonful each of chopped parsley and minced celery. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread, and serve with a light luncheon or afternoon tea.

FRIED ASPARAGUS.—Select a bunch of large tender asparagus, steam it for twenty minutes, and put aside to cool. Have ready some white sauce made as follows: Blend one tablespoonful of butter with three of flour, add two-thirds-teacupful of milk, cook until the mixture is smooth and quite thick, and season with salt and pepper. Coat the asparagus stalks with it, roll them in grated cheese, and put aside. When the sauce is set, dip them in beaten egg, roll in crumbs, and fry a delicate brown in deep fat.



ASPARAGUS AND MUSHROOM Dainties.—Cut the tops from six or eight small rolls, scoop out centers, and place the shells in the oven to get crisp. Boil in

salted water for five minutes one teacupful of asparagus tips; drain, and put in the double boiler with a teacupful each of button mushrooms and cream. Cook for five minutes, add the yolks of two raw eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, and season with salt and white pepper. Turn the mixture into the shells, garnish with parsley, and serve at once.

ASPARAGUS CROQUETTES.—Boil enough asparagus to measure one quart when chopped; drain, and mix with one teacupful of white sauce seasoned with a few gratings of nutmeg. Add the asparagus, a teacupful of cracker crumbs, half a teacupful of grated cheese, and one well-beaten egg. Form into small croquettes, dip in egg, then in bread-crumbs, and fry a delicate brown. Drain on unglazed paper, and serve garnished with parsley.

SWEETBREAD AND ASPARAGUS Patties.—Cut in small pieces one cooked sweetbread. Wash and chop a dozen asparagus tips, and put into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and pepper and salt. Cook for ten minutes, shaking the pan often. Put a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of flour into a saucepan; mix thoroughly, add one gill of stock, stir until boiling. Add sweetbreads and asparagus, season with two-thirds of a teaspoonful of salt, a third of a saltspoonful of white pepper, and one teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel. Cool, fill patty cases of puff paste, and bake in moderate oven.

CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Select two bunches of fresh asparagus. Cut the tips from one bunch, and cook in

[Concluded on page 60]



Leaves no smears —

I FIND that bathtubs are curiously hard to clean. It is easy enough to smear the streaks around from one place to another, but getting the smears out entirely is another matter.

So I use Bon Ami Powder—it is marvelous!

Bon Ami

Just wipe a little powder all around the tub with a wet cloth. The powder turns to a creamy lather which loosens the dirt. Let it dry a moment and then wipe out the film of dry lather with a soft, dry cloth, and the dirt and smears come right off with the lather.

Bon Ami cleans all the rest of the bathroom, too.

This Bon Ami Powder is just the same material as Bon Ami cake. Take your choice!

Made in both cake and powder form

THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK

"Hasn't scratched yet!"





As if Dinners Grew on Bushes

That's what Van Camp's means in summer—meals ready to pick. And hearty meals which everybody likes.

Meals cooked by a chef who is master in this line.

A new-style dish which alters all conceptions of Baked Beans.

You will serve Van Camp's five times as often as old-style Pork and Beans. And it always will be welcome. It is mealy, zestful, easy to digest.

And meat meals costing thrice as much are not so nourishing.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce
10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Cease to think of Baked Beans as a homely dish—as hard to digest—as crisp, hard or mushy.

Van Camp's is a delicacy. Every bean is whole and mellow. And the sauce we bake in adds a wondrous tang.

Van Camp's are baked for hours at 245 degrees. They are baked in small parcels, baked by steam under pressure. This leads to easy digestion.

This is a new dish, unlike any other. It's the dish that hotels, clubs and lunch-rooms—thousands of them—buy to serve to men.

This ready-cooked meal will save many an hour in the kitchen. It will save many a dollar. It will delight the folks you serve.

Find out how far it differs from the beans you know.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

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POSSIBILITIES OF ASPARAGUS

[Continued from page 59]

salt water for twenty minutes. Cook the remainder of the asparagus about twenty minutes in a quart of stock. Blend two tablespoonfuls of flour with three of butter, add to the stock, and cook it ten minutes longer. Press through a sieve, reheat, add a quart of rich milk and the asparagus tips. When it again reaches the boiling-point, season with salt and pepper, and serve immediately.

ASPARAGUS STUFFING.—Mix two teacupfuls of soft bread-crumbs with a pint of asparagus tips which have been boiled in salted water until tender. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter-teaspoonful of pepper, a dash of cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one egg well beaten, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a third of a teacupful of the boiling water in which the asparagus was cooked. When the ingredients are well blended, stuff the fowl with this dressing. When the cooked fowl is placed on the platter, garnish with stalks of asparagus.

ESCALLOPED ASPARAGUS AND EGGS.—Select two bunches of tender asparagus and boil for twenty minutes, then drain. Slice eight hard-boiled eggs. Blend two tablespoonfuls of butter with four of flour, add one pint of milk, and cook until the mixture is thick and smooth. Season with one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of celery salt, and a quarter-teaspoonful of white pepper. Butter a baking-dish, put in a layer of asparagus, and cover with the sauce, then a layer of egg, and so on until the dish is full. Cover the top with cracker crumbs, and scatter with bits of butter. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven, and serve in the dish in which it was cooked.

ASPARAGUS FRITTERS.—Boil in salted water two bunches of asparagus until tender, then drain and chop in half-inch pieces. Beat one egg until light, sift in one teacupful of flour with a pinch of salt, add half a cupful of milk, and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Beat until smooth, and allow to stand in a cool place for one hour. Add a teaspoonful of baking-powder, stir in the chopped asparagus, and drop by the spoonful into smoking hot fat. When a delicate brown, drain on unglazed paper, and serve.

ASPARAGUS SALAD.—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatin, and stir into three teacupfuls of chicken stock. Add two

tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice, a teaspoonful of the grated rind, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of celery salt, and two whole cloves. Strain the mixture into a square tin, and when it begins to congeal stir in the asparagus, half a teacupful of green peppers chopped fine, and half a teacupful of chopped red peppers. Put on ice until firm, then cut in squares, and serve with mayonnaise on crisp lettuce leaves.

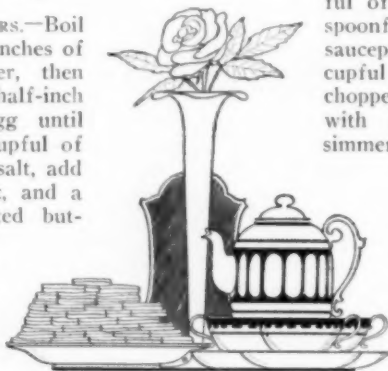
ASPARAGUS AND CORN PUDDING.—Grate enough fresh corn to measure one pint, have ready a pint of asparagus tips, and add these to three pints of fresh milk. Stir in three well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, a quarter-teaspoonful of white pepper, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Turn the mixture into a well-buttered baking-dish, and cook for half an hour.

ASPARAGUS ON TOAST.—Boil in salted water two bunches of asparagus until tender; drain and put aside. Reduce the liquor in which the asparagus was boiled to one teacupful, and add a teacupful of rich milk. Mix one tablespoonful of butter with two of flour in a double boiler, add the milk and asparagus liquor, and cook until it thickens, season with salt and pepper, and keep warm. Reheat the asparagus, arrange it on slices of toast, and pour the sauce over it.

FRICASSEED ASPARAGUS.—Wash, and cut the tips from two dozen tender stalks of asparagus; with half an endive, one onion, and one fresh crisp lettuce, put through the food grinder. Using a coarse blade, blend a tablespoonful of butter with a dessert-spoonful of flour, melt in a saucepan, and stir in a teacupful of stock. Add the chopped vegetables, season with salt and pepper, and simmer gently for half an hour. Serve at once.

ASPARAGUS IN AM-BUSH.—Slice the tops from four or five rolls and remove the crumb; set shells and tops in the oven, and let remain till crisp.

Add two beaten eggs to a large tea-cupful of boiling milk, and stir until it thickens. Season with salt and pepper and a dessert-spoonful of butter, then add a pint of chopped asparagus tips which have been drained after boiling for twenty minutes. Fill the mixture into the rolls, cover with tops, and serve hot.



CAKE - MAKING

By MARGARET S. BEDELL

FOR success in cake-making, sift your flour once before measuring, and twice afterward, then adding the soda and cream of tartar or baking-powder. Beat the eggs separately and thoroughly; stir in the beaten whites last and very lightly. Use a half-pint tin measuring-cup with quarter, half, and three-quarter marks. A good cake receipt can be varied by using different fillings. Here is a tested receipt from my own stock:

WHITE CAKE

- 1 small cupful Butter
- 1 cupful Milk
- 2 cupfuls Powdered sugar
- Whites of 5 eggs
- 1 teaspoonful Cream of tartar
- 2 3/4 cupfuls Sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoonful Soda
- Almond and vanilla flavoring

Bake in three or four round tins, or, if preferred, in two good-sized square ones.



CHOCOLATE FILLING

- 1 cupful Shaved bitter chocolate
- 1 1/4 cupfuls Boiling water
- 1 cupful Sugar
- Yolk of 1 egg
- Vanilla flavoring
- 1 cupful Hickory-nuts, pecan, or English walnut meats

Boil the sugar, chocolate, and water together until thick and glossy; move to back of stove and add the yolk of egg mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Remove from the fire, beat hard until it thickens, flavor with vanilla, and add the nut-meats broken in small pieces. Spread just before it gets cold, and, if too thick, add a little sweet cream or a few drops of milk.

COCONUT FILLING

- 2 Whites of eggs, well beaten
- 1 large Coconut
- 2 cupfuls Granulated sugar
- 1/2 scant teaspoonful Cream of tartar
- 1/2 cupful Boiling water
- Vanilla flavoring

Mix cream of tartar with sugar, add boiling water, and boil, stirring very gently from the edges, if necessary; boil until the sirup is thick and clear, and ropes from the spoon.

Grate the coconut before beginning the cake. Beat the whites to a froth,

[Concluded on page 62]

Summertime Suggestions

On the Use of Food Confections

When berries come, mix them with Puffed Wheat or Rice. Blend the fruit with these flaky morsels which taste like toasted nuts. Puffed Grains, you'll

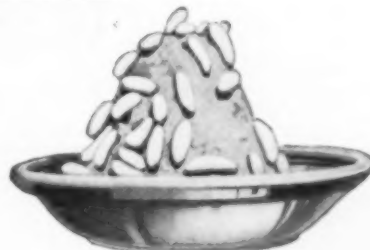
find, will add as much as do the cream and sugar.



For a dairy dish, at supper or bedtime, float these grains in milk. These are toasted whole-grain bubbles, crisp and airy, delightful to the taste. And nothing else

made from Wheat or Rice has every food granule exploded. That means easy, complete digestion.

Garnish ice cream with these Puffed Grains. It is like adding nut meats to it. Use Puffed Rice in candy making. It tastes like nuts but is far more flaky. The candy crumbles easily.



Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS

15c

Puffed Grains with cream and sugar reveal but one delight. Millions of pounds are being served at other times than breakfast.

Bear this in mind. The more you serve these grains in puffed form the better for all concerned. Prof. Anderson's process best fits them for food. It makes confections of them. It does in a thorough way what cooking does in a half way. It breaks up the nutriment cells.

The handiest foods in your house this summer will be your Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(881)



The Good Word About Crisco

From mouth to mouth the good word about Crisco is spreading. Those who have tried it cannot help telling the good results to their friends.

By far the greater part of its army of users were first won to its cause by the enthusiasm of a neighbor.

If you want an introduction to Crisco, stop some morning at the kitchen window of a neighbor who uses it, and see if she does not agree with the following statements.

CRISCO
For Frying For Shortening For Cake Making

Foods cooked with Crisco are more easily digested than those cooked with lard. They are also more appetizing both in appearance and in taste.

Crisco is but half as expensive as butter and is cheaper than the better grades of lard. When properly used, Crisco does not smoke in frying. It thus removes one of the most disagreeable features of cooking and helps keep the kitchen clean and sweet.

Crisco can be left in the ordinary kitchen temperature without getting too hard or too soft. It is thus convenient to keep and to handle.

Crisco is pure. Clean materials and a factory which is one of the wonder places of the manufacturing world are the guarantee of a food product as nearly perfect as human intelligence can make it.



If you want to know more about Crisco and the conditions under which it is prepared, send for the "Calendar of Dinners". This cloth-bound, gold-stamped book contains, besides the story of Crisco, a different dinner menu for every day of the year and 615 recipes tested by the well-known cooking authority, Marlon Harris Nell. Address your request to Dept. L-6, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing five 2-cent stamps. A paper-bound edition, without the "Calendar of Dinners" but with 250 recipes will be sent free on request.

CAKE-MAKING

[Continued from page 61]

stiff and dry; slowly pour on the boiling sirup, beating hard while pouring. When very thick, flavor and add half the grated coconut; being moist, all would thin the filling too much. Spread, and before placing the next layer, sprinkle on the filling some of the reserve coconut; use the rest on the top and sides. This cake will keep for ten days, and is most delicious.

CREAM OF NUT FILLING

Use above boiled-icing receipt, but do not boil the sirup down quite as thick, as the nut-meats will thicken it. Beat until cool, then add one large cupful of hickory-nut meats, same amount of raisins, a few currants, and a little grated coconut, if desired; spread when cool.

QUEEN OF CAKES

Use the receipts given above for the cake and boiled icing, flavoring both mixtures with almond and a little rose-water. Have blanched, and shaved or chopped, one and a half cupfuls of almonds, and add to icing; when spread, place a few whole nuts on top of cake.

Editor's Note.—Questions in regard to preparing any of the dishes mentioned in this issue of the magazine will be cheerfully answered through the mail by our Cooking Editor, Mrs. Armstead, who will be glad, also, to supply advice as to any cookery problems which may confront our readers, if a stamped addressed envelope accompanies the inquiry.

NOVEL WAY TO SERVE REFRESHMENTS

By L. A. LILLY

LIVING in rooms with no housekeeping facilities, and wishing to entertain some friends, I served ice-cream in the following way:

I had two pretty, good-sized shallow oval baskets with high curved handles. I filled them with bran, and covered the bran with smilax, also winding it around the handles.

I ordered from a confectioner vanilla, strawberry, pistache, and chocolate ice-cream cones, wrapping each in waxed paper. I placed these in the bran which held them in place firmly, while the different-colored creams nestling in the smilax looked like so many flowers. Each guest chose his own.

I accomplished the seemingly impossible task of serving refreshments without dishes or silver, and the guests were surprised and delighted.

Freeman's Face Powder

(Made in U.S.A.)

25c



can be bought anywhere for 25c a box and it's guaranteed to prove just as satisfactory as any 50c or \$1.00 powder you have ever used. Try it—use half a box. If you're not delighted with it, return the balance to your dealer and get your money back.

Sample box mailed on request.
THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.
Dept. 59
Cincinnati, Ohio

WAVE OR CURL YOUR HAIR

in a few minutes without heat.
Guaranteed not to injure the hair in any way. Far superior to kid or any other curlers.

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLERS

LATEST STYLES OF HAIRDRESS EASILY DONE AT HOME

CARD OF 2-10c

Every curler electrified, imparting strength to the hair. Fifty million in daily use. Guaranteed unbreakable.

Ask your dealer, or send us his name with money or stamps.

Money willingly refunded.

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER COMPANY
415 SOUTH FRONT ST., PHILA.

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE

CROCHETED DRESDEN BASKETS

[Continued from page 53]

6th row: Same as 4th row. 7th row: Same as 5th row, except there are 8 d's. If desired, the last two rows may be omitted.

TO MAKE THE LARGE BASKET.—Proceed the same as for small one until fifth row where two ch's are put between clusters of two. 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th rows: 3 ch between clusters, and so on until you have crocheted as large a bottom as is needed for the size basket you desire. Then, first narrow and later wider, little by little, as necessary to suit the size you have chosen. The widening is, of course, accomplished by increasing the ch between clusters. The border is the same as in the small baskets.

DIRECTIONS FOR STIFFENING THE BASKETS.—Mix a quarter-cupful of granulated sugar and sufficient water to make a thick sirup; let boil only a few seconds, and remove from fire. Immerse basket in the solution until it is thoroughly soaked, and while as hot as the hand can stand, put over a mold, and pull into shape, being careful to pull out the lace pattern of the border of basket. I have found that an ordinary five-cent vaseline bottle makes an excellent mold. Fasten a string to the handle, and hang in a cold place to dry. Remove string and bottle before the basket gets too hard, and work it into its permanent shape. Let stand for a day in a cold place until thoroughly hardened, then brush briskly with a clean, stiff brush to remove all surplus sugar. With a strong pin, pick out the design which has become clogged with sugar, then run a dainty ribbon in the handle. It will then seem as hard as a piece of china. Whenever it needs to be washed it will, of course, have to be restiffened.

SUBSTITUTE FOR ICE-BOX

By O. PENDER

THE housewife who does not have an ice-box or ice in the summer will find the following a very good plan for keeping food fresh. Place vegetables, butter, opened cans of milk, etc., in a deep basin with about two inches of cold water in the bottom. Take a piece of old linen, soak it in water, wring out and spread it over all that is in the basin. Let the four corners dip into the water. This keeps the cloth moist. Then place the basin near a window where the air can blow over it. This method will keep the temperature under the linen seven or eight degrees lower than the temperature outside.



We'll Pay 15c

Toward Your First Supply of These Toasted Corn Bubbles—The New Tit-Bits from Corn

Here is an offer made for your good and our good. But one we can never repeat.

We'll buy you a package of Corn Puffs for this week if you'll buy a package for next week.

That is, this coupon and 15c will buy at your grocer's two packages today.

This is for lovers of toasted corn. We want you to know this new form. Here it is in drop-size bubbles, airy, fragile, crisp. Here's a new texture and flavor.

It is just the corn hearts—just the sweet centers—made into pellets and puffed. But first they are super-toasted by an hour of fearful heat.

This is the newest Prof. Anderson creation. It was he who puffed Wheat and Rice. Now, by about the same process, he makes these bonbons from corn.

He steam-explodes the toasted pellets by shooting from mammoth guns. And they come out in flimsy globules—the daintiest tit-bits ever made from corn.

You must know them. Not in many a year has the breakfast table received such an acquisition. So we ask you—and urge you—to take this coupon to your grocer. He will give you for it a package of Corn Puffs if you will buy one too.

That will introduce this dainty, with half the meals at our cost, half at yours. Go get them.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER 29CP
Good in United States Only

This Certifies that I, this day bought one package of Corn Puffs, and that my grocer gave me with it a second package free.

To the Grocer We will remit you fifteen cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.
THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Chicago

Name.....

Address.....

Dated..... 1915.

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1915
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of Corn Puffs, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

15-Cent Coupon
Good only on a Two-Package purchase



A Million-Dollar Biscuit

Every day, at noon, the employes of The Shredded Wheat Company at Niagara Falls eat luncheon as the guests of the Company in the beautiful, sunlit dining room of "The Home of Shredded Wheat." Treating employes as guests bespeaks a relationship that insures loyal, faithful service—and in this instance the service means a good breakfast for you. It has taken millions of dollars to perfect

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

and to build a sanitary, sunlit factory in which to make it. You couldn't make this Biscuit in your kitchen. Our kitchen is your kitchen when you serve Shredded Wheat. It contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain, made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

For breakfast, heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness; pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream. Delicious for any meal served in combination with sliced bananas, baked apples or canned or preserved peaches or other fruits.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Whole Wheat Wafer, eaten as a toast with butter or soft cheese. A delicious substitute for white flour bread or crackers.

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

THE BRIDE'S DESSERTS

By HELEN WOLJESKA

THE subject of desserts is an attractive one for most women, be they young or old, homemakers, professionals, or business women. And a dessert is, indeed, a trifle that means much; a bit of art, finishing off effectively that utilitarian necessity, the daily dinner.

Cook-books bring many receipts for desserts; so many that it is a bewildering task to select the desirable ones. Besides, many of them are rather intricate and planned for at least from four to six persons. The following suggestions, for tête-à-tête households, have all stood the test, and were selected especially on account of their simplicity, and the little cost in time, money, and fuel, yet most gratifying results. They can be used as key-notes from which many variations may be developed by the culinary virtuoso.

Much depends on the way in which desserts are served. Fruit looks well in little brown Japanese baskets, lined with large green vine leaves. Apples and pears should be polished with a dry cloth; plums must be handled as little as possible, so that they may retain the soft bloom which is a sign of their freshness; cherries and berries may be heaped upon a deep platter; pineapple may be sliced, and served with powdered sugar.

Among the simplest and most delightful desserts are the junkets, custards, blanc-manges, jellied desserts, and creams. The following receipts will be found of the best:

COFFEE JUNKET.—Use half a junket tablet and one and a half cupfuls of lukewarm sweetened milk mixed with half a cupful of coffee. Flavor with vanilla and cinnamon. Just before serving, turn out. Garnish with strawberry or raspberry jam.

CUSTARDS.—To two cupfuls of milk, add two well-beaten eggs, two level tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavor with vanilla extract. Pour into custard cups, and place in a pan half filled with hot water. Bake in moderate oven about twenty minutes. Serve hot or cold. A very little maple sirup poured into the custard cup before placing the custard in it for baking is a delicious addition.

BLANC-MANGE.—Put into a double boiler two cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a handful of peeled, chopped almonds. As soon as the milk boils, stir in two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch dissolved in a little cold milk. Stir until it thickens, and boil about four minutes. Take from the fire, and add one teaspoonful of extract of almond. Let cool a little, then fill into a jelly mold that has been rinsed with cold water, and put on ice for several hours. Turn out and serve with chocolate sauce.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of coco, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a dash of cinnamon, one-third glassful of water, and boil until slightly thickened.

JELLY DESSERTS.—Soak thoroughly one rounded tablespoonful of gelatin in half a cupful of cold water. Pour over it one pint of the hot liquid prepared, and your jelly is ready to mold. I never use a jelly bag, as I find the hot liquid dissolves the soaked gelatin perfectly.

For coffee jelly, use one pint of strong coffee, sweetened to taste, and flavored with vanilla. Chill, turn out, and serve with whipped cream.

For orange jelly, squeeze the juice from two oranges and one lemon, which makes about one glassful. Boil the well-washed peels with two glass-

THE TÊTE-À-TÊTE DINNER



fuls of water and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour half a pint of this liquid, boiling hot, over the soaked gelatin, then add the glassful of orange- and lemon-juice. Pour into mold and chill.

For maple jelly, dissolve the soaked gelatin with one glassful of boiling maple sirup; add one glassful of stiffly whipped cream. Proceed as above.

Pineapple makes a delicious jelly; so does tea. Just as your jelly is beginning to set, you can arrange in it nuts, candied ginger, maraschino cherries, sliced oranges or other fruit. To turn the jelly out, dip mold for a moment into boiling water.

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THE BRIDE'S DESSERTS

[Continued from page 64]

CREAMS.—To two tablespoonfuls of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of flour mixed with four yolks of eggs, add two cupfuls of creamy milk. Pour the mixture into a double boiler, and bring to a boil, stirring almost constantly. Let boil about four to five minutes. Continue heating while it cools, and add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into a dish, and chill. Beat the four whites, sweeten and flavor, and heap on top before serving the jelly. Or, make kisses of the whites, and trim the cream with them. By dissolving a quarter-pound of unsweetened chocolate in the milk previous to boiling, you will have a delicious chocolate cream. Or, after a cream is cooled, mix with it a glassful of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with raspberry sirup, crushed peaches, or the liquor from maraschino cherries. Heap into a glass dish. Trim with dainty wafers or cherries, and chill.

KISSES.—Beat stiffly the whites of four eggs, and mix quickly with three-quarters of a cupful of powdered sugar. Immediately, drop from spoon upon strips of brown paper placed on baking-tins. Bake in a moderate oven about half an hour.



RICE PUDDING.—Boil slowly in a double boiler half a cupful of rice with milk until tender and thick. While it cools, add two teaspoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a handful of washed and soaked raisins, one teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring, and the yolks of two eggs, stirring briskly all the while. Beat the two whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and add lightly. Bake in a buttered pudding-dish for about three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot with sirup.

FARINA PUDDING.—Boil one cupful of milk, and sprinkle into it half a cupful of farina, stirring while it falls, and boil till it thickens. While cooling, proceed as for rice pudding, but instead of raisins, add chopped citron-peel or candied fruits. Serve hot with fruit sauce made by cooking a heaping tablespoonful of jelly or jam, with three-fourths of a glassful of sugared water.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of coco and three tablespoon-

[Concluded on page 67]

The First Breakfast



"This is how I like it"

You can have your husband say this not only at your first breakfast together, but morning after morning.

If you should discover that every woman in your town used the same coffee, you would never rest until you had tried it.

A great many more women than live in your town are using Arbuckles' Coffee. In millions of homes throughout the country, Arbuckles' is considered necessary to make breakfast complete. So rapidly has its sale increased, so popular has it become, that today more of it is sold than any other packaged coffee.

Get a package from your grocer today—either the whole bean or the ground. Notice the smiles of satisfaction at the breakfast table. Try it. Give your family the enjoyment of drinking the most popular coffee in America.

Make your coffee earn lovely gifts for you

Save the signature on every Arbuckle wrapper. Get beautiful, useful gifts—articles you have always wanted. Arbuckles' premiums are almost as famous as Arbuckles' Coffee. In one year we gave away over a million of our premium alone! Send for our big Premium Catalog showing 150 of our most popular premiums. Write today to Arbuckle Brothers, 71 E. 2 Water St., N.Y.

This is the signature you save.

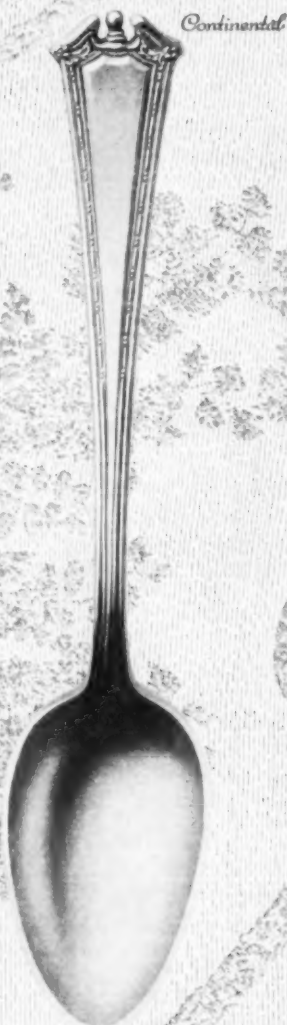


Better Than Ever

1847 ROGERS BROS.
"Silver Plate that Wears"



**Silverware
 that Gives
 Character
 to the Table**



**Backed with an un-
 qualified guarantee
 made possible by
 an actual test of
 over 65 years.**

*Sold by leading Dealers,
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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.

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*The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate
 Full line exhibited at Panama-Pacific Exposition.*

A RIVAL FOR THE COOK-BOOK

By ROWENA KEITH KEYES

EVER since I read in a magazine a treatise on the cook-book as pleasurable reading, I have been waiting for a similar encomium on my own favorite—the catalogue. A great many years ago, when my stature was low and my ambitions were correspondingly high, I resolved that, when I grew up, I would express my opinions proudly and publicly in print. But I've given up that notion. Instead of attempting to realize my old ambition, I follow a method that saves the editors' printed slips and my own feelings, while it is quite as beneficial to the public as my earlier plan: I wait until I see my idea published by somebody else. Sooner or later, it is sure to appear, somewhat altered, indeed, from the form in which it held sway within my own mind, but easily recognizable, and, to tell the truth, not infrequently vastly improved in form and substance.

But, as may be surmised, in this case, I have been disappointed. Thus far, the catalogue remains "unstoried and unsung", at least to the best of my knowledge. Can it be I am alone

in my appreciation of its seductive pages? I believe that my partiality was first induced, when I was a child, by entrancing magazine premium-lists, whose orange covers were typical, to my childish fancy, of the riches within. Such bewitching dolls, such literally magic lanterns, such miraculous puzzles, and all for a paltry half-dozen new subscribers! How many blissful hours I passed in the vain, but soul-satisfying, effort to decide the relative attractions of those wares! What mattered it that, already, a paint-box and a mechanical engine, won by hard-earned new subscriptions, had proved disappointing, at least as to durability? Each year, the catalogue brought an inspiring thrill of speculation and longing, quite detached from the sordid pleasures of possession.

UNFORTUNATELY, in my fondness for this particular catalogue, I was not alone. My brothers were more keenly alive to the possibilities open to enterprising canvassers than was I. While I dreamed, they achieved; and in process of achievement did a vast deal of consulting the premium-sheet. So I was often robbed of my treasure. On one

memorable occasion, I ventured, though in the absence of my mother, who sometimes protected my rights, to rebel against the superior force of age, might, and masculinity.

"I had it first!" I exclaimed, as Herbert peremptorily demanded its surrender. "Oh, bosh!" he rejoined. "You don't really use it; you just 'moon' over it. I want to see which knife I'm going to get with Fred Foster's subscription. Hand it over."

"I won't!" I retorted, beginning militant methods on his shins.

But Herbert, a tyrant of endless resource, withdrew to safe distance, and then announced with solemnity: "If you don't give me that premium-sheet, I'll—I'll turn you into an elephant."

"You can't!" I cried, with a suspicious tremor in my voice.

"Can't I? Very well, we'll see about that unless you give it up before I count three. One—two—three!"

I remained speechless, partly from resolution, partly from abject fear. He chanted the following in sepulchral tones, accompanying his incantation by many mercuric movements intended to awe me:

*Change, oh, change,
 From your human form!
 Change to an elephant
 Just now born!*

"Now, you're an elephant."

"I'm not an elephant!" I cried, my fists clenched in an agony of uncertainty. "I can see my apron and my shoes—and—and I'm a girl!"

"You can't see it; but everybody else can," was the jeering response.

THEN, with a wail of despair, I dropped the beloved premium-list and fled to the comforting presence and optimistic assurances of the cook, while Herbert slipped hastily out with his booty.

Of my next favorite, however, I was undisturbed mistress. With zeal, I scanned the furniture catalogue for objects suitable for my paper-doll house. This was merely a large scrap-book, of which each pair of open pages represented a room. Slits cut in the seats of the chairs admitted the bits of paper attached to the paper-dolls' backs, so that

[Concluded on page 68]



THE BRIDE'S DESSERTS

[Continued from page 65]

fuls of flour with two cupfuls of milk. Let thicken in double boiler, then add two teaspoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, and a few hazelnuts or quartered walnuts. Bake in a buttered pudding-dish till set. Serve hot with hard sauce made by beating together half a teacupful of sugar and a quarter-teacupful of washed butter, with one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Shape the mixture into a pyramid.

YELLOW CAKE.—Stir a tablespoonful of butter and one cupful of sugar to a cream. Add the yolks of two eggs, one cupful of milk, and the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Into this well-beaten, creamy mass, lightly mix one and a half cupfuls of fine flour to which one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder has been previously added. Bake about half an hour.



COCONUT FILLING.—Beat stiff the white of one egg, add a scant half-cupful of powdered sugar, and spread between layers and on top of cake. Sprinkle thickly with grated coconut.

PIE PASTE.—To one cupful of flour, add a pinch of salt, half a cupful of shortening, and a quarter-cupful or less of ice-cold water. Mix with a cold knife, and roll out lightly. Over the upper crust spread butter and sift flour, and when ready for oven let a little cold water run over the pie. It will give the crust a fiaky, blistered look. Bake in moderate oven about thirty minutes.

FRUIT FILLING.—Peel, core, and slice tart apples; peel and quarter pears, peaches, or apricots; pull cherries from their stems; or plums cut in two, peeled or not. Line a pie-tin with paste, fill with the fruit, and sprinkle over it three tablespoonfuls sugar, some cinnamon, and a few soaked raisins, if apples are used, two tablespoonfuls of water, and little bits of butter. Cover with, or make lattice of strips of pie-paste for top crust.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE.—Cream the yolks of two eggs with half a cupful of sugar, the juice and grated peel of a lemon, one tablespoonful of flour, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of milk. Fill into paste-lined tin, and bake in the oven till nearly set, remove and heap upon it the whipped whites, sweetened and flavored, and return to oven to brown.



Keep a Kodak Baby Book

THE first journey downstairs for exhibition to that secondary consideration—father. The toddling nursery days! That all important epoch when *the* baby first trudges off to school. In all these great events are limitless opportunities for the Kodak.

And with the school days come pictures *by*, as well as pictures *of* the children. Pictures they take of each other, free from constraint or conscious posing. Spontaneous pictures that reflect simplicity and weave into the Kodak Book the touch of naturalness.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Ask your dealer or write us for free illustrated booklet, "At Home with the Kodak."



"I know exactly the kitchen I want"

Every woman has an ideal workshop in mind. Sometimes it requires a little carpentering to make things more convenient, but in most cases it merely means a more cheerful room.

If you, madam, have a kitchen in your mind that you haven't realized because of the boggy "Cost," let us tell you about

ACME QUALITY Paints and Finishes

These are the highest quality paints, enamels, stains and varnishes that you can buy. They are ready for use. There is an Acme Quality Finish for every surface. They are easy to use and produce the finest results.

Acme Quality White Enamel will make the woodwork of your kitchen a beautiful, glistening white. It is wonderful for chairs, ice boxes, china closets, tables and so forth. Acme Quality Linoleum Varnish will make your kitchen floor shine like new. Acme Quality Varnish-Lac is for floors and woodwork where a stained and varnished finish is desired.

Write for our books, "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide." They are full of paint facts and tell you exactly what you want to know about quantity, how it should be applied, brushes, etc. Write for them today, we will send them free of cost, together with the name of the nearest Acme dealer.

Acme White Lead and Color Works Dept. AF, Detroit, Michigan

Boston	Nashville	Salt Lake City
Chicago	Birmingham	Spokane
Minneapolis	Fort Worth	Portland
St. Louis	Dallas	San Francisco
Pittsburgh	Topeka	Los Angeles
Cincinnati	Lincoln	San Diego
Toledo		

A RIVAL FOR THE COOK-BOOK

[Continued from page 66]

the fair ones were made to sit erect, even beyond the custom of our grandmothers. They were surrounded by a confusion of tables, beds, lamps, and rugs distributed without regard to ceiling, walls, or floor.

It was not very long after the furniture catalogue had ceased to charm, that the question of my higher education dawned on the horizon. What now were orange-colored illustrated folders or profusely illustrated furniture advertisements, in comparison with the meek, gray-covered, closely printed pamphlets that flooded my mail? There was not a college in the country that did not contribute to my collection. I roved in fancy through limitless fields of literature and sailed over fathomless seas of science. It all sounded so easy in the terse descriptive paragraphs that accompanied the course-numbers, so easy and yet so delightfully mystical. The problem was, in the main, one of selection—first among institutions and then among the alluring advantages displayed by each. I covered whole sheets of foolscap with maps of my prospective four-years' course, and conducted animated debates with myself as to the relative merits of town and country colleges.

Great expectations inevitably doomed me to disappointment! Yet, to this day, the sight of a demure college-catalogue gives me a faint tremor, a reminiscent surging of that old, incomparable joyous hope.

To-day, my tastes have relapsed into the materialistic cast of childhood. Piano, clothing, jewelry, and hardware catalogues, all these I read with solid satisfaction. I am convinced that the process of selection involved is excellent training for my reason and my will; while, as I picture myself enjoying the objects so alluringly set forth, I can fairly feel my imagination expand. As I gaze on exquisitely-gowned damsels wielding flirtatious fans or crooking elegant elbows at impossible angles, I see myself transformed from a sedate spinster dressed in those well-known "styles that never go out" and "materials sure to wear four seasons", to a sylph-like creature whose diaphanous robes becomingly proclaim themselves "the very latest thing". Or, engrossed in a hardware catalogue, I completely furnish a model kitchen,

weighing jealously the comparative merits of granite and of white enamel saucepans, and meditating on the convenience of this or that perfect range, quite oblivious, for the time, of that boarding-house existence which precludes housewifely privileges and cares.

But, when the holiday season approaches, I become convinced that here in my beloved catalogue lies a training-ground for the heart as well. The veriest miser, it seems to me, must wish to select for his acquaintances some of these useful and ornamental articles, which reason tells him were never intended for himself. I yearn over pink silk parasols, fancy dog-collars, and automobile lunch-boxes, vainly regretting that Providence has denied me friends on whom just these objects may be suitably bestowed. Then, toy catalogue in hand, I lay out for myself campaigns through the stores, which shall result in mysterious knobs in the stockings, and in unexpected parcels on the trees, of my neighbors' children.

DID I say that, nowadays, I find in catalogues merely material treasures? Surely, then, I had forgotten the blessed book catalogues. My own narrow bookshelves are suddenly expanded before my imagination to marvelous proportions. Here, I substitute a fine, new illustrated edition for some battered favorite. There, I slip in, beside the dear old *Autocrat*, the newer, but scarcely less loved,

friend who addresses me genially as his Gentle Reader. Again, I indulge in gossipy three-volume biographies, which hitherto, in my poverty, I have, after Ruskin's scornful phrase, "thumbed out of circulating

libraries". The newest droll and frivolous modern fiction, I make mine by one leap of fancy, regardless of hackneyed scruples against purchasing books of transient value: Wonderful travel books open to me their pages of allurements.

This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!

Ah, you enchanting book catalogues, forbid it that I should term materialistic the joys you afford!



IN MY BELOVED CATALOGUES I FIND EXCELLENT TRAINING FOR MY REASON AND MY WILL

MAKING YOUR OWN TRIMMINGS

[Continued from page 28]

Slip this twisted wire off the pencil without bending it and attach one of these tendrils to each bunch of grapes. Where the large berries are used, four berries



FIG. 7—READY TO SEW UP

and a few leaves are enough in each bunch. With these in sea green and golden brown, the braid on the frame looks very well in Belgian blue.

You can turn these berries into apples by making a French embroidery knot or a cross of stitches in the top of each (Fig. 8). You can make still another variety of trimming by fashioning the fruit of circles, four to six inches across, and taking stitches from the middle of the berry over the outside to the middle of the under side (Fig. 9). For this variety do not stuff the circle very hard, but try to keep the folds made by the gathering stitches as smooth as possible. Two of these large ones placed at the front of the crown and near the top of the hat are popular just now. They look more like tomatoes than berries when they are large.

Little circular flowers that make pretty wreaths or clusters for children's hats and dresses can be made from these same instructions. Simply leave out the stuffing, fasten the stem inside the flower and finish the top (the middle point of the circle) with a stamen, a French knot, or a tiny square of silk. To secure the stems turn a tiny loop on one end of the stem wire and sew this inside the gathers before you draw the thread tight to fasten.



FIG. 9—ADDING VARIETY BY LONG STITCHES

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how, if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed with inquiry.

Our Free Catalogue Shows ALL the Summer Styles

Write for
This Book
To-day

What Shall I Wear This Summer?

Warm Weather will soon be here, and with it comes the need for cool, becoming clothes. It's easy to be attractively and stylishly dressed at modest cost, if you have our new Spring and Summer Fashion Catalogue before you. Just think, all the latest New York Styles—278 pages of beautiful illustrations—absolutely FREE. Write at once and ask for Catalogue No. 67M.

Ask
for
Catalogue
No. 67M

Charming Dresses at \$5.98

35M27—Exquisite Frock of finest sheer French Voile, suitable for ladies or for misses who desire an appropriate and charming graduation dress. Front of blouse and the tunic are exquisitely hand embroidered in heavy white Japanese Floss. Waist made over a net lining trimmed with Venice embroidery and roll collar of net. Net vest tucked and trimmed with buttons; three quarter sleeves with puffed net cuffs; new style flare tunic shirred at top and finished with corded scalloped ruffle of plain Voile. Lower part of skirt of plain Voile attached to net lining. Colors: White with black velvet girdle, white with white satin girdle, flesh color with pale blue satin (very charming) and sand color with black velvet girdle. Sizes 32 to 44 bust; skirts 40 inches long. Also for misses 29 to 38 bust, skirts 38 inches long. The skirts finished with deep basted hem. Special price, mail or express charges prepaid by us . . . **\$5.98**

8M25—A Very Beautiful Dress for misses, suitable for graduation or confirmation. New Empire double tunic style. Dress is made of a beautiful quality embroidered Brussels net in a charming pattern. The blouse of embroidered net is gracefully draped over a net lining and is trimmed with crocheted buttons. The stylish roll collar is of net, edged with veining and the three quarter sleeves are of net to match. Both upper and lower tunic are heavily embroidered with Japanese Silk Floss and the upper tunic is shirred and corded at waist line. Dress is made over a net foundation. Comes in white with wide satin messaline sash, in light blue, pink or white. Sizes 14 to 30 years, 32 to 38 bust. Special low price, mail or express charges prepaid by us . . . **\$5.98**



EMBROIDERED
NET

8M25
DRESS
\$5.98

HAND
EMBROIDERED

Necessities for Graduation Day

12M30—Gauze-weight Pure Silk Stockings: double soles, heels and toes of pure lisle thread. All silk leg; double garter top of lisle. Black, white, tan, emerald green, gray, violet, gold or bronze. Sizes 2½ to 10. **43c** Postage prepaid; special price per pair . . .

22M31—16 Button Glove of genuine pure dye Silk, very lustrous, 22 inches in length, double finger tips. Kid point embroidered backs, fastens with two clasps. Colors: Black or white. Sizes 2½ to 8½. Special price, **55c** Postage prepaid by us . . .

You'll Need a Pair of White Pumps

20M32—Dressy Pump of white Sea Island Canvas, high Cuban heel, light-weight soles, vamp trimmed with white silk bow. Suede and kid lined. A pair of adjustable straps with buttons are included. Sizes 2½ to 7. Widths C, D, and E. Special price, Postage **\$1.46** prepaid by us . . .

20M33—Same Pump in white NuBuck Leather, C, D, E widths, sizes 2½ to 7. Postage prepaid by **\$1.98** us. . .



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PURE
SILK
GLOVES
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CANVAS
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No. 4071. Handsome Heller Oriental Cultured natural pearl, single stone ring, perfectly plain mounting. Price \$12.00.

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This advertisement is a tribute to him—to WHITE, the artist who made the gem-set ring famous.

His designs are of rare beauty, distinctive and exclusive—masterpieces to delight the connoisseurs.

If you want a ring for yourself, or for son, daughter or friend, you will want to see W-W-W Rings.

W-W-W Rings

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ELIZABETH KING, 59 E. Station F, New York City.

THE REAL THING

[Continued from page 14]

"Yes," murmured the girl's clear tones, "she's just the wife for Dean. Once I had an idea it would be Billy; but, after all, she's only a dear, fluffy kitten of a thing. Dean needs—"

I couldn't stand it another second. I ran back to that ballroom, and I danced as I had never danced before. I laughed. I chattered. I danced Dean's dances with Tom Endicott, merely shrugging my shoulders when he protested.

It was after midnight when a group of us strolled into the billiard-room. Dean was not there, but Claire Endicott was with Tom. Colonel Endicott put down his cue, and joined us. As he stood talking, he struck a match, and whether he threw it over his shoulder when his cigar was lighted, or what started it I shall never know; but it didn't seem a moment after before we heard a scream, and the next instant Claire Endicott, her beautiful gown a sheet of flame, rushed past us straight out of the garden door. For one second I was petrified like the rest; then I tore after her.

Looking back, now, I can't tell how I did it. She was much larger and stronger than I, and frantic with terror; but, somehow, I tripped her and rolled her over and over on the gravel path, tearing away the flimsy chiffon of her gown, and beating out the little, licking flames with my hands.

Of course, it wasn't but a moment or so before the others found us, but even a fraction of a second counts in a case of fire; so it was all over when poor, excited Tom charged up with the library rug and a baby-sized watering-can. I remember I laughed at him; then everything went black for awhile.

The next I knew I was lying on a couch in Molly Endicott's room up-stairs. Great-Aunt Mehitabel sat beside me, big tears rolling down her wrinkled cheeks.

Dean was standing over by the window, playing with the tassel of the curtain.

"I am convinced," said Great-Aunt solemnly, "that this night's work is a direct act of retribution on the part of Providence. If Julia had not seen fit to go gallivanting off with that moon-faced widower of a clergyman, this would never have happened. At her age, too! I shall speak my mind plainly when we reach home. A pretty person she is to bring up a heedless child like Wilhelmina!"

Dean turned around.

"Her hands—her little, pretty, soft hands! If there are scarred—"

From under my lashes I looked down at my hands. Hands? Puff-balls of white bandages! For a moment I felt quite sick—I'm afraid I'm vain of my

hands—then I looked up into Dean's anxious eyes.

"Is she all right? Not burned a bit?" I asked.

Great-Aunt pushed Dean away. She bent over me as I tried to rise.

"Wilhelmina, not another word! You are not to excite yourself."

"I want to go home," I insisted. "Dean, please order the motor. I must go home."

"Very well, Dean," said Great-Aunt glumly, "and hurry, will you? To-morrow, Wilhelmina, I shall alter my will, and it may teach that gadabout Julia a valuable lesson. Is the pain very severe, child?"

"Pretty bad," I answered. "Did you see Miss Endicott, Great-Aunt? Is she unhurt?"

Great-Aunt rose and tied her Spanish-lace scarf firmly over her silvery hair.

"I understand," she said majestically, "that the young woman has taken a sleeping potion and retired. In my day no hysteria would have prevented a well-bred girl from personally thanking her rescuer."

"But I don't want thanks," I protested. "Here's Dean. We can go, now, Great-Aunt."

A sobered crowd of young and old said good night to us. They said a lot of very kind things, too, but I didn't notice them very much. The pain in my hands was getting intolerable and I longed for the refuge of my own room.

"Billy," said Dean, very low, when we had entered our dimly-lit hall, "I shall 'phone in for Gresham. If your hands are scarred— Oh, Billykins, why did it have to be you, little girl? Your little, pretty hands! I've done all I can, but— Will you see me, dear, if I run over at seven? You'll sleep. I've given your aunt something to make you. Will you see me early?"

"Yes," I assented dully, "but you'll have to do all the talking, Dean. I feel as if it were the end of the world."

Well, I didn't sleep in spite of the powder. Burned hands are no joke. I gritted my teeth and didn't yell, but that was about all. I could hear Great-Aunt booming away at poor, scared Aunt Julia, though what the poor soul had to do with things I couldn't imagine.

At six o'clock I could stand inaction no longer, so with Norah's help I dressed and went out into the cool dawn. My hands were paining dully, but I tried to make believe they weren't; and when Dean came around the corner of the veranda, I held up those ridiculous puff-balls in a strictly scientific attitude and called out, "Defend yourself, Doctor

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THE REAL THING

[Continued from page 70]

French. If I should ever hit you with this awful weapon—"

"Billy," said Dean sharply, "you break my heart. I've walked the floor all night, and now—you joke! You look as fresh as a rose. What are you made of?"

I looked at Dean's haggard face. There were great dark circles under his tired eyes, and suddenly I knew. Oh, yes, I knew—when it might be too late. "Dean," I said slowly, "have you called up Miss Endicott? Do you know how she is?"

"Kindly leave her name out of our conversation!" snapped Dean irritably. "Good Heavens, Billy! When I think that as a result of her idiocy your hands may be scarred, I could wring her neck! Oh, Billy, why did you do it? It was brave, dear, but—"

"Dean," I said, resolutely looking away down our long avenue of trees. "I learned last night that I am only a fluffy little kitten of a thing, and that Claire Endicott will make you a magnificent wife. It's true. I could see it as soon as I heard the words. And so I want you to—"

"Stop where you are." I hardly knew Dean's voice—it was so husky. "Claire Endicott may be a magnificent woman, but she is not the kind of woman I want for my wife. Heavens above, Billy! Do you think a man wants to talk shop everlastingly? Do you think he wants to hear about infant mortality statistics and the inherent vice of the slum districts when he's tired? Not on your life! What he hungers for is a dear, fluffy, little girl to run her fingers through his hair, and sit on the arm of his chair after dinner, and give naughty imitations of queer people they both know, and to get flour on her pert little nose making doughnuts—"

Well, I suppose it was just about then that I turned around and found myself in Dean's arms, but I made a last appeal. "You're sure you're not saying that because my hands are burned? You're sure it isn't pity?"

"Great Heavens above!" said Dean stormily. "Pity! How many years must I go on telling you that you are the only girl— Oh, Billy, have a little pity yourself! Must I go away from you for an endless year—perhaps more—and know that I leave you indifferent—"

I don't know that I said anything, but Dean stopped short and cupped my chin with his lean hand.

"Why, Billy," he said in a bewildered fashion, "you don't—you can't—it isn't possible—"

"Yes, it is," I wailed, hiding my face. "Oh, Dean, I hate to say it, but I'm

[Concluded on page 73]



All friends of Eagle Brand, both big and little, are cordially invited to visit the Borden Exhibit, if their good luck takes them to the Panama-Pacific International Exhibition. The children especially will like the exhibits showing how their old favorite

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GRADUATION ETIQUETTE

WHAT GOOD FORM DEMANDS—A MONTHLY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

IT makes some difference, when one is graduating from school, whether or not there is another school life beginning next September. If you are going on to art school, or college, or business college, commencement does not seem, perhaps, quite so interesting as to the girls who are going to be at home thereafter, and to the boys who are going directly into business. A preparatory or high school commencement should be simple, in any case, and never elaborately formal, but there are some little things to which the well-bred girl and young man will take scrupulous pains to attend.

Perhaps the most important point is the matter of invitations. When you are sixteen, you are apt to forget how interested Great-Aunt Caroline is sure to be in your commencement. You may not remember how kind she was when you were tiny, nor how fond she always was of your father. But your mother will know, so do not forget to ask her to whom cards should be sent. It's your commencement, of course, but remember how proud she is of you, how glad the elderly relatives and old family friends will be to come and see you graduate, if you can possibly contrive to make room for them all.

Of late years, there has been a great deal too much made of gift-giving at commencement time, until people of finer feeling have hesitated to send invitation cards, lest it seem like soliciting presents for the young graduate. A reaction has set in strongly, however, and from the girls' gowns to the class photograph, every one, nowadays, is all for simplicity. Almost everywhere, it is considered bad form to give jewelry, clothing, or anything of the sort unless one is a relative or very close friend of the graduate's family. Members of the family often take this occasion to fit Daugh-

ter out with a full set of pretty summer things, and the long gloves that she will be needing. Son gets probably the nicest suit he has had so far, and sometimes Father likes to make it the occasion of the first good watch, saying to himself, "I suppose he is old enough to take care of one now." Any longed-for privilege or some article for the daughter's room makes a capital commencement gift. One girl I know was made perfectly happy by a membership in the golf club, but never realized till years afterward how much

that gift had had to do with the sturdy health she had that year!

Very near friends of the family may send gifts slightly less personal, and flowers are always welcome. Acquaintances are sending, instead of gifts, notes of congratulation in acknowledgment of the invitation.

Among members of the graduating class the question of gifts is a little different. The boys and girls you have been with for four or perhaps eight or ten years are separating, and, naturally, you want to remember them and be remembered by them wherever you go. Class photographs are nice, but with a large class it is apt to be prohibitively expensive to exchange with every one, and to exchange with some and not all requires tact. A small personal gift to one's particular intimates is easier to manage.

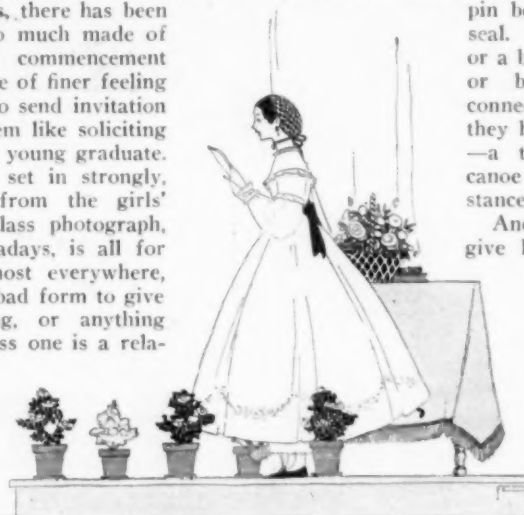
WHEN the boy is going to another school or college, there is nothing more appreciated by the girls he likes best than a gift of something bearing the insignia of his new Alma Mater. He may give banners, and sofa cushions, and the one kind of jewelry allowed between people who are not engaged—a hatpin or pin bearing his college seal. Flowers, candy, or a book he may send, or better, something connected with fun they have had together—a tennis racket, or canoe paddle, for instance.

And what may a girl give her boy friends?

There is a wide choice if she will do a little thinking. A fountain pen, which he can use either in business or at school, is always a nice gift. If he does not need

a pen, a little clock for his desk is a gift always treasured by the boy. Other desk things are welcome—pads, calendars, and paper knives. It is better not to give anything like cuff-links or a scarf-pin, but etiquette allows gifts whose chief value has been put into them by the young lady herself—neckties, initialed handkerchiefs, pillow-tops, and knitted mufflers. If she prefers, sporting things may be chosen, though, to be sure they often cost as much as jewels! Tennis rackets, golf clubs,

[Concluded on page 74]



SIMPLICITY SHOULD BE THE KEY-NOTE OF GRADUATION EXERCISES

THE REAL THING

[Continued from page 71]

afraid it's the Real Thing. I found it out last night when I thought I must give you up to Miss Endicott. I—I'm horribly afraid I was just vulgarly jealous, Dean."

Dean's laugh was very shaky.

"And yet you saved her from disfigurement if nothing worse! As for jealousy, Billykins, do you know I've been miserably jealous of that blue-and-mahogany dining-room where hounds and a parrot were welcome and I was not. Do you think, little girl, that when I come back, you'll be willing—"

"Dean," I whispered penitently, "you may read your paper every morning at the table and just grunt when I speak to you, and I shall never say a word. I shall be so thankful that you are not doing it in some other girl's dining-room, you know."

"You know us, I see," murmured Dean ruefully. "Ah, Billy, there's Gresham's car turning in at the lodge! If he says those precious little paws of yours will go unscarred, I shall never regret last night."

"I shall never regret it, either," I said earnestly. "As Viney says, I got my senses last night and before you get back from Europe, I mean to have my knowledgeses, too, Dean."

"Don't you dare!" threatened Dean gaily. "The only change in you to which I shall ever consent will be when you change your name to French. Otherwise you suit me down to the ground."

"Paws and all?" I demanded, waving my bandaged hands.

"Paws and all!" answered Dean gravely. "Most fervently and proudly, Billy, paws and all!"

WAXING LINOLEUM

By K. H. DIXON

MOST housewives know that to apply two or three coats of varnish to their kitchen linoleum will preserve its wearing qualities; but I have found that an additional help is to apply floor wax on top of the varnish, just as one would to polish a hardwood floor. Once a week, I wipe the linoleum with clear water and a clean cloth. About once in two weeks I apply the floor wax, leaving it to dry for about twenty minutes, then polishing with a soft dry cloth. The hard shiny surface keeps the dirt from adhering, and it can easily be swept up; whereas, I formerly had to scrub it almost every day. The wax brightens the linoleum wonderfully, and also helps to resist wear. My linoleum has been in use for six years, and is as bright as ever although I have a family of growing boys.



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**Carmen
Powder**

Stafford-Miller Company,
533 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

GRADUATION ETIQUETTE

[Continued from page 72]

canoe cushions, and such things are chummy, unsentimental presents to give, at which not an eyebrow could be raised.

But gifts are not the only expression of good will the graduates may expect to receive. They may expect, besides, the loyal effort of the Junior Class to make their commencement a success. It is a pleasant custom for the Juniors to engage the hall for the exercises, decorate it, arrange for the music, receive the flowers sent, bank them where they can be most conveniently distributed, and usher the guests to their seats. Schools differ as to the method of arranging for the Senior reception; but a very popular custom is for the Juniors to give the Seniors a reception, with punch and sandwiches for refreshments, immediately after the afternoon exercises.

If you are graduating from a school in your own town, and the class is not to scatter after the diplomas are handed out, you may like to try a plan that works well in small cities and towns. Wait till the fatigue of examinations and the excitement of commencement are over before you have your final frolic, and then let it be a care-free, jolly picnic rather than a stuffy, hot reception. Or, have the reception and dance the night before commencement, and be as formal as you like; but save a day the next week for a happy party by yourselves, with some of your mothers along if the teachers have gone to their homes.



The main thing to remember about commencement, whether high school is to end your school days, or college prolong your youth for four years more, is that you are a schoolboy or girl until after graduation, certainly, and that it is not only unnecessary, but ridiculous for you to try to emulate the ways of society, and particularly of wealthy society. Your fathers and mothers are so proud of you, they will allow you even foolish liberty of expense and action, but why not give them the satisfaction of seeing that you know what good taste means in graduation?

Editor's Note.—All of us have been placed at times in some unfamiliar situation which has embarrassed or confused us. "What should I do?" we ask ourselves, and this department is planned to answer that question for our readers. Miss Randolph will be glad to reply to all questions, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with your inquiry.

This Church Received \$78.75 Under McCall's Church-Fund-Raising Plan



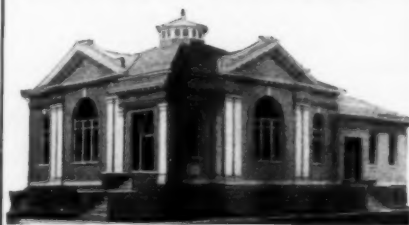
2nd Dutch Reformed Church, Jersey City, N. J.

Mrs. Elsie Herzog, Secretary of The Ladies' Aid Society of the above church, writes:

"Permit me to express our most sincere thanks for your check of \$78.75 sent to Mrs. F. Gerlich for having obtained subscriptions for your Magazine. Mrs. F. Gerlich solicited these subscriptions alone by calling on her friends in their several homes and is therefore surely deserving of all praise and encouragement for her untiring efforts. Here is another indisputable proof of what one person can do.

"The money received was deposited in our 'Sinking Fund' to apply to the elimination of our Church Debt. Our people all appreciate your generosity. Again thanking you for your kindness and recommending your plan to all other churches in need of money."

This Church Received \$80.45 Under McCall's Church-Fund-Raising Plan



Presbyterian Church, Fairbury, Nebraska

Miss Sue C. Hoopes, of the above church, writes in part as follows about the McCall Church-Fund-Raising Plan:

"I simply put your proposition before the Society and they all responded so nicely. Thanking you again for the McCall check for \$80.45," etc.

Let McCall's Help Your Church

raise \$75.00 or \$100.00 or \$150.00 by a plan that is easier and more satisfactory in every way than fairs, socials, entertainments, etc. Indorsed by over 2,000 churches who have received our checks. Ask for free pamphlet, "HOW OTHER CHURCHES HAVE RAISED MONEY" and "Our \$100.00 Prize Offer to Your Church."

Address:

McCALL'S CHURCH-FUND-RAISING DEPARTMENT
c/o The McCall Company
236 to 246 West 37th Street, New York City, N. Y.

OUR FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE MAIL-BOX

[Continued from page 26]

No refreshments, no real "trouble". Only the play, and, at the end, the singing together of some happy song or such of the patriotic songs as have in them nothing of war and battles and bloodshed.

Why, evenings like this, children would look back on all their lives, and there is no measuring what this might do for them in determining the kinds of amusement which, in the years just to follow, they will pick out for themselves.

And if you still say: "Well, they ought to be kept at home so long as one can keep them there," I think that this time the answer would not be "Whose home?" But the answer would be that any home where the children have to be "kept", when they are longing for wholesome, normal association and playing, is not doing the best by any means for its children, even if the "keeping-in" process does outwardly succeed.

Can any mother's or father's heart fail to be touched at sight of the poor little "dens" and "club-houses", put up in back-yards, made of building-paper and partly burrowed out in the ground, as boys' meeting-places? Instead of scoldings, the gospel of substitution should be applied, surely, and something wholesome and normal given them.

For the instinct to be satisfied is the same instinct which drives a mother to a party, or a father to his club, only—as is not always true of the party and the club—these weekly evenings planned for the children, may be made a means of training and instruction and nourishment.

Not as the children's autocrat, however loving, but as the children's trainer, the drawer-out of all their possibilities, are you so certain that there is not here a help which is worth trying out?

Do I hear you say that it will break up the home? Or that it will cause the home to lose its influence?

But do you know that that is exactly what they said when Froebel first introduced the kindergarten? Moreover, do you know that this is exactly what they said when the first Sunday-schools were inaugurated—that they were lessening the home influence?"

It doesn't seem possible now, does it? And in a few years from now it will likewise seem impossible that we can have failed to develop uncommercialized recreation for children just as we have developed uncommercialized libraries.

Editor's Note.—Miss Gale will be glad to offer suggestions and advice as to the problems of your home town, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your inquiry. Address your letter, The Friendship Village Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

"CHALMERS Lets the Body Breathe"

You See Right Through
This Light, Open, Durable
Fabric.

All the comfort
and durability one
could wish are
found in this good
underwear.

It Must Be Cool

Since you can see right through the Chalmers "Porosknit" fabric, as shown in the picture, surely you can see, too, that it must give a heaping measure of Summer comfort—to man or boy. Tell your husband or son about this—or buy them some union suits.

The Closed Crotch of Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits is immensely comfortable. It fits, stays put. There can be no "short-waisted" feeling, no cutting in the crotch. No flaps gape open. There is no bulge, but a smooth, elastic, flexible fit—with elasticity in the seat, so that the garment gives easily with every bend or twist. All seams are double-seamed by cover-seaming.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is imitated widely, BUT duplicated never. It is well to remember that and insist on the genuine.

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., 58 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, New York
Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight

This Label on Every Garment



Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN Any Style 50c
Shirts and Drawers per garment

FOR BOYS 25c

FOR MEN \$1.00 UNION SUITS Any Style

FOR BOYS 50c

BOYS and GIRLS Shetland PONIES GIVEN

If you have ever dreamed of having a nice little pony, write for my plan that has made it easy for boys and girls to get ponies. All my ponies are well trained and gentle. If you haven't a pony and want this one send me your name today.

Don't send any money. Just your name. On a post card, say: I want you to send me a pony and buggy free, address

UNCLE JERRY, The Pony Man D 38, E. 4th St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

The 1915 ARROW Electric Light



Great Bicycle Offer!

Write for catalog. Only \$5 down and you keep the Wonderful 1915 Arrow—new motorcycle type. Pay small amount each month while you ride. Write for our special, rock-bottom offer. Write Today Electric light, motorcycle stand and parcel rack; many new features. Write for free catalog now. ARROW CYCLE CO., Dept. A200, California & 19th St., Chicago, Ill.

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE



That Favorite Gown

YOU wouldn't risk spoiling it for many times its cost. Then remember the importance of your dress shields and be certain to select Omo Odorless Shields. They assure perfect protection. Every pair guaranteed.

Omo Shields come in styles suitable for every costume. All are double-covered, washable, made of finest materials.

Ask your dealer particularly for Omo Shields. If he does not have them, send us his name and 25c for sample pair, size 5. Beautiful booklet mailed free on request.

THE OMO MFG. CO.
52 Walnut St.,
Middletown,
Conn.



Pants for Infants

THE scientifically made kind recommended by nurses and experienced mothers. Made of Omo Sanitary Sheeting and Omo Rubber Sheeting. Plain or lace trimmed, 25c to \$1.00 a pair. At your dealers or write to us.

Whitcomb's "Flexsole" Shoe

Don't Double Most comfortable shoe made for Women. Soft, perfect fitting, and handsome. No seams—no tacks—no lining. Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded. Send outline sole of foot and state size usually worn.

Postpaid—Lace \$3.00
Oxford \$2.50 Button \$3.75
EASTERN SHOE COMPANY
22 Broadway Beverly, Mass.

Agents wanted Everywhere
Special Inducements

THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

THE QUESTION OF BUYING IN PACKAGE OR BULK

By AGNES ATHOL

DID you ever see a cat in a grocery store? The modern, sanitary grocer will not permit such a thing, of course; but has he as much control over the flies? If he is selling you coffee or oatmeal or flour in bulk, he probably uses a scoop; but the chances are your food comes in contact with more than the scoop. And, after all, why buy half a pound of coffee, or three and a half pounds of sugar, or any other small amount of food? The chances are you lose slightly both on weight and on the division of the price—half of nine cents is five, one-fourth of twenty-five cents is seven, and so it goes. If you know how much cereal you use in a week—and it is your business to know—why not buy it all at once, and be done with that part of the ordering?



The sanitary aspect of buying goods in packages rather than loose is so obvious that it scarcely needs any comment. There is no way of preventing food exposed for sale in bins or boxes from accumulating more or less dust, or from being visited by flies and handled with uncleaned fingers. Probably the only reason we have not suffered more from the wide variety of germs consumed with such products is that most of them are sterilized in cooking. But the idea of a cooked germ is no pleasanter to me than the thought of a cooked fly or any other vermin.

If you could have an opportunity to visit any of the large, well-known establishments where food is prepared for package or tin distribution—and they are all open to the public if they are reputable concerns, for most of them pride themselves on their methods—you would be agreeably surprised at the care taken to keep food, so packed, absolutely clean. Whether you choose a soup kitchen, a bacon packing house, a cereal factory, or a canning establishment, you will find that, for the most part, human hands do not come in contact with your food.

What machinery is used is regularly sterilized, protected by methods as careful as those in any hospital, and in the rare cases where no machine will supplant fingers, there is a manicuring system out-rivaling the finest you could patronize. If you have ever done canning, you must know what every commercial canner knows—that bacteria will cause fermentation or spoilage, and that bacteria lurk in dirt. Even if there were no federal government to maintain a watchful eye, a reputable manufacturer of canned or

package goods would seek to make his product as clean as possible, purely as a matter of good business.

WE have all heard a great deal of talk about the Pure Food and Drugs Act, but there is a wide misconception of the law. If the Pure Food law were abolished to-morrow, you could still go on buying a large number of nationally advertised foods with complete confidence that the article would be changed in no wise; that it would be exactly as good, as pure, and as wholesome as it always had been; because no reliable manufacturer, having been at great trouble and expense to place his goods before the public, would alter the quality in any respect. The guarantee he makes to the public is not in the label, but in the goods themselves.

The Pure Food law is for protection from the small, petty, unknown cheat. If a manufacturer of that sort, tries to put, let us say, moldy beans on the market, and ships some cases of those beans across a state line, "in interstate commerce" the law reads, the federal agents can recommend seizure of the beans, and the manufacturer be held to account. If, however, the producer only attempts to sell such beans within his own state, the federal food officials have no power to deal with him. The state authorities must act. In each state the food laws differ slightly, although, now, the Bureau of Chemistry has established an office for the interchange of all that pertains to the administration of the Food and Drugs law. This limitation of the power of the federal authorities is not clearly understood, and a great deal of criticism and misapprehension have resulted.

It seems to me that no more powerful argument for the widely advertised article could be advanced than this: The big firms are so big that they do not need watching; but if they did, they are the very ones over whom the food and drug authorities have principal control. So much for cleanliness and purity!

Next to the sanitary side of the modern package system comes the matter of weight—the economic aspect. Under the Net Weight law, the label of every bottle, package, tin, or other container of food must state plainly the weight of the contents. When you pay five cents for a box of crackers, you know to an ounce what the contents weigh. In other



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THE HOUSEWIFE'S BUSINESS

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words, there is not only a fixed price per pound, which you pay in any neighborhood, but the grocer cannot skimp the weight. You are absolutely independent of his scales. The Net Weight law even regulates how much liquid and how much



solid there must be in a can of tomatoes or oysters. Your can of string beans must always weigh the same for any given size, and contain the same proportion of liquid and solid matter. A pound can of coffee is precisely what it purports to be. A package of gelatin upon which it is stated the contents will make two quarts of jelly will always do so. A box of breakfast biscuits contains one dozen exactly.

Bottle containers have given particularly hard work to the authorities, because glass varies considerably in thickness. Formerly, one vanilla bottle would hold a third or more less than another, and you could not tell by looking at the outside what you were getting. Now, the law steps in and protects you perfectly. A bottle of salad oil or vinegar no longer masquerades as a quart. You are told, when you buy, that the quantity is one-fifth of a gallon, and you know exactly for what you are paying.

Compare the fairness of this system with something you habitually buy loose—potatoes or onions or beans. One dealer heaps, his measure; another fills it level. How many apples do you get in a quart? What of the scales?

This difference between exact and near weight, as well as the difference in cleanliness, is especially marked in dried fruits, such as raisins, dates, prunes, and currants, and in crackers. When you buy bulk crackers, you generally have to take a number of broken ones, even if you get full weight, whereas the sealed cartons almost always preserve their contents whole. Spices and flavoring extracts are a fertile field for the small adulterator. The name on the box is your safest guide to fairness and purity. So-called loose pepper or vanilla may be something entirely different and still look like the articles called for. Lard out of a pail at the grocer's or butcher's may be made by a clean firm, but unless you are very sure it is not some inferior compound, why not buy a sealed pail with a well-known name, which stands for an inspected establishment to begin with, and impeccable methods of packing? If you are opposed to lard, there are all the excellent new cottonseed-oil products, a coconut fat, and another widely known and tested vegetable

shortening; all to be had in protected packages or tins of the correct weight.

The amazing thing about package foods, whether in cartons, tins, or bottles, is the extraordinary variety of food now prepared outside of the home, and available to any housekeeper, whether she lives near a shopping center or not. Those who live inland may get delicious sea-food by express; those who have no cows may use unsweetened evaporated milk or sweet condensed milk for their babies with entire confidence—provided the manufacturer is one of the high type I have described. Instead of having only oatmeal and corn meal available in the cereal line, the new system of selling in packages permits us to have at least a score of breakfast foods. If we wish, we may use a different one every morning for nearly a month, or we may rotate two or three kinds each week. There are steam-cooked rolled oats; white or brown wheat foods; malt and other grains mixed; hominy and farina. Also, there are the pre-cooked cereals, ranging from the special biscuit-like kind to the puffed, flaked, or ground varieties.

In flavorings and seasonings, we may have greater range, because such articles, bottled, keep a long time. If certain ones are made with water or alcohol, and evaporate quickly, all we need to do is to purchase a smaller-sized bottle. This is particularly true with baking-powder and coffee. These two commodities keep as long as the tin is sealed, but lose their best qualities soon if not air-tight. They keep far better, however, in a pound or half-pound tin, than when the same quantity is bought and kept in a paper bag.

The chief economy of all, however, in canned or package goods of all sorts, is the fact that they may be bought in wholesale quantities and stored away, with the exception of a short time in the summer when the weather is warm, so that both time for buying and retail profits are saved to the housekeeper. From bacon to crackers, there is practically no necessary food that cannot be kept on hand in this way.

The buying of package and canned goods in quantities that permit wholesale prices is especially convenient for the rural or suburban housewife; for it not only saves the difference in cost, but the time, trouble, and perhaps expense of extra trips to town, that buying at retail in small quantities necessitates. Whatever your location, you will be interested in effecting the considerable saving that a little foresight in this matter will bring about. Have a talk with your grocer, and figure it for yourself.



Make Your Hair Look its Best

Your hair always looks twice as well when it has been properly shampooed. Proper shampooing brings out all the real beauty, life, lustre, natural wave and color.

It is easy to keep your hair always looking its best, when you use

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL is especially prepared for washing the hair. It is a clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, which cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often it is used.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store, and a 50 cent bottle should last you for months.

Every Original bottle bears the signature

R. L. Watkins

Look for it on the Label.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO.
Cleveland, Ohio



You Know Them!



Here's Mrs. B.
She is 40 but looks 50. She is sorry that she didn't take care of her youthful beauty.



Here's Mrs. M.
She's 25; looks 35, and tries to conceal it with a lot of artificial stuff. Fools nobody but herself.



Here's Mrs. S.
She's 40 but looks 30. She's taken good care of her looks, and has her just reward.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

Pompeian Massage Cream does preserve youthful beauty. It subdues the tired lines of worry and work; invigorates the skin and cleanses the pores of foreign matter that causes so many complexion troubles. Moreover, Pompeian Massage Cream doesn't cover up. It builds up. It rubs in and rolls out. Nothing is left on the face but a clear glow of youth caused by the gentle friction on the skin as the cream is massaged in and out. Takes the summer shine out of oily skins. At all dealers, 50c, 75c and \$1.



TRIAL JAR sent for 4c in stamps. Clip the coupon now.

----- Cut along this line -----
The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 9 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find 4c (in stamps) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

Makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. For 25 years Allen's Foot-Ease has been the Standard Remedy for Tired, aching, swollen, smarting, tender feet. Nothing rests the feet so quickly and thoroughly. It takes the friction from the Shoe, the sting out of Corns and Bunions and makes walking a delight. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it TODAY. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

MARKETING FOR BEAUTY

By ANNETTE BEACON

SPRING and summer are the gracious seasons of the year when one may find good complexions on sale at every market-stall, and pink cheeks and bright eyes growing gaily in one's own garden-patch.

Suppose, then, we hang our baskets over our arms and set forth amarketing!

If we are to have that peach-bloom complexion all women crave to possess, we must stop, first of all, at the town pump, or the water-cooler faucet, and take a long, long drink of fresh, cool

paste, and drink a glass of sweet milk. In the morning, brush teeth and mouth again, both before and after breakfast, and drink another glass of milk. Even with these precautions, you will be anything but a desirable companion; so say farewell to polite society before you launch yourself on this adventure. But you may hug to yourself the comforting reflection that your complexion will be several shades whiter and your eyes clearer when your week is up.



LETTUCE IS AN EXCELLENT AID TO BEAUTY

water—only one of the eight glasses we should drink every day of our lives.

Then, as we go along, let us number over in our minds the various flaws in our personal appearance. Pimples? Oh my, oh me! Pies, and cakes, and candies, and fat meats must be crossed off our diet list at once; and, stopping at the very first stall of all, we will buy a peck of spinach and a quart of onions. They are better than doctor's prescriptions, and will help out the good services of our cold-cream jar, which should occupy the place of honor on our toilet-table in the months which bring tan, sunburn and freckles in their train. Both spinach and onions will prove immensely effective in ridding the body of the waste poisons which are causing those disfiguring pimples.

IF your eyes are somewhat muddy, your stomach slightly out of order, and you catch cold continually without any apparent reason, then be a real heroine and, each night before you retire, for, say, one whole long week, eat a nice little raw onion. Brush your teeth and mouth immediately after with your favorite tooth-

LETTUCE is an invaluable aid to the girl who cares about her personal appearance. It is an excellent stomach regulator, and acts beneficently on the digestive tract and the bowels. Eat it several times a week as a salad, with or without oil dressing, using lemon-juice with the oil instead of vinegar. And if you are a victim of sleeplessness or nervousness, try eating a few leaves



THE GIRL WHO MARKETS FOR BEAUTY



"SHALL I, OR SHALL I NOT, TAKE THE ONION TREATMENT?"

of lettuce just before you go to bed, for the crisp green vegetable has sedative qualities.

Tomatoes form one of the best summer foods for beauty, as they have a stimulating effect upon the

liver. Eat them twice a day—with oil and just a little vinegar. You can combine them with your friend, the lettuce; and if you have the bad habit of piecing between meals, it will be easier to forgive you if, instead of a piece of cake or pie, you help yourself to a nice fat tomato sprinkled with a little salt.

Tomatoes are also good for tan. Cut in two and rub the cut surface over the face, letting the juice dry on the skin. After a few moments, wash off. Do this three times daily for a week, and your skin will have lost much of its ugly brown tinge.

String beans and asparagus are excellent vegetables for the summer girl in

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MARKETING FOR BEAUTY

[Continued from page 78]

search of beauty, and celery is good for Milady's nerves. It can be stewed in cream, eaten raw with salt, or diced and served with oil dressing as a salad, either alone or in combination with chopped apples, watercress, or lettuce.

Carrots are an excellent beautifier; and if you will eat a raw carrot daily, your mirror will testify to their efficacy.

Parsley makes a good bleach for a yellow skin. Boil a generous handful in a quart of distilled water. After filtering, add fifteen grains each of powdered alum, pulverized camphor, and powdered borax. Shake, and apply to the skin twice a day.

Lettuce Cream, which you can prepare at home, is effective in healing a sunburned, irritated skin.

LETTUCE CREAM

Almond Oil	2 ounces
Spermaceti	1/2 ounce
White Wax	1/4 "
Lettuce Juice	1 "

Place oil, wax and spermaceti in a double boiler, and warm over a slow fire, until they can be smoothly creamed. Add the lettuce juice, drop by drop, stirring constantly with a silver fork.

To make the lettuce juice, scald the lettuce with boiling water. After it has stood a moment or two, pour off water, and pound lettuce to a paste in an earthenware bowl. Strain through a cloth, and perfume with violet extract.

The homely cucumber can be used to make both an astringent lotion which will help to contract enlarged pores and act as a preventive of sunburn, and a Cucumber Bleach which is absorbed by the skin as soon as applied. I shall be glad to send formulas for these to any who want to try putting them up at home; but you can always secure a reliable cucumber preparation at your druggist's, if you are sure to choose an advertised name which has a reputation to sustain, and are careful to take no substitute.

Protect your skin against sunburn by rubbing it thoroughly with a good cold cream, always, before going out into the sun. This will not leave the face greasy in appearance if you are careful to wipe it off thoroughly with a pad of absorbent cotton or a soft cloth, and to dust it with a good pure powder.

Editor's Note.—Every woman possesses the possibilities of attraction. Beauty often lies merely in clear eyes, well-cared-for skin, nicely manicured nails, soft and luxuriant hair, and an attractive figure. It is Miss Beacon's object in this department to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. All inquiries, enclosing stamped envelope, will be cheerfully answered by mail.

Resinol Soap

makes healthy skins
and clear complexions



THERE are three excellent reasons why Resinol Soap appeals so strongly to the woman who wishes to preserve or restore the fresh, youthful charm of her complexion, or to protect her baby's delicate skin—

It gives a free, creamy and unusually cleansing lather, in either hard or soft water.

Its ingredients are pure and utterly wholesome, with no trace of free alkali—that harsh, drying chemical which many soap-makers find too difficult and expensive to remove.

And best of all, it contains the soothing Resinol medication that physicians have prescribed for years, in Resinol Ointment, for skin affections—just enough of it to keep the skin soft, the complexion clear, and to make baby's bath an insurance against annoying chafings and eruptions.

If the skin already is in bad condition through neglect, or the complexion injured by the unwise use of cosmetics, a little Resinol Ointment should at first be used to help the Resinol Soap restore their natural health and beauty. Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For guest-room size trial cake, write to Dept. 30-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

WHY PAY TWO PRICES FOR FENCES?



Buy direct from our factory. Hundreds of exclusive styles. Wire and Ornamental Iron guaranteed Fences for every purpose; Gates, etc. **Write for Free Catalog, First Order and Early Buyers' Offer!**
WARD MFG. CO. 207 Ward St., Decatur, Ind.

MONUMENTS

Love's Lasting Tribute
White Bronze is more enduring than granite and is less expensive. Does not chip, crumble or become moss-grown. Has stood every test for over forty years. Work delivered anywhere. Write for handsome Booklet—free.

Reliable Representatives wanted
THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.
429 A. Howard Ave. Bridgeport, Conn.



The **Prophy-lactic**

Tooth Brush

Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE



**This
Iron
Burns
Safe**

**KEROSENE
OIL!**

Now we have it! The Improved Imperial Self-Heating Iron burns kerosene.

Absolute safety, greatest efficiency, economy and convenience. Unqualifiedly, the best self-heating ironing device in the world. Safer and more economical than electric or gas irons.

THE IMPERIAL SELF-HEATING IRON

Takes the drudgery out of ironing day

Produces elegant finish. Nothing to get out of order. No cords or wires to bother. Use indoors or out. Fine for traveling. No odor, no danger—Easily cleaned. Always ready. Burns ordinary kerosene or gasoline—Combination complete, no attachments required. **Heats 10 hours for 1 cent.** Price low. Liberally guaranteed. Use it on **10 days FREE Trial.**

The Imperial Self-Heating Iron quickly pays its low cost in the saving of time, health, work, worry and fuel. Every housewife, mother and seamstress should have one. It saves steps, prevents headache, backache and tired feet.

Don't delay—write us now for **FREE Booklet "Ironing Comfort"** and particulars of **10 Day Free Trial Offer.**

Dealers & Agents wanted.

IMPERIAL BRASS MFG. CO.
Dept. 876 1210 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

**Get the Dust Out of Furniture
in a thorough, sanitary way by using**

The Reeves Vacuum Cleaner



The Reeves takes ALL the dust from upholstered furniture, mattresses, rugs, carpets, matting, corners and crevices, easily and quickly.

Exclusive, patented features make The Reeves different from any other vacuum cleaner you may have seen.

Send postal for interesting illustrated booklet.

Splendid proposition for local agents.

THE REEVES V. C. CO.
118 Broad St., Milford, Conn.

DAISY FLY KILLER



placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express prepaid for \$1.

HAROLD SOMERS
150 DuKalo Ave., Bklyn., N. Y.

BELATED BLOOM

[Continued from page 24]

bed early that night and fell asleep immediately. In the morning she awoke late and lay for half an hour, enjoying her feeling of leisure. Then she rang the bell at the head of her bed. Her maid appeared, bringing the flowers which were Hugh's never-failing morning greetings. Philippa held them to her face for a moment.

"I'll have breakfast in bed this morning," she said. "And Ellen, I think I'll have a massage. Call up Miss Matthews and ask if she can come about eleven." During the last weeks there had been little time for the service of the body.

Philippa's spirits were extraordinarily light. She found it impossible to think of anything but the bliss of having time to get rested. Oh, blessed ease and freedom, cried her soul and body. A whole week! Of course, she would miss Hugh, but with what fresh happiness she would meet him after the season of quiet! Fortunately, the rush of entertainments had abated. She had no engagements for a day or two and she would not let any one know, just at first, that Hugh was away. It was so good to have her time free. She came down to luncheon and read the new magazines until tea-time. It was rather nice to have tea again—all the nicer since one had proved that one was not a slave to the habit; and it was pleasant to have one or two women drop in at a time when they were no interruption. She dined alone and once more went to bed early.

The next morning there was a letter from Hugh, which she answered to the address he sent her. The rest of the day passed in idle fashion. A visit to her dressmaker, a walk, tea at a friend's house, where everybody seemed glad to see her and where it was delightful to listen to the chatter, a solitary, but not lonely dinner, an entertaining novel, and then a good-night's sleep.

The third morning she addressed herself with zest to business; a meeting of the hospital board and other matters. In the afternoon she pleased her conscience by paying some visits to old family friends. She dined out that evening and went to bed late. Before she dropped asleep she said to herself: "I really must be serious to-morrow".

In the morning she awoke with a sense of dismay. The week was half-gone! This was Saturday, and if she kept her promise to Hugh, Wednesday would be her wedding day. She reproached herself to the "if". Was there any doubt about her keeping her promise? She was too restless to stay in bed and breakfasted down-stairs. Then she went and sat down at her desk in the

[Continued on page 81]

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BELATED BLOOM

[Continued from page 80]

library. What should she do first? How did one get ready to be married when there was neither trousseau nor wedding, and one was coming back to the same house? Hugh had said that they would go for a week's honeymooning, but it was surely too soon to pack her trunk. At all events, she would write her daily letter and tell him she was getting ready. But after she had taken up her pen, she did not begin to write. Instead, she spoiled a sheet of her best paper by drawing zig-zag lines across it. She drew them with great care. Finally, she put the pen down, and, rising from her chair, began to pace up and down the room.

"What can be the matter with me?" she asked herself. "It is utterly unlike me to behave like this." The answer to her question came to her with a shock, and yet she felt that, far back in her mind, she had always known it. But it was late in the evening before she returned to her desk and again took up her pen. It had seemed to her at first that there were many things which she must say, but in the end she decided that brevity would be wisest.

Dear Hugh [she wrote]: It has been my fault, for I yielded when I ought to have been firm. I cannot marry you. I am not pliable; I am used to going my own way, it is too late for me to marry any one. It is true that I yield to you in almost everything, but I never yield without resistance—and continual resistance is too great a strain on affection. We should both end by being wretched. Yes, you as well as I. You won't like my saying that my decision is for your happiness as well as my own, but it is true—as true as that I have put off writing this letter all day because I am so distressed at the suffering it will cause you. I forgive me.

PHILIPPA

She went out to the nearest box and mailed the letter, but she had, as yet, no sense of freedom. She was plunged in sadness. Her adventure in youth was ended, and with what disaster to one who must always be most dear! Always it must be a joy to have been loved by him. But why—why must the immortal soul be so hampered by a decade or so of mortal existence? She knew well enough that if she had been a dozen years younger she would joyfully have taken her chance with Hugh—and that his happiness would have been safe with her. Even now, in her best moments, her spirit leaped to meet his, with no thought of incongruity. But looking at the matter straight, she realized, as she had never done before, that marriage, as known to mortals, was not altogether an affair of the spirit.

If only he would not insist on seeing her! She feared the interview which she knew she could not avoid, feared to

[Concluded on page 83]

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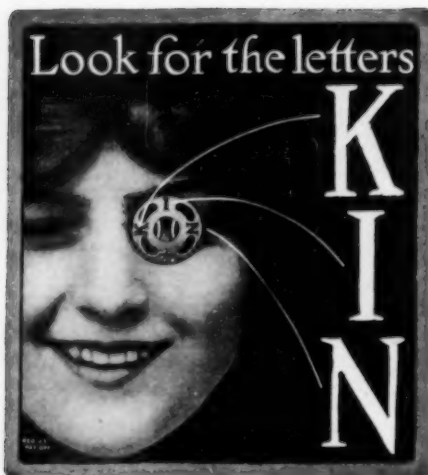
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THE SMILES ROOM

By SARAH CORY RIPPEY

THEY called it the Smiles Room. It was an interesting room, with regular story wall-paper, on which brown-coated men with guns and dogs went hunting among blue trees. If you were a little boy of ten, and longed to be big enough to own a real gun, double-barreled, breech-loading, and all, you could have a good time lying on the floor studying the wall, and pretending you were one of the men. You could even see yourself coming home from the hunt with a deer slung over your shoulder, and hear everybody say, "Well, well, well!"

Besides the story wall-paper, the Smiles Room had a gay carpet, all abloom with great red roses. If you were Edward, and ten, you would pretend they were real roses, and you would tiptoe very gingerly across the floor for fear of stepping on one, and perhaps getting a thorn in your foot.

But it wasn't because of the story wall-paper, or the rose carpet, that it had its name. It was called the Smiles Room because in it was a hat-rack which had a mirror out of which you looked at yourself with a broad grin. No matter how cross you felt; no matter how much your mouth drooped in a pout, if you once looked into that mirror, presto! the sulky mouth stretched across your face; your forehead and your chin came closer together. If your face was long and narrow, it grew short and broad; if your face was already round and wide, it grew wider till your eyes were almost lost, and there didn't seem to be much left but grin.

The Smiles Room was great fun—when you went into it to amuse yourself. But it was not fun when you were cross, and your mother sent you in to look in the mirror and be made pleasant. Sometimes, it made you even crosser for a while, because if you were feeling very

disagreeable inside, it was extremely irritating, somehow, to see yourself with a broad grin.

One afternoon, Edward had one of those disagreeable inside feelings. He wanted to go swimming with the other boys, and his mother said "No", because he had already been once that day. He thought that was reason enough for a fellow's feeling disagreeable inside. But the trouble was that Edward was not only disagreeable inside; the disagreeableness crept through to the outside, and even got into his tongue. That's likely to be the way with such feelings. And Edward had to be sent to the Smiles Room to get pleasant. The disagreeable inside feelings had even slipped into his feet and hands, and made him scuff his heels as he dragged himself sulkily to the Smiles Room, and bang the door after he got in.

THE legs that wanted to go swimming were tired. Edward dropped down into a big chair that faced the mirror.

"I'll fool Muddie this time," he sulked to himself. "I won't look into the old thing. I won't get pleasant." And he jammed his hands deep into his trousers pockets and scowled his eyes shut.

How hot it was! And how cool the river would be! Edward could almost feel the nice, tickly, refreshing lap of the water against his legs. Mothers were very unkind sometimes, he thought. What did they know

of what it meant to a fellow to go swimming on a summer's day?

"You're a nice kind of a kid!" said a boyish voice with a laugh.

Edward's eyes popped open, and before he realized what he was doing he looked straight at the mirror. There was the Grinny Boy!

"I hate you!" he snapped.

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BROWN-COATED MEN, WITH GUNS AND DOGS, WENT HUNTING AMONG BLUE TREES

BELATED BLOOM

[Continued from page 81]

fall once more under the spell of his compelling will and magnetic presence.

He came as fast as railway trains could bring him; and took her in an embrace to which she had, perforce, to yield.

"But didn't you get my letter?" she asked, as soon as he would let her go.

"I certainly did get your letter," he replied. "But my dearest, don't you suppose I understand that it was only a mood? I shall not leave you again in a hurry. We'll be married to-day—and, indeed, you will not find me a tyrant."

"But Hugh, I was—I am in earnest. You must not refuse to take me seriously."

He looked at her keenly for a moment. "Let us sit down then and talk it out, if we must," he said gravely. He placed a chair for her and seated himself opposite. "I had hoped we only needed to be together to understand each other."

It was an interview that racked Philippa's soul. Hugh would not understand. He argued and appealed, was vehement and eloquent, and was, if he had known it, more masterful than ever. Then he changed his tone.

"But show me how, then," he said. "Show me how to make you happy. Make me go your way. You say I must always be master. Out in the world, yes; but with you, no."

"Oh, Hugh," she replied, "you are as you are. I don't want you otherwise—but I am not your mate. Some day you will see it."

To that, of course, he would not listen. He tried to convince her, until at last it seemed to her that she had reached the limit of her endurance.

"It is very painful," she said, "all this—and so useless."

He stopped then and sat silent, his head bowed, his eyes fixed on the floor. At last he raised his head and squared his shoulders.

"It's all to do over again," he said.

"To do over again?" she repeated.

"I must win you again—differently."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed.

"I did it wrong," he said simply. "I must do it right next time."

"Oh, my dear!" cried Philippa. She stopped, perilously balanced between laughter and tears. Suddenly he seemed to her pathetically young. She felt as if she might have been his mother—and with the rush of this new feeling came the sense of freedom.

"You don't suppose for a moment that I am going to give you up?" he said.

His face was set in its most determined lines, but Philippa was not afraid of him any more. Only an inexpressible pity and tenderness filled her heart.



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THE SMILES ROOM

[Continued from page 82]

"Of course, you do," said the Grinny Boy. "Disagreeable Inside people always hate Themselves-as-They-Ought-to-Be." And he grinned and grinned.

"Stop grinning!" cried Edward.

"Can't," said the Grinny Boy. "I'm Yourself-as-You-Ought-to-Be. I can't help grinning any more than you can help scowling when you're Yourself-as-You-Ought-Not-to-Be." And he grinned, and grinned, and grinned.

Out came a fist from a trousers pocket. Bang! it went into the face of the Grinny Boy. Smashety-crash! went the mirror. The Grinny Boy disappeared.

"Now you have done it!"

Edward pulled the other hand out of the other trousers pocket, and looked around in time to see one of the brown-coated hunters stepping down from the wall with his gun. "What do you care," asked Edward, "if I choose to smash the Grinny Boy?"

"Care? I care a whole lot." The hunter shifted his gun to the other shoulder and whistled to his dog. "When your grandfather put us up on the wall, he told your grandmother that we were to guard the family happiness. Now you've smashed your own smile. You can never be happy without that smile; neither can your family. And so I've got to spend this nice, beautiful day hunting another one for you, instead of going after real game. Of course, I care!"

YOU can't shoot smiles with a gun, can you?" Edward asked, somewhat scornfully.

"No, of course not," said the hunter. "You have to shoot them with a camera," and he drew a pocket camera from his hunting bag.

"Take me with you!" begged Edward.

"Take you!" The hunter looked disgustedly at the Disagreeable Inside Boy. "Why, if we should find a perfectly nice smile anywhere, you'd be sure to smash it. You couldn't help it, because you feel that way. However," and he fingered his camera thoughtfully for a minute, "perhaps you'd better come, after all. I'll need you when I'm ready to shoot the smile." And laying his gun on the hall

floor, the hunter started back toward the blue trees, Edward at his heels, and the dog running ahead.

It was hot, and no breeze stirred the leaves; thick underbrush made climbing hard. Edward's legs grew tired as they plodded along, and he became more disagreeable inside as the perspiration dripped from his sulky face. Smile-hunting wasn't so much fun as he thought it would be.

"How much farther do we have to go?" he whined, at last, as he scrambled through a patch of blackberry bushes that tore his trousers and scratched his hands.

"Can't tell," said the hunter. "We'll never find that smile if you keep looking like that."

"I don't see anything to smile about," retorted Edward resentfully.

"Of course you don't," said the hunter. "That's because you're the Boy-You-Ought-Not-to-Be. That kind of a boy only smiles when he can have his own way. The Boy-You-Ought-to-Be would be too plucky

to sulk because it was hot, or because the bushes scratched him, or because he couldn't go swimming. You'd better fill your pockets with berries, for we won't get back in time for supper, at this rate."

Edward pulled himself together at that. Mother would worry if he weren't home for supper. He must find that smile. And, so, they started on.

They searched carefully for the smile, behind the tree trunks, among the bushes, along the shore of a lake. But no smile. Once, they saw a little squirrel sitting up on his big bushy tail, nibbling an acorn. The hunter looked quickly at the Disagreeable-Inside Boy, and got his camera ready. But no smile. There was a faint hint of one, but too indistinct to shoot.

"Tired?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," sighed Edward; "awfully. But we've got to find that smile, and get home for supper. Come on!"

"Hungry?" asked the hunter.

"Uh-huh," said Edward.

"Better eat some of your blackberries."

Edward raised his hand full of plump black fruit to his mouth, then thrust it back into his pocket.

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THE SMILES ROOM

[Continued from page 84]

"No," he cried. "I'll take 'em home to Muddie. She loves wild ones!"

"Snap!" went the camera.

"I've shot one!" cried the hunter.

"Shot one what?" asked Edward.

"A smile, of course!"

Edward looked at him blankly for a moment. Then, "Where'd you find it?" he asked. "I didn't see any."

"Naturally," laughed the hunter. "It was on your own face! Now for home."

"Will we get there in time for tea?" asked Edward.

"Certainly," assured the hunter. And he whistled to his dog, and off they went.

At the thought of home, the tiredness all left; and the tramp home was much easier than the smile hunt had been.

"That," explained the hunter, "is because you've become the Boy-You-Ought-to-Be. Disagreeable inside feelings always make things hard."

"Like sulking when you want to go swimming, and can't," suggested the Boy-He-Ought-to-Be, thoughtfully.

"That's it," said the hunter. "I'll tell you something else, too. If you ever smash your own smile again, just do something nice for some one else. That will make another smile quicker than anything I know. Don't forget! Then, I won't have to hunt one for you."

They were in sight of the hall now. Hannah was out at the well, pumping a pitcher of fresh water. Edward knew what that meant—supper.

"Hurry!" he cried; "we've only a minute to make it." And he and the hunter rushed pell-mell through the blue trees.

Edward dropped down into the hall, slipped across the red-rose carpet, and fell once more into the big chair as the supper-bell rang.

He glanced fearfully at the mirror. The Grinny Boy had come back. Edward stretched lazily and yawned. The Grinny Boy yawned, too. Edward threw back his head with a laugh.

"Supper, dear," called his mother.

"O Muddie, I've brought you—" Edward ran his hands down hastily into his pockets. They were empty!

"I know!" cried his mother. "You've brought me back my Happy Boy!"

Edward smiled wisely as they walked out to supper. "I guess," he said, "I'm the Boy-I-Ought-to-Be."



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54 in. wide, heavy weight only, \$1.50 a yd.

GET THE GENUINE. If your dealer does not have Stork Sheeting write to us.

THE STORK CO.

Dept. 6-H, Boston, Mass.

Makers of Stork Shoes, Stork Pants, etc.



FOR THE WEDDING RECEPTION

[Continued from page 27]

and may be spoken aloud or wished silently, as the individuals choose. It is a very pretty ceremony, and, whether really believed in or not, is a graceful touch at the end of the happy feast.

This decorative scheme is really beautiful, and not at all difficult to arrange. Many changes may be made to suit individual tastes. Various colors would work out equally as well as the pink used in this instance. The wisest plan, possibly, would be to choose the flowers most easily obtainable, then build one's color-scheme on this. Natural flowers are always pretty, and the arrangement suggested here is unusual enough to attract admiration, no matter what selection is made.

At the wedding I referred to, the ice, a marshmallow-charlotte, was served from one end of the table, adding a final touch of soft, dainty coloring. It was made of the following delicious combination: one pint of double cream, one-half cupful of sugar, ten cents' worth of marshmallows, ten cents' worth of orange paste, and one cupful of almonds, blanched, ground, and browned. The cream must be whipped very stiff. Next, fold in the sugar; and, last, the marshmallows and paste are chopped and very gently folded in, together with the almonds. Set on ice and chill thoroughly. Heap on platter and garnish with fresh flowers of the variety used to ornament cake. This is most delicious.

Where something other than an ice and cake is desired, a salad is best. The following receipt will serve ten people and is so good it is certain to be popular: Mix lightly together with a dressing made of oil and lemon juice one hen steamed until tender and chopped in small dice, one-half pound of almonds blanched and cut in two lengthwise, three stalks of celery chopped; serve on white lettuce leaves with whipped cream. Where the color note is pink, a few crystallized rose petals scattered on top will add a charming touch. Cucumber sandwiches and coffee complete a very delicious course. The salad decorated as I suggest is so pretty that it may be attractively served from the table as is the ice, provided the hostess desires to adopt an informal plan for the wedding. Where the guest list is limited to bridal party and close friends, and all may be seated at one table, the serving of both salad and ice course by girl friends is charmingly hospitable. Then, if the Dream-Box ceremony is observed at the end, a note of affectionate cordiality runs through the whole affair which is both pretty and appropriate for a wedding that includes only one's intimate circle.

[Concluded on page 87]

Cumfy-Cut

TRADE

MARK



THE improved "Can't-Slip" shoulder strap feature in the Cumfy-Cut, has revolutionized the fit of women's underwear.

The straps simply cannot slip or fall off the shoulder. The patented method of knitting won't let them.

That's why, when you wear the Cumfy-Cut, you can always be sure of the fullest ease and comfort. Perfectly proportioned, delightfully soft and elastic. 15c, 25c, 50c up.

Cumfy-Cut Union Suits also have the "Can't-Slip" straps added to other improved features.

Ask your dealer for "Cumfy-Cut" and insist on seeing the label.

BOYCE, WHEELER & BOYCE
348 Broadway, New York

Special VACATION Offer

Strong, Light Traveling Bag

Given (prepaid) for only 5 yearly McCall's Magazine subscriptions at 50c each (75c in Canada)



Premium 636-M

Premium 636-M—Thousands are discarding leather bags for the wonderful Japanese club bag. Weighs less than 2 pounds; is strong, durable and washable. Bag like illustration—leather handle, 2 neat brass catches, lock and key. Size 16x10x8 inches. Given, prepaid, for only 5 yearly McCall's Magazine subscriptions at 50 cents each; or for 2 subscriptions and 75 cents extra. (See Suit-Case Offer, page 80.)

Special Offer: Send \$2.50 Money-Order with the names and addresses of five subscribers (new or renewal) for McCall's MAGAZINE at 50c each. We will mail the Magazine for 12 whole months to each of the five subscribers, and, as a reward for your trouble, we will send to you (all charges prepaid) the very useful and attractive traveling bag described above.

All subscriptions to count toward these Premiums must be sent direct to The McCall Company, 236 West 37th St., N. Y. City

FOR THE WEDDING RECEPTION

[Continued from page 86]

Sometimes, however, it is necessary to enlarge the number of guests and all cannot be seated at the bride's table. An attractive and appetizing plate in this case would be pineapple salad, stuffed rolls, and coffee, with a handed dish of stuffed beets. For the salad, place a round of pineapple on plate, then heap on it a spoonful of white cherries stuffed with filbert kernels, and ornament whole with a few pink grapes. These last may be omitted, but if used should be split in half and seeded. Mayonnaise or cooked dressing is used—either being correct.

The ingredients for the stuffed rolls are one beef tongue boiled and run through grinder, one cupful of stuffed olives chopped, one pound of broken English walnut meats, and one-half teaspoonful each of cayenne pepper, white pepper, and onion essence. Put the ingredients together and pour over the mixture a boiled dressing made of three pints of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of mustard and sugar, one-half cupful of vinegar. The dressing should be cooled before adding to the tongue mixture. Split finger rolls, remove part of the soft inside and stuff. For the filled beets, small red beets, cooked tender, are scooped out to form cups. Peel cucumbers, chop together with portion of beets taken out of cups, season, cover with oil dressing, and put back into cups. Deliciously fresh and appetizing these are, and quite pretty when arranged on a bed of watercress or parsley, with their color contrast of deep red and green. Beet cups filled with creamed fowl or chicken livers are rich and toothsome, when meat is preferred.

In planning a wedding, as in all other matters of this kind, one must necessarily be guided very largely by the fatness or leanness of one's purse, but, at the same time, if the plan is fitted to surroundings and individual taste is used, wonderful things may be accomplished, however small must be the expenditure.

A SEWING-ROOM ECONOMY

By AGNES ATHOL

ONE of my special ways of economizing time and energy in sewing for the children is to buy a ten- or twelve-yard piece of Indian-head muslin, unbleached linen, galatea, or kindergarten cloth, and do all of my cutting-out at one time. There is great economy in cutting several dresses from one piece of material; and any necessary variety can be introduced in the designs of the garments. Color is easily obtained in hair-ribbons and neckties, which are not apt to fade as do unguaranteed dress materials.

COLGATE'S

You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising

IF a stranger in your community saw fit to conceal his identity, you would look upon him with suspicion. You would insist upon knowing his name and antecedents before you consented to do business with him or receive him into your home. Yet some people still buy crackers out of a barrel, coffee or tea from a bin, prunes from a hogshead and unnumbered other things without a name or a brand that identifies the goods and thereby protects the purchaser.

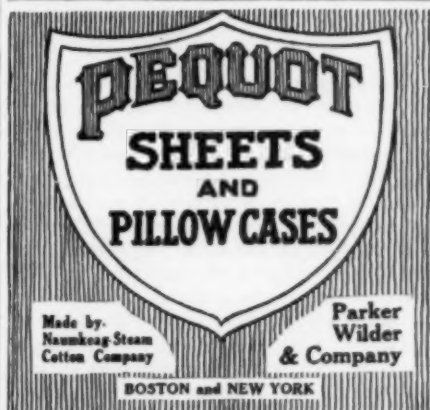
It is safer and cheaper to buy the well-known,

advertised article put up by the manufacturer with his name and trade-mark on the package. Safer, because the manufacturer who puts his name on his goods puts his future into your hands. He must put quality into the goods or lose your trade, because you can always identify his goods. Cheaper, because advertising reduces the producing and selling costs of manufacturers by enormously increasing their output.

Trade-marks and national advertising are the two greatest public servants in business today. Their whole tendency is to raise qualities and standardize them, while reducing prices and stabilizing them.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

MEMBER OF THE QUOIN CLUB
THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION



PEQUOT
SHEETS
AND
PILLOW CASES

Made by
Naumkeag Steam
Cotton Company

Parker
Wilder
& Company

BOSTON and NEW YORK



CABINET
ACME
DRESS FORM


As Necessary for FITTING
as the Sewing Machine
is for Sewing

The three wheels at the top adjust independently and accurately at the neck, shoulders, bust, waist, hips and skirt to any woman's size, style or shape.

Collapses into its Cabinet
Simply by pressing your foot on collapsing pedal the form can be collapsed to half its size and put into our special designed "Acme Cabinet" made to fit the form. It costs no more than the old style upright form that cannot be collapsed. See our exhibit at San Francisco Fair, in the Palace of Varied Industries.

Write to-day for prices and catalogue
ELLANAM ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORM CO.
Suite 634, 500 Fifth Ave., New York
Suite 734, 2915 So. La Salle St., Chicago
Canadian Office, Smith Falls, Ont.

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE



Note New-Style Sleeves

1539 \$2

For Your Warm-Weather Wardrobe—
Cool, comfortable, convenient, economical—superlatively stylish in fit and effect when worn under sheer Summer waists—guaranteed moisture-proof

DeBevoise Dress-Shield Brassieres

Washable, removable shields stitched in place; can't slip or roll up; invisible; always ready. The Brassiere gives style to your figure and makes a charming appearance. Many styles and prices. 200 other DeBevoise Brassieres for every figure and use. Write us for illustrated booklet.

CHAS. R. DEBEVOISE CO.
1270-G Broadway
New York

Ask your merchant for the "debb-e-voice" INSIST on this label

50c. and up **DeBevoise Brassiere** 50c. and up

Send Only 4¢ For Trial Bottle



Rieger's Flower Drops

You have never seen anything like this before

The fragrance of thousands of blossoms in a vial 2 inches high. The most exquisite perfume science ever produced.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Rieger's Flower Drops

\$1.00 an ounce at dealers or by mail. 25c. doz. \$1.00 bottles. Send check, stamps. Colors: Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Mon Amour, etc. Money back if not pleased.

For a limited time only send 4¢ in stamps for trial bottle to cover cost of handling.

Paul Rieger, 178 First St., San Francisco, Cal.
Concentrated Flower Drops made without alcohol; use only a drop. All odors \$1.50 a bottle except Lily of the Valley, \$1.75.

EXACT SIZE 25¢ BOTTLE

FREE WEDDING

Write for book of latest styles, prices on Engraved Invitations, Announcements, Cards, etc. With each order, we make free, HANDSOME CARD RECEIVER from copper plate they are engraved from.

VIRGINIA STATIONERY CO., 915-D Main St., Richmond, Va.

SICK-ABED SERVICE

[Continued from page 21]

were collected, they contained small amounts, over two-thirds of them twenty-five cents, no one over five dollars, but hardly an envelope came back empty! The total fund was now one hundred and fifteen dollars. The women promptly formed a Nurse's Committee of twelve members, and a sub-committee of three sent out a public appeal for sick-room supplies, hot-water bottles, blankets, old sheets, infants' underwear, bandages, malted milk, and jellies. The remainder of the committee studied reports of the work from other towns and formulated a set of rules which were printed and sent to every householder. The nurse had not yet been acquired, but the rules asked that she be paid when sent for, at the time of her visit. A month later a nurse was engaged at fifty dollars a month. Then help arrived from an unexpected quarter. One of the committee of women was the wife of an agent for a life-insurance company. She enlisted her husband's aid, and the life-insurance company agreed to allow the Nurse's Committee a fee of fifty cents for every visit paid to a policy-holder.

The nurse began her work in February, 1914, and as there happened to be a good deal of illness in the town, and many of those ill held life-insurance policies, she earned a large part of her salary at the beginning. Her successor is still working.

"I guess," said the president, "that the people generally believe in our keeping her."

Since the beginning of this movement there has been one contribution of twenty-five dollars, and one of ten dollars. But by far the most of the money expended has been given in small sums by people who believe in her worth.

Long Branch, New Jersey, is another example of community cooperation. In summer, Long Branch is a town of forty thousand, in winter it numbers about fourteen thousand. The visiting nurse was inaugurated by the permanent population during the winter months. A life-insurance company agreed to pay fifty cents a visit for every visit of the nurse to a policy-holder; the city agreed to give one hundred dollars from the municipal poor fund toward the nurse's salary; the board of education agreed to pay a certain amount for every visit to the home of a child who had been excluded from school by the medical inspector. With this as a beginning, a Long Branch Visiting-Nurse Association went energetically to work. In the first year it had secured over five hundred dollars in contributions and had raised over two hundred by means of rummage sales and entertainments. Even the school children

sold Red Cross Seals, so that two hundred dollars were raised in this way.

The Long Branch nurse has been at work two years. The women of the association formed to carry on the work feel that she has thoroughly demonstrated her value. Last summer when there was little illness she made a special investigation on tuberculosis. In one month she reported forty cases. Now, finding cases of tuberculosis does not sound nearly as important to the health of the community as it really is. For the intelligent tubercular patient is a menace to no one, but the undiscovered patient menaces everyone and everything about him. Before a case is "found" it may mean dozens of other cases, produced by contact with the first one, which would not have been cases at all had the first patient exercised proper care. When a community nurse "finds" a case of tuberculosis, she prescribes rules for the patient that mean protection to the entire community. As a result of her findings in Long Branch an effort is being made to establish a clinic for tubercular patients; and the milk supply of the city, one of the most frequent sources of infection, has been investigated, and a successful campaign for pure milk is well under way.

And these two by-products of the nurse's labors, the tuberculosis clinic and the pure-milk campaign, indicate the most important result of her coming. The whole community will be in better health in the future because of these. A general cleaning up, a safe disposal of waste, sprinkled streets, a back-yard campaign—all of these come in the nurse's wake. And unlike the effort made in many towns to clean up once a year, the presence of the nurse all the time, every month in the year, makes such cleaning up a continuous process. The town which has a good community nurse needs no "Clean-up" day; it cleans up every day, and stays clean.

Of course, a great deal of the success of the work depends upon the woman who does it. A community nurse must be more than a nurse: she must be a big, sympathetic woman. She must understand her people, have tact enough to deal with them individually and as a whole; and hers is no easy task. So well is this fact recognized by the American Red Cross, that towns eager and willing to support a nurse have been forced to wait three or four months until just the right person was available. But, once fitted to her community, it will not part with her. No town or county official can compare with her in value, and the community comes to hold her in affectionate regard as their very own.

HERE COME NEIGHBORS

(Continued from page 17)

read at will—look up things in encyclopedias, study bird and flower books with beautiful colored plates, browse in the good old fiction of Dickens' day. They have only to go to Mr. Croft's house, a stone's throw away, for the key. Most of these books have been given to the house from one source or another.

A music-box affords a great deal of pleasure to all; the burlap walls hang cool and green against the white-painted woodwork, and electric lights and steam heat make the house comfortable winter and summer. All these improvements were included in the original gift.

"About everything we wanted just seemed to come," Mr. Croft said in speaking of the equipment of the House. "People were interested, and contributed. Lots of folks have had a hand in making the house useful."

The structure had been remodeled along the lines of so many old New England homes before it was turned over for social uses. The roof had been raised and dormer-windows set in. There are, up-stairs, a number of pleasant rooms, and here the women gather to make garments and roll bandages for the Red Cross, thus extending the usefulness of the building across seas. It is also a dream of Mr. Croft's to offer these upper chambers to tired-out city people who would like to come, a few at a time, and sleep in the high, health-giving air.

"We get on famously," Mr. Croft insists when he talks about the House. "But it isn't because our folks are a meek sort; they have plenty of spunk. A more independent lot of people than these in Weatogue never lived; they have opinions of their own, just like all healthy-minded persons. But somehow, the House, as an institution, runs itself, and there isn't much to differ about."

These remarks are endorsed by the friendly atmosphere which prevails at every gathering. To the observer the very ideal of neighborliness seems to have been reached.

"The same thing could be done just as well in other communities," he opined. "It does folks good to get together under one roof. There are lots of old houses standing vacant that could be used for this purpose. Conditions here are not peculiar in any way."

A woman who overheard this remark sent a fond glance Mr. Croft's way and spoke quickly.

"There would always have to be some one to lead," she qualified. "A House of this sort will not run quite automatically. Everything would go all right if we could spare Mr. Croft to see to things. He is the 'condition peculiar to Weatogue'."



The Warm-Weather Shirt

The Rubens Shirt, This Summer, Protects a Million Babies

This convenient children's shirt, that goes on like a coat, is made in the lightest weights for summer wear—without troublesome buttons, but adjustable so it is always a comfortable fit. No open laps. Two-fold in front, giving just the right amount of warm-weather protection to the little lungs and stomach.

Summer colds are as dangerous as winter colds. Don't let your babies have them. This is the most important garment that any child can wear, as 7,000,000 mothers have proved in the past 21 years.

Ask for Rubens Shirts, and be sure the name appears on the front. This shirt is our invention, and this whole factory is devoted to its right production. Don't be misled by imitations on a garment so important.

Sizes for any age from birth. Made in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices run from 25 cents up.

Sold by dry goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices.

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
2 N. Market Street, Chicago



Rubens Shirts

for Infants

How to rouse a sluggish skin

A dull, sallow, lifeless complexion has several causes. Whatever the cause in your case, your skin needs stimulating. The following treatment is the most effective you can use:

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores using an upward and outward motion, until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then in cold water. Then rub your skin for five minutes with a lump of ice and dry carefully.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with it cleanses the pores,



brings the blood to the face and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of the skin. You can feel the difference the first time you use it—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. It is for sale at dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 605 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 605 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

WHEEL CHAIRS AND TRICYCLES

A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of invalid's rolling chairs and tricycles with latest improvements. Ship direct from factory to you and sell on **THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL**. Liberal discounts to all sending for FREE Catalog now.

GORDON MFG. CO.
335 Madison Ave. Toledo, O.

EARN \$5 TO \$10 A DAY

Women agents—experience unnecessary—refined, congenial work—sells in the best homes—to women only. Over 500 different models and materials. The greatest proposition ever offered in made-to-measure corsets, special reducing and convalescing models. Sells to every woman, easily—quickly. Exclusive territory—agents complete, handsome outfit. Write today for this great proposition.

M. & R. CORSET CO. Dept. 43 JACKSON, MISS.

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"Let the
GOLD DUST
TWINS do your work"

Millions of women use Gold Dust daily in washing dishes, scrubbing floors and woodwork, and washing windows—but they do not realize the many ways in which Gold Dust can be used.

GOLD DUST

meets every cleaning and brightening need in the house.

Use Gold Dust not only for washing dishes, but for washing bathtubs and bathroom fixtures, cleaning and brightening metal work, pots, pans and kettles, for scrubbing floors, washing woodwork, cleaning and freshening linoleum and oilcloth, and for all the hundreds of uses for which it is so particularly supreme.

5c and larger packages
sold everywhere

THE W. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MAKERS



**No Fear
of
the Dark**

when someone is ill—when baby wakes, or when the doorbell rings. You can go anywhere about the house in absolute safety with an

**EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHT**

Brilliant, safe light is at your instant command

4706—Nickel House light. A necessity and an ornament in any home. In United States, \$2.00. In Canada, \$2.50.

2630—Nickel Tubular Flashlight. Beautifully finished. It is very durable and useful indoors and out. Sold in the United States for \$1.25 and in Canada for \$1.40.

The EVEREADY Tungsten Battery is made by the largest manufacturers of Flashlights in the world and is guaranteed to give a brighter light for a longer time than any other battery known. The name EVEREADY on Lights, Batteries and Lamps protects you from cheap imitations and poor service.

Send for Catalog No. 23
AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York

DO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN LOVE?

[Continued from page 19]

"But I had to have them, David," she insisted. "And, now, don't scold me about them! I just hate to hear people quarreling over expenses. It's so plebeian."

She left her place at the table, and coming around to me stood directly in front of me. "Don't I look pretty tonight?" she asked. "Would you want me to stop looking this way and be old and floppy and cross? Don't you want to love me?"

She reached out her hand appealingly to me, and I pulled her down into my arms. After I had kissed her several times, I wondered if she was thinking of me as I was of her. Half-eagerly I asked her of what she was thinking.

"Of John and Alice Bentley," she answered. "You know they are getting a divorce just over money matters. Oh, don't let's quarrel over it. You know I just have to look pretty or I am miserable."

Again I worked a little harder, saved a little more, and after a time the company promoted me so that I was able to meet our bills. It has promoted me several times since, and after long experience I have learned that if we are to have anything for a rainy day or for a day on which we will be much older, I must keep every salary raise a secret so long as I can, for at every increase Daphne has added to her expenditures.

A few weeks ago she looked across the dinner-table at me. "Why, you're getting gray and thin, David," she exclaimed. "And only forty! I'll be having an old husband before any time. Why don't you quit working so hard, before you get to be an old stick?"

And she regarded me as approaching the state of "an old stick!"

"Because we have to pay our bills," I returned grimly.

She pouted prettily. "Let's don't quarrel," she smilingly suggested. "It takes all of the pleasure out of everything if you just have to think of how much it costs. And it's so common, too. Why, every day I see the papers are full of people getting divorces just over quarreling about money. It's disgustingly plebeian, I think."

Again I kept silence.

Once I spoke rather sharply about Daphne's refusal to be a mother. Her reproaches were terrible; they were succeeded by a spell of hysterical weeping, which was quieted only by summoning a physician. I grimly closed my mouth. Parenthood was denied to us by Daphne so that she might keep her exquisite figure, her rank in society, her absolute freedom to come and go as she wished, and

[Concluded on page 91]

Product of the Most Modern Factory

Lyon & Healy Piano \$350

Best Piano Value in America

A very broad statement but a reputation gained by 50 years of fair Dealing is the Guarantee.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
THE LYON & HEALY—IF
HE HASN'T IT—WRITE US.

Lyon & Healy

World's Largest Music House
CHICAGO

Fine 44-Page Premium Catalogue
sent FREE to anyone on request



FREE

FREE

Send a Postal Card or This Coupon

THE McCALL COMPANY. (June, Mc.)
236 to 246 West 37th Street,
New York City, N. Y.

Please Send me FREE, postage prepaid, to my address below, a copy of McCall's NEWEST, BIGGEST and BEST 1915 PREMIUM LIST; also instructions how I may obtain any McCall Premium without one cent of expense to me; also FREE sample copy of McCall's MAGAZINE.

Name

R. F. D. or Street or P. O. Box No.

Post-Office

State

AGENTS: \$40 A WEEK

Startling new hosiery proposition—unheard of. Hosiery for men, women and children. Guaranteed for one year. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. H. W. Erice sold 60 boxes in 12 hours. Mrs. Fields 100 pairs on one street. G. W. Noble made \$35 in one day. Sworn proof. Sold only through agents. Not for sale in stores. A hosiery proposition that beats them all. Big money sure. A chance of a lifetime. Write quick for terms and samples.

THOMAS HOSIERY COMPANY
8002 West St., Dayton, Ohio

A New Model WIZARD Polish Mop

Price 50 Cents

This mop is breaking all records in sales and satisfaction. Has adjustable handle, strong and durable. Keeps floors clean and beautiful—Treated with wonderful **WIZARD Polish**. Get yours today. Other **WIZARD Mops** at 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

WIZARD Polish

Greatest product ever invented for keeping furniture, pianos, woodwork and floors beautiful as new, clean and polished. Prevents checking. Best for renewing all polish mops.

Sample Free on Request

All sizes, from 25c to \$2.50.

All **WIZARD** products sold by dealers everywhere under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Wizard Products Inc.
1464 W. 37th St.
Chicago

A Member of the
WIZARD Family.



"Use this and you won't need dress shields!"

Yes, it's really true! Odo-ro-no will give you complete relief from excessive perspiration of the armpits, feet and hands.

Two applications a week will correct this unhealthy condition and keep the parts naturally dry, dainty and odorless, making dress shields unnecessary. Saves gloves, too, from stains and stiffness.

Unscented. Harmless. 25c, 50c and \$1 at all drug and dept. stores, or direct from us prepaid. In Canada 35c, 70c, and \$1.40.

Write for sample. Send 6c and your dealer's name for sample bottle and booklet on the cause of excessive perspiration and how to correct it. Address, The Odo-ro-no Co., 457 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ODO-RO-NO
THE TOILET WATER FOR
EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION



AGENTS \$30 WEEKLY

Selling Improved Easy Irons. Mauller made \$30 first 10 hrs. Fitter sold 24 in 3 days. Women crazy for it. Saves steps, time, work, fuel. Pays for itself quickly. Big profit on every sale. Sell 5 out of 10 homes. Guaranteed. Get our Free Sample offer.

FOOTE MANUFACTURING CO., Box 516, Dayton, Ohio

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

DO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN LOVE?

[Continued from page 90]

(I am not ironical in these words, for they are the ones she used) "the love of her husband".

Ever since then, one question has often surged through my mind. Do women really think that any man's love for his wife lessens with the approach of motherhood? Is not the Madonna the most noble, the most exquisite, the most lovable type of womanhood? Surely that should answer any woman's doubts.

So I have known them, the two types of womanhood—the one whose greatest desire is to serve and to love—the domestic; and the one whose only ambition, whose only joy, is to be loved and admired and served—the beautiful.

And, after them, is there another type, the one of whom I sometimes dreamed in the Canadian woods, God's great outdoors? She seemed to come to me when I was tired and discouraged and half sick; she comforted me, and cheered and loved me. But how much love she begged in return! Her eyes always loved and pleaded for love; her one ruling passion was to love and be loved.

She was beautiful, too. Daphne is beautiful, but she cannot love. Was this one only a creation of God's great outdoors? Was she only a phantom whose kind has never existed, or is it really true that beautiful women can love?

ROADSIDE REFRESHMENTS

By KATE V. ST. MAUR

WHEN one is situated on a main road, milk, buttermilk, and small fruits may be sold advantageously to automobile and driving parties. An easily-read sign is sure to attract attention. Ten cents a glass for milk will pay for the trouble, good cake or pie sells well, but home-made bread kept for three or four days in a cool place, and then made into thin bread-and-butter sandwiches, will probably please more than the best cake or pie you can make, and cost you less. Berries and cream at fifteen cents a plate return a good profit. Sandwiches and tea are not difficult to prepare.

Of course, such a roadside lunch must be attractively served. Small Japanese pitchers may be bought for fifteen or twenty cents each. Use good tea, and make it as wanted, being sure the water is really boiling. Serve thick cream and good sugar, and nobody will grumble at paying twenty-five cents a pot for it.

Cottage cheese finds ready sale, at ten cents a ball, among summer visitors or townspeople. The flavor can be varied by adding finely-chopped green onions and caraway seed when making up the balls.



First Remove The Corn

Wear dainty footwear, but first remove the corn. Apply a **Blue-jay** plaster, then no shoe will hurt. And 48 hours will end the corn.

Apply it and the corn is done for. No soreness follows. Millions know that, for this **Blue-jay** plaster has ended 70 million corns.

Those corns you have pared so often need never be pared again. Those pains which spoil so many hours can be forever stopped.

For your own sake find this out.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Headaches Yield to MENTHOL

It is the one sure relief to which you can always turn.

**Mentholated
Vaseline**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

is just pure menthol blended with a "Vaseline" base. It is the most effective and convenient form of this valuable medicament. At drug and department stores everywhere in handy tubes of pure tin. Free "Vaseline" booklet on request.



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What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Michigan State Medical Journal, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

TANGLEFOOT

"The Sanitary Fly Destroyer"
Non-Poisonous

Catches the Germ With the Fly
The new metal Tanglefoot Holder removes the last objection to the use of Tanglefoot. 10c at dealers or sent postpaid—two for 25c anywhere in United States.

THE O. & W. THUM CO.
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Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet.

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair"
Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists.

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 4 Aurora, Ill.

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

REFRIGERATOR ECONOMY

By MAY EMERY HALL

VENTURE to say that throughout the country to-day there is still a goodly number of housewives to whom the refrigerator represents a luxury, not an actual necessity. They do not

mean to be unprogressive, perhaps, but having kept house for years without this convenience, they see no reason why they should introduce it into their homes.



Now, in order to keep food from spoiling, a low temperature is absolutely essential. Especially is it important that fresh meats be kept as near the freezing-point as possible. Without the refrigerator, this cannot be done satisfactorily, but with its aid meat will keep for a number of days in good condition.

Again, the problem of keeping milk, cream, and other dairy products perfectly sweet is a difficult one unless the housewife enlists the services of the refrigerator. It is true that delicious foods can be made with sour milk and cream, but are not receipts of this nature popular in the country largely because the milk and cream sour in large quantities?

Then, there is the question of preserving cooked foods in a palatable state, and it is in this connection that the refrigerator makes its greatest claim to being a genuine money-saver. The absence of the refrigerator means that odds and ends of good food are thrown away, day after day. This seemingly small waste is not a matter to be ignored. There is the single chop left from the evening meal, for instance, that would do duty for somebody's lunch the following day, the saucerful of tomatoes that would flavor the soup, the bit of cold meat that could be made into an appetizing croquette or two for lunch.

As a nation, we are a wasteful people, and need to have the lesson of economy reiterated again and again. The modern refrigerator is one of the agents that are training us to be a little more thoughtful in this regard. Do not make the mistake of thinking that because the food in question is cooked, this constitutes a sufficient safeguard against its spoiling. Not only raw foods, but those that have already been subjected to the boiling or

baking process, require the steady low temperature of the refrigerator to keep them in the best condition.

"That's all very well," says one country housewife, "for the woman who has to live in cramped quarters in the city. Very likely she actually needs a refrigerator. But what do I want with one, so long as I have my nice cool cellar?"

SUPPOSE, for a moment, we investigate this question of the "nice cool cellar" versus the refrigerator, as a proper storage place for food. That many cellars are chill—yes, even to the point of discomfort—I will not deny. But often this chilled atmosphere is laden with a musty dampness. Due to faulty construction of the walls, lack of sunshine and ventilation, or poor flooring, moisture is ever present. Any authority upon the subject will tell you that minute organisms, such as yeasts, molds, and bacteria, are ever ready at the slightest opportunity to attack foods thus exposed and to reduce them speedily to a dangerous state. In fact, moisture is one of the chief factors

that hasten the work of destruction. You may not be able to detect its first insidious advances, but herein lies its greatest menace. How often we read of persons being the victims of ptomain poisoning, when to all appearances the food eaten was perfectly good and fresh! That the health of the family is imperiled unless the storage place be absolutely dry, well-ventilated, clean, and cold is beyond question.

As a matter of curiosity, I tested the temperature of my own refrigerator. The thermometer registered fifty-five degrees in the food section on one of the hottest days in summer, despite the fact that the piece of ice was very small. How many cellars can make as favorable a showing?

"But," it may be argued, "granted that a certain amount is saved by the refrigerator keeping the left-overs in good condition, isn't it more economical to stand an occasional small loss than to have to pay the cost of a refrigerator?"

Decidedly, no! Of course, if you are a far-sighted person, you will want to buy the most sanitary, best constructed refrigerator you can afford, and the first

[Concluded on page 93]



INVESTIGATING THE NEW REFRIGERATOR

REFRIGERATOR ECONOMY

[Continued from page 92]

cost may seem large. But, reckoned by standards of efficiency, economy, long and satisfactory service, the investment cannot be called an expensive one. The greatest outlay is at the start, and this helper will last for many years. Suppose you buy a twenty-five-dollar refrigerator, and it renders good service for only seven years (though it will probably do much better than that); even this means an outlay of scarcely more than a penny a day. If, in addition, you reckon what you have saved in food that would otherwise have been thrown away, you cannot call your investment expensive.

Only that woman who has developed the habit of saving left-overs by means of the refrigerator can understand what this economy means in the long run. I know of more than one home where lunches are almost entirely taken care of in this way. By taking account of stock in my own home for a single week, I found I had saved the following food which, but for the refrigerator, would have been thrown away: Baked beans, which made an acceptable breakfast the following morning (we hail from New England!); boiled potatoes that were appetizing when fried for lunch; potato salad; odds and ends of ham which, chopped and made into an omelet, saved buying fresh meat for one day; spinach; stewed tomatoes, which were served a second time on toast with a cream sauce; string beans, which appeared as a salad the second time they were put on the table; and a baked cup of custard, that answered as dessert for the man of the family. In addition, I had saved a half-pint of milk a day, or about two quarts in the course of the week. No one item in itself has great value, but in the aggregate what saving is represented!

The position of the refrigerator is an important matter. It should be in as cool a place as possible. If it does not mean too many steps, the back porch is a good place. An excellent plan is to cut an opening through the outer wall so that the refrigerator can be filled from outside.

The care of the refrigerator is a matter for daily consideration. Its contents should be inspected each morning, and

all food thrown away that is not in perfect condition. All ice should be wiped clean before being placed in the box. At least once a week, the refrigerator should be given a thorough cleansing with warm water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, all removable portions being taken out for the purpose. The refrigerator brush with a long pliable wire handle is the best means of washing the pipe. A good scalding should follow.

Discretion must be shown in the placing of different kinds of food. The more delicate dairy products like butter and cheese should be put on the first shelf below the ice, so as to receive the greatest benefit from the chilled air as it descends. I see no objection to keeping the milk or cream bottle in the ice chamber, provided it is properly covered. Some kinds of food, like fish and cabbage, lend an unpleasant odor to other foods, and for this reason must not be placed in close contact with them unless protected. I have discovered that the use of paraffin paper will counteract this difficulty to a great extent. I cover the top of the bowl containing the food with the paper, and secure it with a rubber band, or else enclose the food entirely in this wrapping. It not only keeps the odor from

THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWEEN
THE CELLAR AND KITCHEN

escaping, but prevents too rapid drying. There is, of course, the ice-bill to be reckoned with. It is necessary in summer weather to buy at least ten cents' worth a day, with possibly the addition of an extra piece Saturday to last over Sunday. In any case, about fifty cents a week.

Yet, the crisp salads, the delicious chilled desserts, the cool fresh-looking fruits which come to the table would be almost worth the expenditure, without the argument of economizing in food.

And there is another kind of economy represented by the refrigerator besides that of dollars and cents—economy of labor; the saving of that needless running up and down stairs, or to and from the spring-house, that falls to the lot of every woman who depends upon such means of keeping food. Money-saving and step-saving should go hand in hand, and the refrigerator stands for both.



LIFE TIME
TRADE MARK

Pure Aluminum COOKING UTENSILS

**Get them in Your Kitchen
Use them—Pay Later**

Would you like to save money on your fuel bills? LIFE-TIME Aluminum Cooking Utensils get hot quicker and hold heat longer than any other material of which cooking utensils are made—that's why they'll cut down your fuel bills. How long do your present cooking utensils last? LIFE-TIME Ware is guaranteed to last a lifetime—think what a saving that means. LIFE-TIME ware is made of extra thick, 99 per cent. pure aluminum. It WEARS, and WEARS, and WEARS. This thick aluminum is what gives it strength; and the highly polished outside with our new and exclusive "Brilliant Ray" inside finish will delight you, as it has thousands of other housewives. No more trouble when you get LIFE-TIME Aluminum Ware in your kitchen—it won't chip, won't peel off, won't rust, won't crack or break.

To get LIFE-TIME ware into your home quickly and at a special price allowance for your buying two or three or more pieces we make the following offer:

For \$ 4.65 We will send you ANY \$5.00 WORTH of LIFE-TIME Aluminum Ware you select from our Catalog.

For \$ 9.00 We will send you ANY \$10.00 WORTH of LIFE-TIME Aluminum Ware you select from our Catalog.

For \$13.25 We will send you ANY \$15.00 WORTH of LIFE-TIME Aluminum Ware you select from our Catalog.

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Then send us the list of articles you want. Don't send any money with your list. We'll ship you, at our expense, the LIFE-TIME articles you select. Use them a week. If satisfied, send us \$1 as a first payment and \$1 a week till paid for.

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LIFE-TIME ALUMINUM CO.
Dept. G 5, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me a copy of your illustrated LIFE-TIME Catalog Free and also the details of your FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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We open accounts with responsible women everywhere and ship goods prepaid on approval—no pay unless satisfied.

STRAIGHT SWITCHES WAVY SWITCHES

1½ in. 18 in. \$0.85 20 in. \$1.45

2 in. 20 in. 1.75 22 in. 2.45

2 in. 23 in. 1.75 24 in. 2.45

Triple Wavy Switch, 22 in. \$3.45

Other sizes and grades 50c to \$50.00

Transformation, Natural, Curly \$2.50 to \$25.00

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Send long sample of your hair and describe article you want. We will send prepaid ON APPROVAL. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the price. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades cost a little more; ask for estimate. Write for our NEW HAIR BOOK TODAY.

PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 46, 109 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S



Money back if Sani-Flush doesn't do all we claim

Make the Toilet Bowl Like New

You can do it easily, quickly, without scrubbing or using a brush. You won't have to wet your hands.

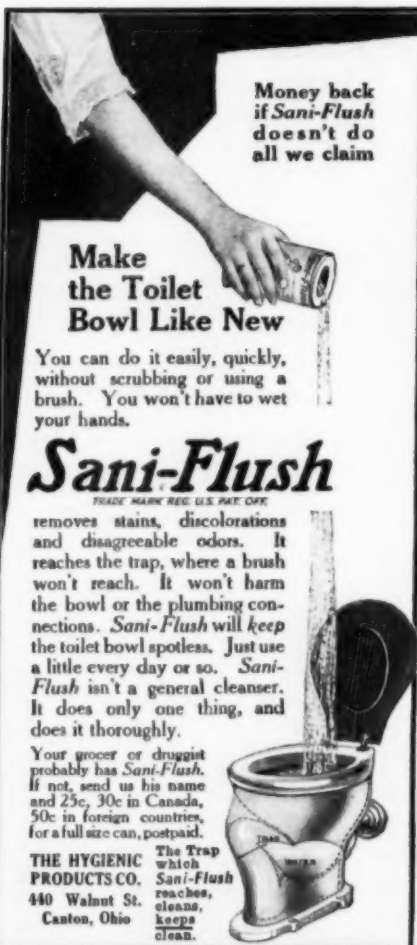
Sani-Flush

removes stains, discolorations and disagreeable odors. It reaches the trap, where a brush won't reach. It won't harm the bowl or the plumbing connections. Sani-Flush will keep the toilet bowl spotless. Just use a little every day or so. Sani-Flush isn't a general cleanser. It does only one thing, and does it thoroughly.

Your grocer or druggist probably has Sani-Flush. If not, send us his name and 25c, 30c in Canada, 50c in foreign countries, for a full size can, postpaid.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
440 Walnut St.
Canton, Ohio

The Trap which Sani-Flush reaches, cleans, keeps clean.




MORE HOME TO THE HOUSE

MAKE your porch the family gathering place this summer—a shady, secluded out-door living room, dining room, play room for the children and an ideal sleeping porch, by equipping it with

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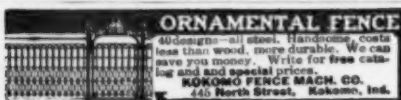
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They let in light and air, yet exclude sunshine. Inexpensive, durable, beautifully colored.

AEROLUX Splint Fabric Awnings make your rooms seven degrees cooler. They keep out the heat and glare of the sun, yet afford perfect ventilation—do not absorb and hold heat like canvas. Beautifully illustrated catalog on request.



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40 designs—all steel. Handpainted, costs less than wood, more durable. We can save you money. Write for free catalog and special prices.
KOKOMO FENCE MACH. CO.
440 North Street, Kokomo, Ind.

CHEAPNESS AND CHARM IN WEDDING DECORATION

By MRS. OLIVER BELL BUNCE



CHEAPNESS and charm can go hand in hand with regard to floral decorations for the summer wedding, especially outside the city. By the roadside are to be found the clambering blackberry vines that are white with blossoms, and the lovely feathery topped grasses, with now and then a really brilliant bit of color, that abound in open meadows can be massed together to fill the larger spaces. Among the smaller and more tender blossoms are the buttercups, the iris, and what is familiarly known as the "painted cup", which loves to grow in masses.

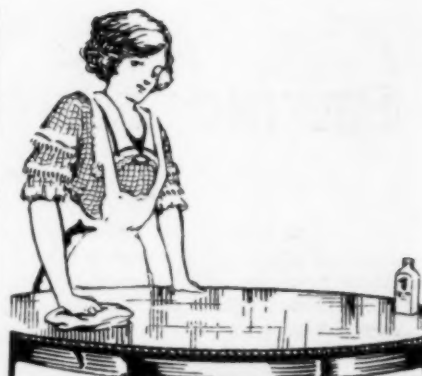
Whether the home of the bride-to-be is located on the hill tops or in the valleys, whether there are spreading meadows near at hand that offer sunny stretches, or there are marshy lands that provide the moisture needed for certain rich growths, Nature is sure to stand ready with some sumptuous offering which rightly handled will give an ideal decoration for home or church.

In every home is to be found a mantel with real or simulated fireplace below. Bright blossoms with rich green leaves can be arranged against the chimneypiece above the mantel, while below branches are massed, and the shelf itself is entirely covered until a perfect screen is formed, and such a screen makes a wonderfully beautiful foil for the bride in her white gown, and for all the bridal party. Branches of the same flower can be massed in the corners of the room, either without other addition or combined with others of harmonizing color.

In the lowlands abound delicate and dainty blossoms. In most of our states the blossom of the dogwood tree has faded by the end of May, but what is known as shrubby dogwood yields a later bloom that can be effectively used. The iris to be found in abundance in marshy places, and the ferns that in the early summer are fresh and tender, also the smaller, more shy flowers of the meadows and the woods can be brought together to form a decorative whole. The iris blossoms grouped in big bowls make a fine effect, and they carry a happy augury, for according to an ancient belief the flower is sacred, bespeaking a happy future.

The smaller blossoms give a dainty, rather than brilliant, effect; but they can be massed against a background of ferns with good results, if moisture is provided to keep them fresh. Fresh green moss made damp can sometimes be used both as a

[Concluded on page 95]



Preserve and Beautify Your Furniture

Never let furniture get dim and smoky. Keep it bright and new looking this easy way:

Take a cloth wrung out in cold water, add a few drops of 3-in-One oil and wipe all over table or buffet, wringing out cloth frequently. Dry and polish with a soft woolen cloth or a cheese cloth.

This treatment with

3-in-One oil

works wonders. All the dull dinginess disappears from pianos, chairs, etc. And all the bright, original wood tints come out again fresh as new. But don't attempt to renew too large a surface at a time; best results are had by going over a small space at once. Always rub with the grain of the wood, never in circles.

3-in-One is sold in hardware, grocery, general stores and drug stores, in three sizes: Trial size 1oz. 10c; 3 oz. 25c; 8 oz. (1/2 pt.) 50c. Also new Handy Oil Cans, 3 1/2 oz., 25c. If your dealer hasn't these cans we will send one by parcel post for 30c. A Library Slip with every bottle.

FREE. Write today for a generous free sample of 3-in-One and the 3-in-One Dictionary.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 4206 Bldg. N.Y.

This Great Camera Offer Is Too Good To Miss

PREMO JUNIOR CAMERA—MODEL B

Given prepaid for only 6 yearly McCALL'S MAGAZINE subscriptions at 50c each. (75c in Canada.)



Premium 1065-M

Premium 1065-M—Here is the most remarkable camera offer we ever put out. The Premo Junior, box type, size 3 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches, with universal focus lens, takes a fine 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 picture. What is more delightful than taking pictures of people and places? This genuine Premo camera has a reputation that guarantees satisfaction. So simple, even a child can operate it. Loads in daylight with Premo Film Pack. Two finders, for horizontal or vertical pictures; shutter absolutely automatic for time or instantaneous exposures. Full instructions with camera.

Special Offer:—Send \$3.00 Money-Order with the names and addresses of six subscribers (new or renewal) for McCALL'S MAGAZINE at 50c each. We will mail the magazine for 12 whole months to each of the six subscribers, and, as a reward for your trouble, we will send to you (all charges prepaid) the high-grade Premo Junior camera described above.

All subscriptions to count toward this Premium must be sent direct to The McCall Company, 236 to 246 W. 37th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.



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HEALTH and dainty cleanliness come wrapped in every Klean-Knit package—sealed and sanitary. And the cost is no more than the average. Comfort, fit and looks for all the family—in the supreme quality of this individually sealed, personally fitted

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The correct cut of Klean-Knit Underwear assures a smooth foundation for outer garments—clinging, yet easy. Soft in texture and strong. By our direct "Mill-to-Home" method you purchase, at leisure, in your home, through our exclusive representatives, who gave skilled, personal attention at the price of the guesswork kind.

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SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big 1915 catalog of "Ranger" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also particulars of our great new offer to deliver you a *Ranger* Bicycle on one month's free trial without a cent expense to you. **BOYS** you can make money taking orders for bicycles, tires, lamps, sundries, etc. from our big handsome catalog. It's free. It contains "combination offers" for re-fitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it. **LOW FACTORY PRICES** direct to you. No one else can offer such values and such terms. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we can offer you. Write now. **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P. 26 CHICAGO, ILL.**

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Press it dry in just a second with this
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New principle. One motion presses water out. Saves 1/2 the work, saves mops, saves time, lasts forever. Use any old rag for mop. As superior to wringing and twist wringers as to hand wringing. Saves the hands; you could wear white silk gloves while mopping and never soil them. A lifetime of mopping even for a dollar! Money back ANY TIME you're willing to part with it, and we'll pay return charges. Send \$1 today for the Soeze-Mop-Press, by parcel post, prepaid. Try it yourself.

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Agents: Send today for our remarkable, round, beating "mop" proposition. Hurry! Territory being snapped up fast.



CHEAPNESS AND CHARM IN WEDDING DECORATION

(Continued from page 94)

support and a background, but unless such flowers are found in greater abundance than is common, they must be mingled with feathery grasses of quiet tints to produce the desired effect. Even such simple means, however, can be turned to good account. A pretty and simple wedding of a year ago took place in the drawing-room of a suburban home. The shy wild flowers of the season were treated in just this way. With the grasses they completely covered the mantel-shelf, and ferns were massed here and there to suggest the fresh young growth of the early summer. Flowery blackberry vines were twisted about the balustrade, and used wherever vines could be arranged, while for massed effects were used big ferns found in the denser woodlands and shady moist spots.

Rose weddings can be made ideally beautiful, and the simple daisy lends itself to perfect decorative effects. A charming setting for the all important ceremony can be arranged with either one as the motive, and the two rightly handled bring about exquisite results.



The summer wedding suggests natural effects and simple conditions. I saw a pretty wedding on a well-kept lawn beneath a beautiful spreading tree. A few moments before the appointed hour, the clergyman, the groom, and the best man walked together from the house to the selected spot, which had been roped off by means of a succession of heavy white cords. Within the cords were placed two kneeling cushions, big pillows in ample covers of white Canton flannel, knotted at each corner to keep them firm and shapely. At a given signal, the ushers carried broad white ribbons to the piazza steps to form an aisle, and the small stringed orchestra sounded the opening notes of the wedding march, when the bride and her attendants walked slowly to the great tree whose branches made an ideal canopy. At another charming wedding, on the altar were bunches of white roses; the chancel rail was twined with asparagus fern; down the chancel steps, at each side, were placed bowls filled with daisies. Bunches of daisies combined with slender ferns from the woods were tied at the entrance of each pew reserved for the bridal party. The bride carried long-stemmed roses like those upon the altar, and her attendants bunches of daisies with ferns. More elaborate arrangements could be suggested, but it would be difficult to find anything more suited to the summer bride.



Growing Food

SOME boys actually out-grow their stomachs. Fact—they're growing so fast and playing so hard that they can't keep up with the tax without being "regular little pigs"—as you call them—about their eating.

So they overeat on tired little stomachs—and along comes indigestion, sometimes sore throat ("stomach throat"), loss of appetite, pale cheeks. Doctor says "tonic"—Doctors who've had experience with it say

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

Give that hard-playing, fast-growing boy or girl of yours this real food tonic. It will be good for them—strengthen and build them up.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14 1/2 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting Booklet on Request

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
St. Louis, U. S. A.



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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of April, 1915, HARRY E. FRECHU, Notary Public, Kings County, No. 15. Certificate filed in New York County, N. Y., No. 12. My commission expires March 30, 1916.

BIG MONEY

NEW IDEA—Amazing Seller!



Now ready for lady agents—big scoop—sales sensation. Selling like lightning. Throw away difficult sellers—small profit propositions. This is something different—every woman needs it. Field unlimited. No competition. Your wonderful opportunity to earn big money taking orders for

3-In-One Garments

—Corset Cover, Drawers and Skirt combined—20th Century Idea—national success. Insures perfect fit of gowns—eliminates undergarment nuisance. Saves money—costs less than three separate garments. Fits naturally—perfectly—no adjustments. Made of soft, light materials—trimmed with exquisite lace and embroidery. Wide variety. Appeals instantly to refined women.

Every Woman Needs Several

They recognize remarkable advantages quick—try one—are delighted—re-order. Easy and pleasant. Every customer should make new customers for you. Don't wait—build rapidly increasing business now. Present agents delighted.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send \$1.00 and waist measure for style No. 100. Order at our risk. Money back if not pleased.

You should make splendid income too. Don't hesitate for any reason. Capitalize your spare time now. Our liberal plan eliminates need of capital. We look after everything.

WRITE for SPECIAL

Territories going rapidly. Write today. This is not an ordinary proposition—national advertising making it wonder-seller.

3-IN-ONE GARMENT CO.
155 Main St. LaCrosse, Wis.

BACK VIEW

There Is Beauty In Every Jar

HOWEVER beautiful you may be, you cannot afford to neglect your skin. However plain you may be, you should not miss the possibilities for beauty and skin health in the regular use of



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

50c and \$1.00 at Drug Stores

Preserves Good Complexions—Improves Bad Complexions

It overcomes skin disorders and sallowness, as well as undue redness, sunburn and freckles. Send us 6c in stamps, to cover cost of mailing and packing, and get free sample of the above. Also Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, Zedenta Tooth Powder and Perfume.

Frederick F. Ingram Company

Established 1885

Windsor, Can. 61 Tenth St., Detroit, U.S.A.

Ingram's Vaseline Soreness Face Powder is Powdered Perfection for the Complexion. Four shades: pink, white, flesh and brunette. Price, 6c at drug stores or by mail, postpaid.

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

THE WONDER WOMAN

[Continued from page 11]

I took myself out of the house post-haste, threw myself into my saddle, and plunged away into the enveloping shadows of the cedar thicket. That night I climbed up Nigger Head almost to old Lundquist's very door. I cast my eyes down in the direction of Hidden Lake. I saw a small red light gleaming there. I lay down on a ledge of rock and watched the light, watched it until toward midnight it disappeared, the wind came up with a sighing sound, the tall pines creaked and swayed above my head, and I walked down the mountain—the rain in my face.

CHAPTER III

ALL night the rain pelted furiously against my window and the wind blew a hurricane, roaring in the pine trees, maundering in my chimney, and rattling the loose casements. In the morning the rain had ceased. The sky was massed with black clouds, but streaks of blue glimmered here and there, and there was a glorious rainbow.

"Oh, Mr. David," Joey shouted, hanging on my arm as I opened the front door, "the sky looks like a Bible picture!"

But I was thinking of Haidee and wondering how she had borne the storm, alone on the shore of that black melancholy lake, through all that devastating night. A huge pine tree lay uprooted across my path, the service bushes were stripped bare of bloom, and a cottonwood growing on the river bank sprawled, a shattered giant bathing its silver head in the water.

I evaded Joey, slipped around to the tool-shed, and taking my ax and cross-cut saw, mounted my cayuse and rode away stealthily. When I got within sight of the cabin on Hidden Lake, I looked around me fearfully. Smoke was coming from the chimney, and the cabin seemed unscathed. And then I saw that one of the towering pine trees in the draw adjacent had fallen, and in falling had barely grazed the lean-to. The cabin had miraculously escaped.

I rode around to the rear of the cabin and knocked with my whip on the closed door. A figure rose up suddenly out of the bracken by the spring and came to my horse's head. A figure in a crumpled red cape with big startled tired eyes, and pale cheeks.

"I have come to cut down every tree that endangers the cabin," I announced grimly.

She looked at me, brushed her disordered hair back from her eyes, attempted to speak, and failing, dropped her head forward against the horse's neck and stood with face hidden.

"I came as soon as I could," I continued, brooding above that wonderful bent head with its heavy ringlets of hair.

A sound unintelligible answered me. I sat there awkwardly, scarcely knowing what was expected of me. Presently she moved, looked up at me, and smiled. Her purple-black eyes were dewy. Standing there in her jaunty cape and short skirt, with her opulent hair unbound and sweeping her shoulders, she might have been a timid schoolgirl; and suddenly I lost my awe of her, though my admiration deepened.

"Were you alone through all that brute of a storm?"

"Yes."

I got off my horse, and she took the bridle from my hand.

"I shall have to get a woman to stay with me," she said slowly.

"An elderly woman?"

"No! No! A young woman—a strapping country girl with boisterous spirits," she protested, an odd husky catch in her voice.

I revolved this in my mind. "Wanza Lyttle is the very one for you," I declared jubilantly. Then I added uncertainly: "That is, if she will come."

"And who is Wanza Lyttle?"

"Oh, Wanza is a wonderful girl," I answered, warming to my part. "She drives a peddler's cart. I've no doubt she will call on you. There never was such a peddler's cart as Wanza's, I'll give you my word. It has a green umbrella with a pink lining, and two green wheels with pink spokes, and Wanza's buckskin pony is never without a green paper rosette for his harness—"

"You're not telling me much about Wanza, after all," Haidee interrupted, opening her velvet eyes wide, and favoring me with an odd glance.

"Oh, but I am. I am going on to tell you that Wanza lined the green umbrella herself, and painted her cart. She is very capable. She makes cherry pies that melt in your mouth. And her tatting!—you should see her tatting."

"It's on all her dresses, I suppose?"

"It is. And her dresses are pink and starched. Yes," I ended, "Wanza is very capable, indeed—" I hesitated. It was awkward not knowing what to call my wonder woman.

"My name is Judith Batterly," she said quietly, seeing my hesitation—"Mrs. Batterly. I am a widow."

A turbulent tide of crimson swept up to her brow as she spoke. Her eyes sought the ground. There was a silence. The sun had forsaken its nest of feathery clouds and all the shy woodland things began to prink and preen. A flycatcher

[Continued on page 98]

THE FEBRUARY GIRL PRIZE CONTEST

With Names of the Prize-Winners

By THE EDITOR

At last, the February Girl has a name! To be more exact, she has many thousand names, for when the contest closed on February fifteenth, our editorial offices were in danger of permanently disappearing from view under the avalanche of letters.

You perhaps think it was a simple matter to choose the prize-winning names, having a general idea—which the Editor shared until February fifteenth—that there are only a limited number of Christian names at the disposal of proud parents. Limited! There are names that you have never dreamed of, and in bewildering variety. Mary, and Ruth, and Norá, and Kate, and Eleanor are outnumbered by names the Editor can't even pronounce! Yet, after all, the good old standbys were the most popular.

We tried to read them all in time to make the decisions for the May magazine, but though four people, and sometimes six, labored hard, we have just managed to slip the names of the prize-winners into the very last pages of the June issue.

THE Editor doesn't expect ANYBODY to agree with the judges as to the prize awards—except the lucky people who get the checks! The name she would have chosen for the February Girl did not get a prize. But there's one satisfaction about it—we can all stick to our own names, just the same, and remain totally unconvinced by the prize reasons when they appear in July.

The lucky people to whom prize checks have been sent, and the names they chose, follow. The name of the first prize-winner became detached from her contribution; will she please write us?

First Prize, \$5.00

"Peggy McCall".....

Second Prize, \$3.00

Sara Demarest Ferris, "Dear"...Philadelphia, Pa.

Third Prize, \$2.00

Mrs. Annie Harrill Reed, "Mildred", Houlka, Miss.

One Dollar Prizes

F. Furlong, "Elizabeth".....St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. John A. Devoe, "Mary"...Jamestown, Ohio.
Katharine J. Murphy, "Constance", Toronto, Ontario.

Mrs. K. Huddart, "Daphne", New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Beatrice Barry, "Dorothy"....New York City
Laura Burton Miller, "Ruth"....Shelby, N. C.
Russell L. Coon, "Daisy"....Glenwood, Indiana
Mary Carolyn Davies, "Dear"...Berkeley, Calif.
Bessie M. Post, "Virginia"....Mariner Harbor N. Y.

Mrs. Elizabeth D. Preston, "Ernestine"...Colorado Springs, Colo.

We congratulate this lucky "baker's dozen" on standing head of the class in the opinion of the Judges, and hope they will get as much fun out of the friendly checks as the rest of us have out of expressing our own opinions.

Next Friday!

Get a 25c L-V Crepette Dust Cloth, ENTIRELY FREE, from your grocery, druggist, hardware, paint or furniture dealer, with the purchase of a 50c bottle of

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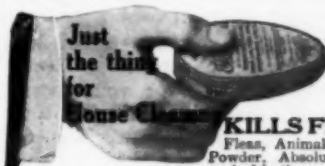
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THE WONDER WOMAN

[Continued from page 96]

ruffled its olive plumage on an old stump in the spring, a blue jay jargoned stridently. Above our heads tiny butterflies floated—an iridescent turquoise cloud. A fragrant steam arose from the damp earth.

As the sound of my trusty ax rang through the woods, and I chopped and sawed with a will all through the morning, I asked myself what it mattered to me whether Haidee were maid, wife, or widow. I asked myself this, over and over again, and I did not answer my own question.

By noon I was hot, streaming with perspiration, and covered with chips and sawdust. I was inspecting a symmetrical, soaring white fir-tree that towered some fifty feet distant from the cabin, when a voice behind me cried: "No, no!" so peremptorily, that I started.

I turned to see Haidee standing there. She had looped up the masses of her black hair, and discarded the scarlet cape for a white corduroy jacket. A white duck skirt and white canvas shoes gave her an immaculate appearance.

"I want that fir left," she explained.

"Your cabin is in jeopardy while it stands," I assured her.

"Oh, I'll take the risk," she said carelessly.

"It is foolish to take a risk," I countered.

She smiled. "Are all woodsmen as cautious as you?"

Now, I am convinced she was only bantering me, but I chose to take offense. I looked at her cool daintiness, and met her level gaze with shifting sullen eyes. I was unpleasantly aware of the figure I presented, with my grimy hands and soiled clothing, and red, streaming face. I reached for my handkerchief, remembered that I had lent it to Joey, and used the back of my hand, instead, to wipe my beaded forehead.

"It is sometimes fortunate for the newcomer that we woodsmen are beforehand," I said pointedly.

At this, a stain of carmine crept into the flawless face. Resentment deepened her eyes. "Thank you for your morning's work, my man," she said, as if to an inferior. "How much do I owe you?"

A vast slow anger shook me. I saw her through hot eyes. I did not answer. She lifted her shoulders with a forbearing shrug, and tendered me a coin on a palm that was like a pink rose petal. I snatched at the coin. I sent it spinning into the buck brush. And I turned on my heel.

"When you want that tree felled, send for old Lundquist back on Nigger Head. He's the man you want," I growled, jerking my thumb over my shoulder.

By the time I reached Cedar Dale, I

was overcome with chagrin and remorse at my uncouth behavior. The more so when, on dismounting, I turned Buttons over to Joey's eager hands; for in the saddle-bag Joey discovered a small, flat parcel addressed: "To the boy who goes to Sunday-School". The parcel contained peppermints of a kind Joey had never encountered before, and a gaily striped Windsor tie between the leaves of a book of rimes.

Each night after that I climbed Nigger Head and lay on my ledge of basaltic rock and watched the light down on Hidden Lake. Each time the wind came up in the night, I turned uneasily on my pillow and thought of Haidee alone in that ramshackle cabin. And I worried not a little over that white fir that towered there, sentinel like, but menacing her safety.

Joey surprised me one day with the information that he had been to Hidden Lake.

"I took Jingles—the collie. Jingles carried the basket," he added.

"What basket?" I asked sharply, looking up from the flute I was making for Joey out of a bit of elder.

"The basket with the strawberries."

I knew, of course, they were berries from my vines that were unusually flourishing for that season of the year, but I continued:

"What strawberries, Joey?"

Joey's honest eyes never wavered. He smiled at me, pursed his lips, and attempted a whistle.

"I'm most sure I saw a little brown owl fly out of a hole in the ground last night, Mr. David," he ventured, giving over the whistling after a time. "Do owls burrow in holes—like rabbits?"

"What strawberries, Joey?" I repeated perseveringly.

"Our strawberries—mine and yours. I put green salmon berry leaves in the basket. Jingles carried it so careful. Never spilled a berry."

I stroked the shaggy head at my knee. "He's a good old fuss pup. Aren't you, Jingles?"

"That's what she said, Mr. David. I sat on her porch a whole hour. She asked the most questions." Joey reflected. "People always ask boys questions."

"Do they, Joey?"

"Gracious—goodness! I should say so! She asked me what I was going to be when I grow up. I told her—" Joey came over to my knee and stroked the flute in my hand caressingly.

"What did you tell her, boy?"

"I told her," he took his hand away and looked at me slyly, "I told her I was going to be a fixing man like you."

[Continued in the July McCall's]

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SALT ON PADDLE.—When working butter with a wooden paddle, the butter will sometimes stick to it, especially if the butter is a little warm. This can be avoided by rubbing salt well over the paddle.—E. S., Erwin, South Dakota.

TO BRIGHTEN RUBBERS.—Dingy overshoes can be made to shine if wiped off with a cloth wrung out of ammonia water.—S. C., Providence, R. I.

TO REMOVE PAINT.—Make a paste by mixing potash with a little water. Spread this paste over the paint on the window-pane, or any other glass from which you wish to remove paint. Let this stay a few minutes, then wash off. All paint stains will be removed.—M. I. S., Renfroes, Georgia.

PLASTER FOR SPOONS.—For marking spoons and dishes when picnicking, so that you can easily keep track of your own, place a small strip of surgical plaster on the handle of each spoon and the bottom of each dish. Then write your name with ink or an indelible pencil. The articles can be washed repeatedly, and the marking will remain.—Mrs. B. W., Ohio.

HOT SALT.—If your hot-water bottle tears or leaks, and you cannot or do not care to buy another immediately, put a piece of adhesive tape over the break, and substitute hot salt instead of hot water, fastening as usual. Wrap the bag in a towel, and it will hold heat for several hours. When you are through with it, do not throw the salt away, but leave it in the bag, and on future occasions you will need only to pour the salt out into pan and heat it, using the same supply repeatedly.—E. D. A., New York City.

TEAKETTLE LOGIC.—In localities where there is lime in the water, an oyster shell or a few egg-shells kept in the teakettle will receive the lime deposits instead of the kettle.—Mrs. M. G., Sleepy Eye, Minnesota.

RUBBER AND SILVER.—Never keep any article made of rubber



with silver. The sulfur which is used in the manufacture of rubber darkens the silver so that it will have to be polished. A housewife loaned some spoons, and when, after some delay, they were returned, a rubber band which held them together had left a stain which it was impossible to remove except with strong acids which the owner was unwilling to use.—L. W. R., Renovo, Pennsylvania.



FRYING BACON.—Before frying bacon, soak it in cold water for three or four minutes. It will prevent the grease from running, and the bacon will have a much finer flavor.—Mrs. W. E. B., Salamanca, New York.



BLUE HYDRANGEA.—If you wish your hydrangea to be blue instead of pink, pot it in a small zinc tub, or put nails or old iron close to the roots.—Mrs. R. L. B., Mayfield, Kentucky.



TO REMOVE INDELIBLE INK.—Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will remove the most obstinate indelible ink. Saturate well and rub hard.—K. G. L., St. Louis, Missouri.



SALT FOR CLEANING BOTTLES.—To clean a bottle or decanter, fill with coarse rock salt, and shake until all stains are removed. This is much better than shot.—L. M. T., Waverly, New York.

POINTING LACES.—When a tip comes off a boot-lace, a little black sealing-wax, carefully pressed around the end of the lace and shaped to a point makes quite a serviceable new one, and lasts a long time.—L. F. S., Geneva, Illinois.

Editor's Note.—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbor, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.

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AT your house, perhaps, there is some important member of the family who should be enjoying Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—with good milk poured in the side of the dish—not on top—just enough to float the crispy flakes and bring out their delicate flavor. *Spare the sugar.*

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The next minute the heat reminds both of you of how comfortable this absorbent powder makes you during the sticky heat of summer – and how good it is for sunburn. Maybe you've used it after your swim – or before going to the dance – if so you'll be sure to mention that.

In fact you're quite in accord about it all until one mentions the perfume – you like Violet, she prefers Eclat or Cashmere Bouquet. You decide however, that the variety of scents is after all an advantage – and that it's wise of Colgate & Co. to make so many – 8 in all and an Unscented – so that anyone will be suited.

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